

SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR

03440.m.l.

ZION'S TRAVELLERS,

BEING A COLLECTION OF

H Y M N S

FROM DIFFERENT AUTHORS;

TOGETHER WITH

MANY ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY SAMUEL BARNARD, *Discent*
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT HULL. *Minister*

*Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns, and
Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in
your Hearts to the Lord.*

PAUL.

H U L L :

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P R E F A C E.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

In compliance with your repeated solicitations, I have at length form'd a Collection of Hymns for public and divine worship; they are collected out of (almost) every poetical composition that has fallen under my inspection, on divine subjects, which are not a few.

Many of them are inserted verbatim, some have undergone a little alteration, and others are original Hymns, for several of which, I am indebted to some of my friends.

But upon the whole, care has been taken that none should be admitted into this Collection, which are inconsistent with the doctrines of grace and christian experience, that he who sings with the spirit, may sing with the understanding also.

This branch of divine worship is (no doubt) a delightful one to those, who live under the sensible enjoyment of the love of God to their souls; and this is the season

in which they can say with David, " Let
 " every thing that hath breath praise the
 " Lord," for he hath done great things for
 them, the discovery of which makes their
 hearts glad; he has redeemed their souls
 from destruction; he has given them his good
 spirit for their guide; he has promised them
 every good by the way, and Heaven at their
 journey's end; he has promised them, that
 he will be an adversary to their adversaries,
 and that no weapon formed against them shall
 prosper, for he has all their enemies in his
 hand, and can dash them in pieces like a
 potter's vessel.

Now, as an addition to all his other mer-
 cies, that he may render the contents of the
 following pages a blessing to your souls, is
 the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate

Servant in the Gospel of Christ,

S. B.



SPIRITUAL SONGS

FOR

ZION'S TRAVELLERS, &c.

HYMN 1. (C. M.)

Saints exhorted to Praise.

- 1 **J**OIN all ye saints in hymns of praise,
To your victorious king;
The ancient of eternal days,
To him your praises bring.
- 2 Who undertook the sinful cause,
Of all his chosen race;
To magnify his Father's laws,
And die within their place.
- 3 Their sins did once a heavy load,
Upon the Saviour lay;
But when he spilt his precious blood,
He wash'd them all away.
- 4 Justice can now demand no more,
Than what the Saviour paid;

He has discharg'd the heavy score,
His Father on him laid.

5 Justice and law are satisfy'd,
With what the Head has done ;
The members all are justify'd,
And clear in Christ the Son.

6 May God the Spirit in you shine,
And raise your hearts above ;
May he your joyful lips incline,
To celebrate this love.

7 For nought but love his heart constrain'd,
To save rebellious men ;
This love the Saviour's heart contain'd,
Before the world began.

8 May heav'nly love your hearts incline,
To serve him all your days ;
Till you with saints and angels join
To give him all the praise.

HYMN 2. (8. 7.)

Another.

1 SING ye saints admire and wonder,
Jesu's matchless love adore :
Sing for Sinai's awful thunder,
Cease against your souls to roar.

Sing

2. Sing in spite of Satan's lying,
Though your score of sin is large;
Sing, for Jesus by his dying,
Set you free from ev'ry charge.
3. Sing tho' sense and carnal reason,
Fain would stop the joyful song;
Sing, and count it highest reason,
For a saint to hold his tongue.
4. Sing tho' the old man endeavour,
Ev'ry day to stop your voice;
You are perfect in your Saviour,
Sing and evermore rejoice.
5. Sing ye loud whose holy calling,
Your election plainly shows;
Sing nor fear a final falling,
Jesus's love no changes knows.
6. Sing for you shall Heaven inherit,
Sing and ne'er the song have done;
Sing to Father, Son, and Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One.

HYMN 3. (L. M.)

Exultation in Christ.

WHAT shall I sing? what but his
love,
Who left his rad'ant court above;
Who

- Who on him took a human form,
For me so mean, so vile a worm.
- 2 What shall I sing? he who did join;
The human nature to divine;
Rejoic'd to leave his throne on high,
And in a virgin's womb to lie.
- 3 What shall I sing? he who was born;
To save me from my state forlorn;
In his own creature's arms was stay'd,
And in an humble manger laid.
- 4 What shall I sing? he who obey'd;
The law for me my covenant-head;
Who for me ev'ry precept kept,
My surety who discharg'd my debt.
- 5 What shall I sing? the Saviour who,
Bore the dread curse that was my due;
Bore God's fierce sin-avenging ire,
To save my soul from endless fire.
- 6 What shall I sing? but he who wrought,
A righteousness without a spot;
That in it I might stand before,
The God, angelic hosts adore.
- 7 What shall I sing? my Lord my Christ,
My king, my prophet and my priest;
My Saviour God, to whom be given,
Eternal praise by Earth and Heav'n.

HYMN

HYMN 4. (L. M.)

An Hiding Place.

- 1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man,
Hail! matchless, free, and sov'reign grace,
That gave my soul *an hiding place*.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despis'd the message of his grace,
Too proud to seek *an hiding place*.
- 3 Inwrap'd in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without *an hiding place*.
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty love arrest that man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had *no hiding place*.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cry'd with frowning face,
"This mountain is *no hiding place*."
- 6 Ere long, an heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel form appear'd:

She

She led me on with placid pace,
To Jesus as my *hiding place*.

- 7 Should storms of loudest thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my *hiding place*.
- 8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to Hell :
He bore it for his chosen race,
And thus became their *hiding place*.
- 9 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious *hiding place*.

HYMN 5. (C. M.)

The Saint's Request.

- 1 **O** Thou, from whom all goodness
flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, *remember me*.
- 2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily ;
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love *remember me*.

3 Temptations

Temptations fore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee :
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
 For good *remember me*.

Distrest with pain, disease and grief,
 This feeble body see,
 Grant patience, rest and kind relief,
 Hear ! and *remember me*.

If on my face, for thy dear Name,
 Shame and reproaches be ;
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
 If thou *remember me*.

The hour is near, consign'd to death,
 I own the just decree :
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry, *remember me*.

HYMN 6. (C. M.)

God's Love and Faithfulness.

BEFORE the Earth or Worlds were
 made,

Thy heart to us did move :
 Election no beginning had,
 And endless is thy love.

How miserable should we be,
 What comfort could we find,

If

- If thou were changeable as we,
Who waver like the wind?
- 3 For us the great Redeemer dy'd:
Why are we then ashamed?
We stand for ever justify'd,
And cannot be condemn'd.
- 4 Tho' we believe not, he is true;
The work is in his hand:
His gracious purpose he will do,
And all his word shall stand.
- 5 If once the love of Christ we feel
Upon our hearts impress,
The mark of that celestial seal
Can never be eras'd.
- 6 The Lord will scourge us, if we stray,
And wound us with distress:
But he will never take away
His covenant of peace.
- 7 The peace, which Jesu's blood procures,
And fixes in our hearts;
To all eternity endures,
Nor finally departs.
- 8 Then let the saints rejoice and sing,
While trav'ling here below;
Till they ascend to Christ their king,
From whom these blessings flow.

HYMN 7. (8, 8, 6.)

Christ the Surety.

- 1 **F**ROM hence ! ye fear and unbelief,
 Did not the Father put to grief,
 His spotless Son for me ?
 And will the righteous judge of men,
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which Lord, was charg'd on thee ?
- 2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid,
 Whate'er thy people ow'd ;
 Nor can his wrath on me take place,
 If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
 And ransom'd by thy blood.
- 3 Since thou hast my discharge procur'd,
 And in the sinner's room endur'd,
 The whole of wrath divine ;
 Payment he cannot twice demand,
 First at my bleeding surety's hand,
 And then again at mine.
- 4 Turn then my soul unto thy rest,
 The ransom of thy great High Priest,
 Hath set the captive free ;
 Trust to his efficacious blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus dy'd for thee.

HYMN 8. (6, 6, 8.)

Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 **W**E hear the Shepherd cry,
 My sheep shall never die,
 I hold them fast in my right hand ;
 Nor none shall pluck them thence,
 I am their sure defence,
 I have their foes at my command.
- 2 My honor doth engage,
 To save from all their rage,
 I'll set their captive spirits free ;
 They all shall hear my voice,
 And in my name rejoice,
 And soon my glory they shall see.
- 3 They need not be afraid,
 Their sins on me were laid,
 I bore them all on Calv'ry's tree ;
 There's nought can them upbraid,
 I all the debt have paid,
 From hence my people all go free.
- 4 Lord, shed abroad thy love,
 And draw our hearts above,
 For nought but love did thee constrain
 To undertake our cause,
 And bleed upon the cross,
 To save our souls from endless pain

- 5 Oh, banish unbelief,
The source of all our grief,
May we no more thy truth withstand;
But joy in thee alone,
Who all the work has done,
And on that work for peace depend.
- 6 Then will our joys be strong,
And loud will be our song,
Our notes will reach above the sky;
Our feet will swiftly move,
And all our works will prove,
We seek the joys that never die.

HYMN 9. (6, 6, 8.)

The Saint's Delight in Worship.

HOW pleasant is the place,
Where Christ reveals his face,
His people there delight to meet;
They love to praise and pray,
And there they wish to stay,
And seek for blessings at his feet.

Lord shew thyself to me,
Thy glory let me see,
And have some token of thy love;
That I may sound thy praise,

And love to run thy ways,
Till join'd with all thy saints above.

3 Where they behold thy face,
And rest in thine embrace,
The wicked cease from troubling
The weary there will rest, [there;
With those whom they love best,
Nor will the noise of tumult hear.

4 There all the chosen race,
Will shout redeeming grace,
And sing their great deliv'rer's praise;
Will sound abroad his love,
And tell to all above,
How he preserv'd them all their days.

5 But Lord while here I stay,
Refresh me in thy way,
Give me new strength to follow thee;
May I thy promise hear,
And never yield to fear,
That where thou art thy friends shall be.

HYMN 10. (L. M)

Saint's Happiness in Glory.

1 **O** Happy saints who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, cloath'd in
white,

Safe

Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

CHORUS.

Saints below, and fain'ts above,
Join to praise the Saviour's love;
Raise your hearts and voices high,
Soon you'll meet above the sky.

Releas'd from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage to let them fly,
And build their happy nests on high.

Saints below, &c.

And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove,
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

Saints below, &c.

They gaze upon his beaut'ous face,
His lovely mind, and charming grace,
And gazing hard with ravish'd eyes,
His form they catch, and taste his joys.

Saints below, &c.

He cheers them with eternal smile,
They sing hosannas all the while,
And overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

Saints below, &c.

- 6 Ah! Lord, with feeble steps I creep,
I sometimes sing and sometimes weep,
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I shall sing as loud as they.

HYMN 11. (1^s)

Our Times in God's Hand.

- 1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the Skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who form'd the Earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth,
Parents, native-place, and time,
All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth:
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.
- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove
Times to taste a Saviour's love:

All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heav'nly friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly
Till he bids, I cannot die :
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

7 Thee at all times will I bless ;
Having thee, I all possess :
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee.

HYMN 12. (L. M.)

Christ reproached.

1 **I**T stands recorded in God's word,
That sinners stigmatiz'd the Lord ;
They said that he a devil had,
And from that circumstance was mad.

2 Their end in this was plain and clear,
It was that others might not hear ;
The gospel word which from him fell,
And they be sav'd from sin and Hell.

3 But some there were as we do find,
Not quite so wickedly inclin'd,
Who try'd to justify our Lord,
Both from his actions and his word.

4 These

- 4 These are no words of him they said,
" Who hath a devil, and is mad ;"
Nor is it said that we can find,
That Satan can restore the blind.
- 5 Is this the treatment Christ did bear ?
Let those expect no better fare ;
Who do his gospel word proclaim,
For they will meet the very same.
- 6 O may they to their God look up,
For strength to drink the bitter cup ;
And while some Christ a devil call,
May they declare him *all in all*.

HYMN 13. (L. M.)

Christ his People's Defence.

- 1 **C**HRIST is the horn of all his race,
A sure defence in ev'ry place ;
He is exalted by our God,
And will his timely aid afford.
- 2 Christ is the praise of ev'ry saint,
Nor will he suffer them to faint ;
Their ev'ry want he will supply,
And answer when to him they cry.
- 3 For they are ever near to him,
A people whom he did redeem ;

And

And all their names do written stand,
Both in his book and on his hand.

They by *relationship* are near,
No separation need they fear;
He is their *husband, brother, friend,*
And will be so, world without end.

They're by a lasting *union* near,
And in communion sweetly share;
The blessings of his dying love,
And join their praise with those above.

Thus they go on while here below,
And more of Jesu's kindness know;
Till they are call'd to yonder place,
Where they will praise him face to face.

HYMN 14. (C. M.)

Expectation of future Bliss.

WHEN I ascend the courts above,
To join the favor'd throng;
I'll strike my harp to sov'reign love,
And Christ shall be my song.
That Christ who undertook my cause,
Before I drew my breath;
And to fulfil his Father's laws,
Descended down to Earth.

- 3 Where he the penalty did pay,
For all his chosen race;
That they might stand at the last day,
Complete before his face.
- 4 When he shall to them kindly say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
And take his ransom'd flock away,
To their eternal home.
- 5 Where they shall see him face to face,
Without a veil between;
Ascribing all to sov'reign grace,
Which sav'd them from their sin.

HYMN 15. (7th)

(*Everlasting Love.*)

- 1 **G**OD did love us in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
Christ to save our souls from death,
Patiently resign'd his breath.
- 2 He the law did magnify,
In his life for you and I;
He a righteousness brought in,
For to cover us from sin.
- 3 He did justice satisfy,
When he deign'd for us to die;

Fo

For this love may we on Earth,
Give to him our ev'ry breath.

When the pleasing summons come,
For to call us to our home;
May we then triumphant rise,
Praising God above the skies.

HYMN 16. (7^s)

Christ the Surety.

GOD hath Christ my surety made,
For to suffer in my stead;
He on Christ my sins did lay;
Christ hath borne them all away.

He to justice did engage,
For to suffer all its rage;
That his people might go free,
This is charming news for me.

Who am poor and naught can pay,
Nor can aught to justice say;
Why I should not punish'd be,
But that Jesus dy'd for me.

This is better far than all,
Found on this terrestrial ball;
If I had the world at large,
That would bring me no discharge.

g But

- 5 But my surety paid my debt,
I can bless the Lord for that;
To him may my praises rise,
Till I mount above the skies.

HYMN 17. (C. M.)

Christ's Righteousness ours.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour spent his life below,
To work a righteousness;
And on his people did bestow,
This glorious wedding dress.
- 2 Cloathed in this they all appear,
Before the Father's eyes;
As spotless, innocent, and clear,
As those above the skies.
- 3 They glory while they live below,
In this their wedding dress;
And sing while on their way they go,
"The Lord our righteousness."
4. Their works do glorify the son,
In which they pleasure find,
But trusting to what he hath done,
They cast them all behind.
- 5 Now, those who think they righteous are
Despise this wedding dress;

Bu

But such will find they can't appear,
Amongst the wedding guest.

6 They with their fellow-men may pass,
While here on Earth they dwell ;
But such will have their lot at last,
Amongst the fiends in Hell.

HYMN 18. (C. M.)

Union to Christ.

THE vine and branches are but one,
In God the Father's sight ;
He views his people in his Son,
With infinite delight.

They all were chose in Christ the vine,
Before the world begun ;
With him they must in glory shine,
For he and they are one.

go, This union is so firm and strong,
That sin, nor all their foes ;
Can ever pluck them off, so long,
As Jesus doth oppose.

ne, 'Tis from this vine they all receive,
Their sap while here below ;
s ar By which they to his glory live,
Opposing ev'ry foe.

Bu C 5 'Tis

- 5 'Tis by this union when they die,
 They will exalted be ;
 And praise their God above the sky,
 Through all eternity.
- 6 Where they will join the saints above,
 In songs of loudest strain ;
 Ascribing all to Jesu's love,
 Who bore their sin and pain.

HYMN 19. (L. M.)

Jonah's Gourd.

- 1 **A**S once for Jonah, so the Lord,
 To sooth and cheer my mourn-
 ful hours ;
 Prepar'd for me a pleasing gourd,
 Cool was its shade, and sweet its
 flow'rs.
- 2 To prize this gift was surely right,
 But thro' the folly of my heart,
 It hid the giver from my sight,
 And soon my joy was chang'd to
 smart.
- 3 While I admir'd its beaut'ous form,
 Its pleasant shade and grateful fruit ;

Th

The Lord, displeas'd, sent forth a worm,
Unseen, to prey upon the root.

4 I trembled when I saw it fade,
But guilt restrain'd the murm'ring
word;

My folly I confess'd, and pray'd,
Forgive my sin, and spare my gourd.

5 His wond'rous love can ne'er be told,
He heard me and reliev'd my pain;
His word the threat'ning worm controul'd,
And bad my gourd revive again.

6 Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more,
'Tis thine, who only cou'dst it raise;
The idol of my heart before,
Henceforth shall flourish to thy praise.

HYMN 20. (L. M.)

Walking with God.

1 **B**Y faith in Christ I walk with God,
With Heav'n, my journey's end,
in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel thro' a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;

- But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.
- 3 Tho' snares and dangers throng my path,
And Earth and Hell my course with-
stand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by his almighty hand.
- 4 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is I dare be free ;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.
- 5 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

HYMN 21., (S. M.)

The Christian's Warfare.

- 1 **E**TERNAL truth affirms,
And all believers know ;
That Adam's race, poor fallen worms,
Have lost their pow'r to do.
- 2 And though restor'd by grace,
By mighty grace indeed ;

The

The strength we in ourselves possess,
Is like a bruised reed.

Old nature in my breast,
Still struggles with the new;
A mortal enmity subsists,
Between these warring two.

Nature cries, friend, desist,
And leave this rugged way;
But grace says this is not thy rest,
Go on without delay.

Nature repines and frets,
At the chastising rod;
But taught by grace my soul submits,
To all the will of God.

Nature knows nothing of,
Communion with the lamb;
But drawn by grace, O how I love,
To call upon his name.

PART the SECOND.

When to the sacred courts,
I go to seek the Lord;
Some trifling vanity diverts,
My notice from his word.

What worldly thoughts intrude,
And rushing through my mind;

- Often deprive me of that good,
I wish, and hope to find.
- 3 When at his throne I bend,
My pray'rs I only say;
And though my heart to Heav'n ascends,
It loiters by the way.
- 4 I'm told to cast my cares,
And burden on the Lord;
But anxious unbelieving fears,
Oppose my Father's word.
- 5 O wretched that I am,
Who shall deliver me;
I thank my God, thro' Christ the lamb,
Who gives the victory.

HYMN 22. (L. M.)

Pleasing Thoughts of Heaven.

- 1 **M**Y soul whene'er thou shalt arrive
On those bright hills where angels
live,
What object first will draw thine eyes
And where wilt thou begin thy joys?
- 2 Methinks when I (releas'd from sin)
My everlasting work begin,
When

When on my new-fledg'd wings I rise;
And tread the shores beyond the skies :

- 3 I'll run through ev'ry golden street,
And ask each happy soul I meet,
' Where is the Lord whose praise you
sing?—
' Direct a stranger to the king.'
- 4 I'll search the blissful mansion round,
Nor rest till I my Lord have found,
Till on his wounded side I gaze,
And see my Saviour face to face.
- 5 There will I fix my wond'ring eyes;
There I'll begin eternal joys;
And love and praise shall fill my soul,
While everlasting ages roll !

HYMN 23. (7^s)

Professor, lovest thou Christ ?

- 1 **H**ARK ! my soul ! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought

Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light."

3 Can a woman's tender care,
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O! for grace to love thee more.

HYMN 24. (10, 10, 11, 11.)

God the Provider

1 **T**HO' troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends shou'd all fail,
And foes all unite;

Yet

Yet one thing secures us,
 Whatever betide,
 The scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
 Or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread :
 His saints, what is fitting,
 Shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

3 We may like the ships,
 By tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost :
 Tho' Satan enrages
 The wind and the tide ;
 The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey,
 Like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold ;
 For tho' we are strangers,
 We have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

5 When

5 When Satan appears
 To stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears,
 We triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us,
 Tho' oft he has try'd,
 This heart-cheering promise,
The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace,
 And death is in view,
 This word of his grace
 Shall comfort us thro':
 No fearing nor doubting
 With Christ by our side,
 We hope to die shouting
The Lord will provide.

HYMN 25. (C. M.)

Saint's Blessedness at Death.

1 **W**HY should we shrink at Jordan
 flood,

Or dread the unknown way?
 See, yonder rolls a stream of blood,
 That bears the curse away!

2 Death has no sting, for Jesus bled;
 And when he left the ground,

Disarm'

Disarm'd, the king of terrors fled,
And felt a mortal wound!

And now his office is to wait
The summons of the king,
A porter, near the heav'nly gate,
To let the pilgrims in.

And, though his pale and ghastly face
May seem to frown the while,
We soon shall see the king of grace,
And he'll for ever smile!

HYMN 26. (C. M.)

The Saint encouraging himself in the Lord.

THE Saviour, 'tis a glor'ous name:
Still pregnant with delight;
It scatters round a chearful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

What tho' our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like with'ring flow'rs!
No time, nor death can break that band,
Which makes the Saviour ours.

My cares I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust;
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

HYMN

HYMN 27. (C. M.)

Zion exhorted to praise.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's sons their voices raise,
To Zion's God above;
May all their hearts be fill'd with praise,
For his eternal love.
- 2 That love which chose them in his Son,
Before the world began;
And sent him down, himself alone,
To ransom sinful men.
- 3 This love was fixt, 'ere time begun,
On all his children dear;
And those who are with Jesus one,
Need never yield to fear.
- 4 O for this love let Zion shout,
In songs of loudest strain;
For Zion's God will bring them out,
Of their distress and pain.
- 5 He life and strength conveys to those,
Within the Saviour found;
As well as conquers all their foes,
That would their souls confound.
- 6 God is the holy one and great,
In wisdom, love and power;

He

He with his Zion loves to meet,
And blessings on them show'r.

7 'Tis love that keeps them in the way,
While in this world they move;
And will not let them go astray,
From him, *the God of love.*

HYMN 28. (C. M.)

God's People comforted.

1 **T**HE messengers of gospel grace,
Are charged from above;
To comfort Zion in distress,
With words of peace and love.

2 Ye mourning souls the tidings hear,
Your peace is made with Heav'n;
Dismiss your unbelieving fear,
Your sins are all forgiv'n.

3 From his almighty Father's throne,
The princely Saviour came;
He did for all your crimes atone,
And bore your guilt and shame.

4 Hence from your wretchedness and woe,
His love shall set you free;
For he has vanquish'd ev'ry foe,
Upon the fatal tree.

D

5 His

- 5 His hands the choicest gifts impart,
 To ev'ry needy soul ;
 His mercy heals the broken heart,
 And makes the wounded whole,
- 6 Fear not, your happy souls at length
 Shall more than conqu'rors prove ;
 Supported by Jehovah's strength,
 And, everlasting love.

HYMN 29. (S. M)

The Song of Moses and the Lamb

- 1 **A** WAKE and sing the song,
 Of Moses and the Lamb :
 Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r,
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
 Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
 In Christ th' eternal king.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
 Ye blessed children come ;

Soon

Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

- 5 There shall each raptur'd tongue,
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sing, in sweetest notes, the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 30. (E. M.)

The Wisdom of God.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's
will,
Tumult'ous passions all be still !
Nor let a murmur'ing thought arise,
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;
But tho' his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In Heav'n and Earth, in air and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his mercy-seat ;
Amidst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 31. (L. M.)

The Effect of Gospel Light.

- 1 **O** Happy light of gospel day,
When we that glor'ous light can
see ;
It takes our legal bonds away,
And sets the weary pris'ners free.
- 2 It sets the wand'ring pilgrim right,
It frees his soul from guilty fears ;
It turns his darkness into light,
And takes away his anxious cares.
- 3 It tells him where his strength is found,
And where to go for fresh supplies ;
It proves to him a joyful sound,
And holds him up when troubles rise.
- 4 It tells him that his God is love,
He ever was and is the same ;
It draws his wand'ring heart above,
To glory in his Saviour's name.
- 5 It shews a perfect righteousness,
Which covers him from all his sins ;
It takes away his wretchedness,
And brings a rest which never ends.

- 6 It tells him what his Saviour saith,
That where he is his friends shall be ;
It gives fresh vigor to his faith,
He longs his Father's house to see.
- 7 May ev'ry pilgrim on the road,
Be favor'd with this gospel light ;
That he may follow Christ the Lord,
With heav'nly zeal and great delight.

HYMN 32. (C. M.)

Support in God's Covenant.

- 1 'TIS mine, the cov'nant of his grace ;
And every promise mine !
All sprung from everlasting love,
And seal'd by blood divine.
- 2 On my unworthy favor'd head,
Its blessings all unite ;
Blessings more num'rous than the stars,
More lasting, and more bright.
- 3 Death, thou may'st tear this rag of flesh,
And sink my fainting head ;
And lay my ruins in the grave,
Among my kindred dead :
- 4 But death and hell in vain shall strive,
To break that sacred rest,

Which God's expiring children feel,
While leaning on his breast.

5 The ransom'd soul thou canst not reach,
Nor rend from Christ away ;
Tho' o'er my mould'ring dust thou boast,
The triumphs of a day.

6 The night is past, my morning dawns ;
My cov'nant God descends,
And wakes that dust to join my soul
In bliss that never ends.

HYMN 33. (C. M.).

Union to Christ.

1 **T**HOSE chosen in the living vine,
Before the world was made ;
And by a secret union join'd,
To Christ their living head :

2 Are heirs of grace and glory too,
Though maimed by the fall ;
The spirit will their souls renew,
By his reviving call.

3 As sap to all the branches flow,
That in the vine are found ;

To

To make those branches fruitful grow,
And in that fruit abound :

- 4 So those within the Saviour found,
Shall life and faith receive ;
That they may in good works abound,
And to his glory live.

HYMN 34. (C. M.)

A Sense of Pardon revealed.

- 1 **W**HEN first the Lord to me re-
veal'd,
A sense of pard'ning love ;
It all my pow'rs with rapture fill'd,
And drew my heart above.
- 2 My soul rejoic'd in Jesu's name,
I long'd to reach the sky ;
My love was rais'd to a flame,
My joys to extacy.
- 3 I found a Heav'n within my heart,
My days were spent in praise ;
I thought my joys would ne'er depart,
But last me all my days.
- 4 I triumph'd over death and sin,
Nor did their power dread ;

- I felt no enemies within,
But thought they all were dead.
- 5 But when the clouds began to rise,
I lost my joyful song ;
My soul was fill'd with sad surprise,
And all appeared wrong.
- 6 I'd neither love nor joy nor peace,
But all was dark as night ;
My Saviour had withdrawn his face,
Which put my joys to flight.
- 7 My heart was fill'd with painful grief,
Mine eyes were drown'd in tears ;
I knew not where to find relief,
To remedy my fears.
- 8 But soon the sun again did rise,
And drove the clouds away ;
My soul was fill'd with sweet surprise,
My night was turn'd to day.

HYMN 35. (L. M.)

Deliverance from Bondage.

- 1 **I** Many years in bondage lay,
For want of clearer gospel light ;
My Saviour I could trust by day,
But could not trust him in the night.

2 When

- 2 When he his smiling face reveal'd,
 I thought my God was reconcil'd;
 But when his presence he conceal'd,
 He did not own me for his child.
- 3 Thus I dishonor'd my best friend,
 By thinking he could change like me;
 I thought his love was at an end,
 Because that love I could not see.
- 4 I liv'd on my own faithfulness,
 More than on what the Lord had done;
 Nor trusted to that righteousness,
 Which was wrought out by Christ the Son.
- 5 I look'd for righteousness within,
 But all my searching there was vain;
 I saw my all was mix'd with sin,
 Which yielded naught to me but pain.
- 6 I fear'd that I shou'd fall from grace,
 And after all be cast away;
 And never see the Saviour's face,
 Nor reign with him in endless day.
- 7 At length I heard my Saviour say,
 I never, never will thee leave;
 It turn'd my darkness into day,
 And tore the bonds from off the slave.

HYMN

HYMN 36. (8, 8, 6.)

The Saint's Safety.

- 1 **Y**E drooping faints no more be sad,
Lift up your hearts, rejoice, be glad,
The Lord your Saviour reigns;
Behold him crown'd with glory sit,
With thousand thousands at his feet,
Glad'ning the happy plains.
- 2 Tho' Satan rage, and Hell oppose,
Yet Jesus will o'ercome his foes,
And promis'd bliss bestow;
The weakest of the blood-bought race,
Shall see his Saviour face to face,
And in full glory glow.
- 3 Can Jesu's blood be shed in vain?
His agonizing toil and pain,
Shall his possession die?
Shall great Jehovah's only Son,
Lose the redemption he has won?
Or in oblivion die?
- 4 Who shall the ransom'd captives take,
Or Jesu's work abortive make?
Who blast high Heav'n's decree?
He cannot, cannot be o'erthrown,
They must possess the promis'd crown;
The great salvation see.

5 With

- 5 With patience then the cross endure,
Labour to make thy calling sure
My soul, nor weary grow ;
When Satan's fiery darts assail,
Look to the man within the vail,
And you'll get safely thro'.

HYMN 37. (G. M.)

Before Sermon.

- 1 **T**HY worship Lord we highly prize,
O shew thy smiling face ;
And grant thy people fresh supplies,
Of heart-reviving grace.
- 2 Our cares we wish to leave behind,
But if they will not stay ;
Let mercy animate each mind,
To sing them all away.
- 3 Attend the truths thy servant drop,
With thine almighty pow'r ;
That we may reap a heav'nly crop,
In this appointed hour.
- 4 May all thy people richly feed,
On Christ the living bread ;
And find supply for ev'ry need,
From him their living head.

HYMN

HYMN 38. (C. M.)

The Goodness of God.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind in all his ways.
- 2 All nature own his guardian care,
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms and tempests rise.
- 5 Great God, to thy almighty love,
 What honors shall we raise?
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

HYMN 39. (8, 7, 4.)

The Coming of Christ to Judgment.

- 1 **L**O, he comes, array'd in vengeance,
 Riding down the heav'nly road;
 Floods of fury roll before him.—
 Who can meet an angry God?
 Tremble finners,
 Who can stand before his rod!
- 2 Lo, he comes, in glory shining;
 Saints, arise and meet your king!
 'Glorious captain of salvation,
 'Welcome! welcome!' hear them
 sing!
 Shouts of triumph,
 Make the heav'ns with echos ring.
- 3 (Now, despisers, look and wonder!
 Hear the dreadful sound 'depart,'
 Rattling, like a peal of thunder,
 Through each guilty rebel's heart!
 Lost for ever,
 Hope and sinners here must part!
- 4 Still they hear the awful sentence;
 Hell resounds the dreadful roar,
 While their heart-strings twinge with
 anguish,
 E Trembling

Trembling on the burning shore !

Justice seals it—

Down they sink to rise no more !

5 How they shrink, with horror viewing
Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide !

Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,
Plunge them down the rolling tide !

Now consider,

Ye who scorn the Lamb that dy'd.)

6 Hark ! ten thousand harps resounding !

Form'd in bright and grand array,

See the glorious armies rising,

While their captain leads the way !

Heav'n before them

Opens an eternal day !

HYMN 40. (L. M.)

Consolation in Trouble.

1 **W**HEN piercing anguish wounds
the soul,

And dire despair pervades the whole ;

Then Jacob's God displays his pow'r,

And saves in horror's darkest hour.

2 Thus Israel's helpless tribes pursu'd,

By Pharaoh, thirsting for their blood ;

Dismay'd,

Dismay'd, distress'd, o'erwhelm'd with fear,
No friend, no aid, no comfort near.

- 3 In this distress they cry'd aloud,
Unto their God within the cloud ;
Who spoke, and at his pow'rful word,
The willing waters hail'd their Lord.
- 4 Like walls th' obedient surges rose,
To guard the tribes and drown their foes ;
The haughty hosts affrighted fled,
But met their doom, and sank like lead.
- 5 Thus holy *Daniel*, nobly good,
Boldly the threats of man withstood ;
And tho' to savage lions tost,
Their nature and their rage seem'd lost.
- 6 The glorious sage they mildly greet,
And fawning kiss the prophet's feet ;
Peace then my soul, let Jesu's name,
Calm all thy fears, for God's the same.

HYMN 41. (L. M.)

Confession of Error.

- 1 **T**HANKS to the Lord who does not
serve,
His children as their sins deserve ;
But to his faithful promise stand,
To save and keep them to the end.

- 2 I long withstood his gracious plan,
By which he rescu'd fallen man ;
I set at naught that firm decree,
Which did secure my heav'n to me.
- 3 I stigmatiz'd the Saviour's pain,
By saying he could die in vain ;
Spurn'd at *imputed righteousness*,
And trusted to my filthy dress.
- 4 Thus by my ignorance and pride,
I set the Saviour's work aside ;
Thanks to the Lord, who did not serve
Me as such conduct did deserve.
- 5 Altho' the Lord himself had sworn,
Where he began he'd carry on ;
The work of grace within the heart,
And from his people ne'er depart :
- 6 I thought his saints from grace might
fall,
And perish notwithstanding all ;
Thus I by unbelief was taught,
To set the *spirit's work* at naught.
- 7 Thanks to the Lord I still may say,
Who sav'd me from this crooked way ;
It proves his mercy will not leave,
The soul that he delights to save.

HYMN

HYMN 42. (6, 8.)

The Publican and Pharisee..

1. **T**WO people came to pray,
By diff'rent views inclin'd ;
One righteous in his way,
And one distrest in mind ;
One eyes himself with much delight,
The other owns his guilty plight.
- 2 One tells the Lord he'd been,
Much more devout and good,
Than the poor publican,
Who then beside him stood,
No mercy he did want to have,
Therefore no mercy he did crave..
- 3 The lowly publican
Stands with a down-cast eye
And, like a ruin'd man,
Lifts up a doleful cry ;
His pray'r tho' short would well suit thee,
" O God, be merciful to me."
- 4 To such a contrite soul,
The Saviour draweth nigh,
And makes the sinner whole,
And sends him home with joy ;
Binds up his bones in ev'ry part,
And bids sweet mercy cheer his heart.

5 So, Lord, I would be fed.
While waiting at thy board;
I want no better bread
Than mercy can afford;
No sweeter food I can receive,
No richer bread my God can give.

6 A pharisee may roost
On his religious face;
I am a sinner lost,
And only sav'd by grace;
And of my pray'r this is the sum,
Dear Saviour, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 43. (C. M.)

Transgression finished.

1 **Y**E nations, hear the God of love,
Whose glad'ning message sounds;
Both everlasting peace and love,
To men, thro' Jesu's wounds.

2 Daniel the heav'nly prophet cry'd,
" When seventy weeks are gone;
" Messiah shall be crucify'd
" For crimes, but not his own.

3 " An end for ever shall be made,
" Of all his people's sin;
" Transgressions

" Transgressions all be finished,
 " And righteousness brought in."

4 When Jesus on the cross expir'd,
 He testify'd aloud ;

" What law, or equity requir'd,
 " Is finish'd, O my God !"

5 His resurrection from the grave,
 Declar'd him justify'd ;
 His life in heav'n, shews he can save,
 His dearly purchas'd bride.

6 He reigns in new Jerusalem,
 His ancients now among ;
 And we by faith are come to them,
 And join the heav'nly song.

HYMN 44. (C. M.)

Christ's Intercession.

1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High-Priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care,
 And sympathetic love.

2 Tho' rais'd to a superior throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the shining train,
 With matchless honors crown'd ;

3 The

- 3 The names of all his faints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest christian say,
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down in dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

HYMN 45. (C. M.)

Death and Glory.

- 1 **L**ORD God of hosts, be thou my aid,
Thy righteousness my stay,
When death in all its terrors clad,
Assaults this feeble clay.
- 2 And may those sweet immortal joys,
The just reward of blood,
Beam down into my feeble eyes,
And make me long for God:
- 3 And when I quit this house of clay,
Receive me in thine arms,

And

And bear me to the realms of day,
To view my Saviour's charms.

- 4 Then will I join the ransom'd throng,
And sing redeeming grace,
A vast eternity along,
Before the Saviour's face.

On the Sabbath.

HYMN 46. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HANKS to thy name, O Lord,
that we
One glor'ous sabbath more behold;
Dear shepherd, let us meet with thee
Among thy sheep in this thy fold.
- 2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng;
Thy awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.
- 3 Gather the lambs into thine arms,
And satisfy their ev'ry want,
And those with young defend from harms,
And gently lead them lest they faint.
- 4 Put forth thy shepherd's crook and stay,
Thy wand'ring sheep, and bring them
back:

Oh!

Oh ! bring the wand'ring home to-day,
And save them for thy mercy's sake.

5 Dear tender-hearted shepherd, look,
And let our wants thy bowels move ;
And kindly lead thy little flock,
To the sweet pastures of thy love.

6 There sweetly feed our hungry souls,
In flow'ry fields near the sweet stream,
Where living water gently rolls
Towards the New Jerusalem.

HYMN 47. (L. M.)

On Redemption.

1 **O**NE Lord, one righteousness we sing,
Which thro' one faith doth glory
bring,

To sinners great, of ev'ry land ;
Now publish'd by divine command.

2 Jesus the Lord our righteousness,
In songs of praise our tongues shall bless ;
Who laid his majesty aside,
And for our sins was crucify'd.

3 His works declare his matchless pow'r,
His wisdom shines the world all o'er :

But

But brighter in redemption's plan,
In saving lost, and fallen man.

- 4 This is the master-piece of God,
Where wisdom manifest is shew'd ;
Which will for praise, and wonder be,
A subject thro' eternity.

HYMN 48. (C. M.)

God's Care of his own Word.

- 1 **L**ET devils hate the book divine,
Let persecutors rage ;
Let men in opposition join,
Against the *sacred page* :
- 2 God will preserve this treasure still,
By his almighty hand ;
This transcript of his sov'reign will,
Thro' ev'ry age shall stand.
- 3 Kingdoms and states must rise and fall,
And churches may decline ;
Good men and bad at Jesus' call,
Their vital breath resign.
- 4 Some may depart from wisdom's way,
And bring themselves to shame ;
Yet Lord thy word shall ne'er decay,
(Thy word is still the same.

5 Here

- 5 Here is the lamp of heav'nly light,
To point us out the way ;
And guide us through this gloomy night,
To everlasting day.
- 6 This is our sweet companion still,
Along the dang'rous road ;
Unfolding all the gracious will,
Of our redeeming God.

HYMN 49. (L. M.)

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,

No

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

- 5 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And Oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

HYMN 50. (L. M.)

Victory of Christ.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the living Lord,
The vict'ries of your king record;
How when he fell, his foes were slain,
How he in triumph rose again.
- 2 When on the cross his blood was shed,
Captivity he captive led,
Atonement full, for sin he made,
For all the curse on him was laid.
- 3 Beneath the load he groans and dies,
Whose pow'r upholds the starry skies,
And weighs the massy rocks and hills,
And lofty mountains in his scales.
- 4 Ten thousand thanks to him we owe,
Who us to save from endless woe;
Laid down his life and gave his blood,
To make us kings, and priests to God.

HYMN 51. (C. M.)

For a Public Fast.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are!
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear."
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise,
Thro' this apostate Isle!
What land so favor'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile?
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!
- 6 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;

Then

Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

- 7 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid;
If God, our God is near.

HYMN 52. (L. M.)

Another..

- 1 **M**AY Britain's sons in ashes lay,
And cast their daring sins away;
Or all their outward forms are vain,
For God will still their prayers disdain.

- 2 If they detest their ev'ry sin,
And true repentance reigns within;
They in the strength of God may go,
And triumph over ev'ry foe.

- 3 Lord in thy mercy interpose,
And pour confusion on thy foes;
And let the haughty rebels know,
There is a God that rules below.

- 4 May all who trample on thy laws,
And set at naught thy gospel cause;
Be brought to feel thy scourging rod,
And own the terrors of a God.

- 5 To those who seemed to run well,
But now prefer the way to Hell ;
O grant repentance unto life,
That they may cease their sinful strife.
- 6 On all thy children grace bestow,
To keep them in thy ways below ;
And while the wicked feel thy rod,
May saints adore a faithful God.

HYMN 53. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **W**HEN Abraham, full of sacred
awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued ;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in that place,
Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single, holy soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?

4 Britain

- 4 Britain, all guilty as she is;
 Her numerous saints can boast,
 And now their fervent prayers ascend,
 And can those pray'rs be lost?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
 Now as in ancient times?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
 Gomorrah in its crimes?
- 6 Still art we thine, we bear thy name,
 Here yet is thine abode;
 Long hath thy presence bless'd our land,
 Forsake us not, O God.

HYMN 54. (L. M)

Another..

- 1 **W**E come to thee most gracious
 Lord,
 In hopes thou wilt thine aid afford;
 O lay us humble at thy feet,
 While we approach thy mercy-seat.
- 2 We would confess our crying sin,
 Of which we all have guilty been;
 And plead for pardon at thine hand,
 For us, and for our guilty land.
- 3 Avert the judgments we deserve,
 And make us willing thee to serve,

O may our lives be to thy praise,
All the remainder of our days.

- 4 O save us Lord, from ev'ry foe,
From all our sins, and ev'ry woe;
May peace her olive-branch extend,
Throughout thy church, throughout
the land.

HYMN 55. (C. M.)

The Communion of Saints.

- 1 **S**ERVANTS of God in ancient days,
Together did converse;
Did with each other sing his praise,
His deeds of love rehearse.
- 2 They told the wonders he had done,
To save them in distress;
And thank'd him for his promis'd Son,
The Lord our righteousness.
- 3 The Lord himself upon the same
Propitiously did look;
And in remembrance, ev'ry name
Was written in his book.
- 4 "Such shall be mine, when I appear
"To make my jewels up;
"And drink, while they continue here,
"Of consolation's cup."

5 Thus

- 5 Thus did the Lord his servants hear,
And promis'd to be theirs;
And still he lends a gracious ear,
To all his children's pray'rs.
- 6 Still let us therefore humbly fall,
Before the Saviour's throne;
And make what he for us has done
To one another known.

HYMN 56. (C. M.)

Communion with God.

- 1 **L**ORD suffer not my soul to sink,
Into a formal state;
But let me of thy spirit drink,
My pow'rs to animate.
- 2 Let not my soul contented be,
With sitting in thine house;
Without one smiling beam from thee,
My sluggish heart to rouse.
- 3 But let me sweet communion taste,
With thee my smiling God;
That I may on thy bounty feast,
Which health and strength afford.
- 4 Then will my heart rejoice to hear,
Thy gospel's joyful sound;

And

And in thy children's bounty share,
Which from thyself is found.

5 Then I shall run with vigor strong,
In all thy pleasant ways ;
And love to sing the joyful song,
Of never-ending praise.

HYMN 57. (C. M.)

(M. 2) *Another*

1 **L**ORD keep my soul alive to thee,
Let not my spirit rove ;
For nothing tastes so sweet to me,
As thy redeeming love.

2 While others can themselves amuse,
With outward form and show,
Let me thy gracious presence choose,
Before all things below.

3 Here's nothing here that can suffice,
Without thy smiling face ;
Here's nothing here but vain disguise,
Which robs us of our peace.

4 Lord fix our wand'ring hearts above,
Where solid pleasures grow ;
Nor let our spirits vainly rove,
From whence those blessings flow.

5 But

- 3 But may our feet with pleasure move,
 In all thy peaceful ways :
 Till we shall join thy saints above,
 To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 58. (L. M.)

God his People's Defence.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, my soul may cry,
 Had not the Lord been on my side;
 Had he not brought deliv'rance nigh,
 His helpless servant must have dy'd.
- 2 Had not the Lord my side maintain'd,
 When thousand foes my soul assail'd ;
 My enemies their cause had gain'd,
 And ev'ry other helper fail'd :
- 3 As when the fowler's snare is broke,
 The bird escapes on cheerful wings ;
 My soul set free from Satan's yoke,
 With joy bursts forth, and flees and
 sings.
- 4 She sings the Lord, her Saviour's praise,
 Sings forth his praise with joy and
 mirth :
 My help is in the name, she says,
 Of him that made both Heav'n and
 Earth.

HYMN

HYMN 59. (L. M.)

Distress for Want of the Gospel.

- 1 **W**HEN first mine eyes began to see,
I cry'd and struggled to get free,
From that enormous load of guilt,
Which on my conscience then I felt.
- 2 I flew to Moses' fiery law,
But no relief from thence could draw;
It only after me did cry,
The soul that sins, shall surely die.
- 3 I then was taught to use my skill,
And ev'ry gospel term fulfil;
Repent, believe, and do my best,
And trust in Christ for all the rest.
- 4 These terms were set me as a task,
Which only served as a mask;
To veil the gospel's glorious light,
And hide the Saviour from my sight.
- 5 These gospel terms quite laid me fast,
And all my hopes of peace did blast;
My soul was bound with unbelief,
And overwhelm'd with pain and grief.
- 6 O! messenger of gospel grace,
There's nothing can supply thy place;

- I wanted then to hear thy voice,
To bid me in the Lamb rejoice.
- 7 To set before my weeping eyes,
Jesus the bleeding sacrifice;
And show his spotless righteousness,
To cover all my wretchedness.
- 8 To show he undertook my cause,
And had fulfil'd his Father's laws;
And bled and dy'd upon the tree,
This is the *news* which set me free.

60. (C. M.)

The fearful encouraged.

- 1 **W**HY dost thou doubt, O fearful
soul,
O thou of little faith?
When floods of trial round thee roll,
"Fear not," the Saviour saith.
- 2 Fear not, tho' Satan shou'd thee tell,
Thou'rt doom'd to endless fire;
And that I cannot save from Hell;
For Satan is a li'r.
- 3 If he suggest, altho' I can,
I may not have a mind;
Poor, contrite, broken-hearted man,
Fear not, for I am kind.

- 4 I dy'd, that I might sinners save,
Which proves I willing am;
Since that they might a blessing have,
Their curse upon me came.
- 5 Shou'd Satan say, you have no share,
In what I dy'd to gain;
That you elected never were,
But under wrath remain:
- 6 If you the least desire now have
By me to be set free;
Then it must be the Father gave
That small desire to thee.
- 7 And whom he such desires doth give,
He never will reject;
And surely I will such receive,
For they are *mine elect*.

HYMN 61. (L. M.)

On Faith.

- 1 **F**AITH is a precious heav'nly grace
Bestow'd on all the chosen race;
A hand to take the blessing giv'n,
An eye to see their way to Heav'n.
- 2 A mouth to feed on Christ the bread,
For 'tis by faith our souls are fed;

By it we live and grow and thrive,
By it our drooping hopes revive.

3 By it we walk the ways of God,
And travel in the heav'nly road ;
We walk by faith and not by sight,
Without it all is dark as night.

4 It fooths our rough and rugged way,
And helps our weary souls to say ;
We'll cast our burden on the Lord,
And rest upon his faithful word.

5 It fixes on that righteousness,
Which bring sus comfort, joy and peace ;
It claims the Saviour for its own,
And grasps the heav'nly starry crown.

HYMN 62. (C. M.)

Christ the Rock.

NOW may my soul rejoice and sing,
And Hell defiance bid ;
Christ is my rock, and I in him
Am safe from danger hid.

For in this rock, there is a cleft,
Made by the soldier's spear ;
In which my soul secure may rest,
And no assailer fear.

- 3 All pow'r is in my Father's hand,
And in his heart all love ;
'Till love can hate, or pow'r grow weak
My soul shall never move.
- 4 Then let my heart rejoice and sing,
And lift his praises high ;
Who loved me ere time began,
And will when time shall die.

HYMN 63. (L. M.)

The Sinner weighed in the Balances.

- 1 **S**EE justice with her scales she stands
And with the finner she contends
She pleads for nothing but her right,
But in her scale he is too light.
- 2 She lifts her balances to weigh,
And then does to the finner say ;
My scale stands still it will not draw,
Because thou hast not kept the law.
- 3 The finner now to work does set,
And tries to pay his backward debt ;
But when he brings to justice more,
He's lighter than he was before.
- 4 The finner now is sore distressed,
To think that he has done his best ;

And yet is not at freedom set,
But only further run in debt.

(A *brother* sees him in this plight,
And undertakes to set him right;
“ He bids him rise and use his skill,
“ And ev’ry *gospel* term fulfil.

“ If he repent and do believe,
“ It will procure him his reprieve;
“ And make the scale of justice draw,
“ As well as tho’ he’d kept the law.”

But justice still on him doth frown,
Because her scale will not go down;
For in it he is found too light,
His *brother* has not set him right.

For if he could his *terms* fulfil,
The law remaineth broken still;
It can admit of nothing less,
Than *perfect* legal righteousness.)

A surety then to him is brought,
Who all the work for him hath wrought,
Whose words and actions all were straight,
And in the scale doth make good weight.

He gave to justice all her dues,
And now a full discharge she shews;
The man is now at freedom set,
He sees his surety paid his debt.

- 11 His surety's praise his lips employ,
 His heart is fill'd with peace and joy ;
 He'll serve him while on Earth he stays,
 And sing his love thro' endless days.

HYMN 64. (8, 8, 6.)

Faith tried.

- 1 **U**P Abra'm to the mount repair,
 And offer up thine Isaac there,
 Make haste without delay ;
 Up Abra'm gets, away he flies.
 To offer up the sacrifice,
 His only son to slay.
- 2 The Lord did this, his faith to try,
 Nor let him know the reason why,
 Till on the mount he came ;
 He walk'd by faith and not by sight,
 But there his God set all things right,
 He oft'times doth the same.
- 3 His children's faith he often try,
 And in the dark they weep and cry,
 Why is it thus with me ?
 But on the mount he sets them right,
 And turns their darkness into light,
 And then his love they see.

HYMN

HYMN 65. (L. M.)

Sovereign Love.

HAIL sov'reign, free, unchanging
love.

That fixt our happy seats above ;
And gave our souls in Christ his Son,
A place, before the world begun.

CHORUS..

May this bount'ous love constrain,
Us to love the Lord again ;
May our lips and lives declare,
That we in this love do share.

Hail him who willing was to come,
To fetch his wand'ring children home ;
To give himself a sacrifice,
That they might reign above the skies.

May this, &c.

To free their souls from guilty stains,
By cleansing blood, and dying pains ;
To open wide the shining way,
That leads to everlasting day.

May this, &c.

Hail him who rais'd our souls from
death,
And gave us new and heav'nly breath ;

Who taught our feet to run his ways,
And gave us hearts to sing his praise.
May this, &c.

5 May equal praise to each be giv'n,
By saints on Earth and those in Heav'n,
Till we shall join to sing above,
The wonders of redeeming love.
May this, &c.

HYMN 66. (L. M.)

The Christian's Warfare.

1 **A** LAS! these lusts that in me dwell,
Which sometimes rise and do rebel,
Continually distract my mind,
Nor can I yet deliv'rance find.

2 Sure none besides was ever so,
The thing I most detest I do;
And what I love I can't perform,
Was ever such a wretched worm!

3 Sin ever for the mast'ry strives,
Tho' sometimes wounded, it revives;
And often seems to break its chains,
And rages so, I think it reigns.

4. Dear

- 4 Dear Jesus, shall I ever be,
Plagu'd with these enemies to thee?
O wilt thou not these lusts destroy,
Which rob my soul of all its joy!
- 5 Thanks be to God, thro' Christ the Lord,
For ever be his love ador'd!
Faith can behold a moment nigh,
When sin shall with this body die.
- 6 Meanwhile, the word of promise sure,
Says, tho' as yet the war endure,
Whatever foes my soul assail,
They shall not *finally* prevail.

HYMN 67. (C. M.)

On Election

- 1 **W**E'LL praise our God's electing
grace,
Who chose us in his Son;
And gave our souls in him a place,
Before the world begun.
- 2 He spilt his precious, precious blood,
To purge our ev'ry stain;
And make us kings and priests to God,
That we with him might reign.
- 3 How! did electing love display,
Its royal sceptre in

The

The blood of Christ upon that day,
When he aton'd for sin.

4 Grace rich, and sov'reign grace indeed,
That delug'd forth so free;
Which did in purple streams proceed,
From Christ when on the tree.

5 Come saints and view your pierced Lord,
That you may mourn indeed;
And his redeeming love record,
Which led him thus to bleed.

6 Then you will be asham'd indeed,
Of what yourselves have done;
And yet rejoice that you are freed,
For ever by the Son.

HYMN 68. (S. M.)

On Death.

1 **S**INCE nature must decay,
And I my breath resign;
O! may I in that awful day,
Know Jesus to be mine.

2 May I supported be,
By his almighty pow'r;
And feel the love of God to me,
In that important hour.

3 So

3 So shall I death outbrave,
 Tho' powerful and strong;
 And willing be my all to leave,
 To join the heav'nly throng.

4 Where I no pain shall know,
 From trouble I shall rest;
 Be freed from ev'ry sin and woe,
 With God for ever blest.

5 Then shall I praise his name,
 In one eternal song;
 And give all glory to the Lamb,
 To whom it does belong.

HYMN 69. (L. M.)

The Saint's Confidence in God.

1 I Know in whom I put my trust,
 I know his love, I know his pow'r;
 Nor fear I lest my soul be lost,
 He'll keep me till my dying hour.

2 The spirit of my God hath taught
 My soul her instability:
 And faith in Jesus in me wrought,
 Who will my rock and refuge be.

3 This is a proof that I was chose
 In Christ before the world began;
 And

And such my God will never lose,
Let sin and self do what they can.

4 The Lord's foundation standeth sure,
Built on eternal, changeless love;
When rocks and worlds are known no
more,

My soul shall reign with him above;

5 For I'm persuaded he will keep
Me until death, and evermore;
Nothing can part him from his sheep,
Whom he hath lov'd all worlds before

6 And had I not among them been,
I had not felt his spirit's pow'r;
My dreadful state I had not seen,
Nor felt his love as at this hour.

7 None cou'd have wrought such things
as these,
But the blest spirit of his grace;
They therefore prove that I am his,
And I will therefore give him praise

HYMN 70. (6, 6, 8.)

Consolation in Sickness.

1 **O** LORD, when sore disease,
On these frail bodies seize,

Let not the tempter then prevail ;
 But let us hear thee say,
 I ever live to pray,
 Therefore thy strength shall never fail.

When trav'ling here below,
 Thine heart did pity show,
 To those who suffer'd grief and pain ;
 Thy feet did swiftly move,
 To manifest thy love,
 To give them ease and rest again.

Thy Laz'rus tho' belov'd,
 Thy chast'ning hand has prov'd,
 Thy people often feel the same ;
 Thy wisdom still knows best,
 The time to give them rest,
 To heal the sick, the blind and lame.

No sorrow, pain, nor smart,
 Can rend them from thine heart,
 Their names are printed on thy breast ;
 And when their work is done,
 Thy love will swiftly run,
 To give their weary spirits rest.

Till then thy strength bestow,
 And let thy children know,
 Thy dealings all proceed from love ;
 And then they'll gladly stay,
 In this their thorny way,
 Till call'd to reign with thee above.

HYMN

HYMN 71. (8, 8, 6.)

The Saint's Request.

- 1 **I** NCLINE me, O my gracious Lord,
To pray, to read and hear thy word,
And draw my soul above :
That I may live and serve thee here,
And never yield to slavish fear,
But banquet on thy love.
- 2 O may I feel my heart set free,
From worldly cares and follow thee
My Saviour and my Lord ;
O let me have thy timely aid,
And I shall never be afraid,
Tho' in a thorny road.
- 3 Where sin and Satan do annoy,
And interrupt my peace and joy,
And fill me with distress :
But if thou to my succour flee,
I'll face my ev'ry enemy,
And all my foes suppress.
- 4 Tho' I am weak yet thou art strong,
I therefore safely pass along,
Tho' rugged is my way :
By thee I shall my course fulfil,
And guarded be from ev'ry ill,
While thou thy love display.

- 5 I'll trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour,
 While here I pass along;
 To bring me to thy promis'd rest,
 Where I shall be for ever blest,
 Among the ransom'd throng.

HYMN 72. (L. M.)

Prejudice its own Tormentor.

- 1 **S**EE prejudice that baneful foe,
 Source of its own tormenting woe;
 God's righteous Daniel it did bring,
 With accusation to the king.
- 2 It nothing in this saint could find,
 To gratify its peevish mind;
 Except his trusting in his God,
 In spite of ev'ry threaten'd rod.
- 3 This enemy to God and man,
 Threw Daniel down the lion's den;
 But Daniel's God was with him there,
 And taught the Lions him to spare.
- 4 Now bring his enemies and throw
 Them down the den and let them know;
 That at the end they all shall have
 The place they did for Daniel crave.

H

5 Thus

- 5 Thus do the enemies of God,
Bring on themselves the smiting rod;
And often in the evils share,
That they intend for others here.
- 6 May ev'ry *Daniel* be as bold,
As this the saint of God of old;
And on his God for all depend,
And he will surely him defend.

HYMN 73. (3, 3, 6.)

The Saint's Complaint of Wanderings.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, I fain wou'd cry,
And to thy throne of grace draw
nigh,
But know not what to say:
Thy spirit's aid, O Lord, I want,
To me his kind assistance grant,
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 When I attempt to bow before
The mighty God, whom saints adore,
What barrenness I find!
And wand'ring thoughts continually,
Draw off, dear Lord, my heart from thee,
And from thee steal my mind.
- 3 I cannot such a frame endure,
My wand'ring heart, O Jesus, cure,
Thy

Thy gracious spirit send
 Make these intruders to be gone,
 And fix my heart on thee alone,
 And let it Heav'nwards tend.

HYMN 74. (L. M.)
 With him the soul-supporting bread;

The Saint weeping for Christ.

1 **W**E hear the weeping Mary say,
 They've taken Christ my Lord
 away;

There's nothing can relieve my mind,
 Till I the Lord my Saviour find.

2 Poor Mary here is not alone,
 For many in this state do groan,
 And to their cost and sorrow say,
 They've taken Christ my Lord away.

3 Where have they laid my Saviour dear,
 Can any of you tell me where
 My soul is lean from day to day,
 Because they've taken him away.

4 I once enjoy'd his charming voice,
 Which made my happy soul rejoice;
 My strength was equal to my day,
 But now they've taken him away.

5 My strength decrease, my foes grow
strong,
I've lost my peace, and lost my song;
My enemies now gain the day,
Because they've taken Christ away.

6 May ev'ry sheep of Christ be fed,
With him the soul-supporting bread;
O may we never have to say,
They've taken Christ the Lord away.

HYMN 75. (L.M.)

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

1 **T**HE pains our suff'ring Lord en-
dur'd,

Our everlasting peace procur'd;
His dreadful stripes our healing prove,
His sorrows all our grief remove.

2 At Pilate's bar condemn'd he stood,
That we before the throne of God;
With holy boldness might appear,
From ev'ry accusation clear.

3 He for our horrid guilt atones,
By pains and tears, and dying groans;
The work is done at length he cries,
Then bows his blessed head and dies.

4 He

- 4 He nobly conquer'd when he fell,
And vanquish'd all the pow'rs of Hell;
He broke the gates of death and rose,
In triumph o'er our mighty foes.
- 5 When he was number'd with the dead,
He overcame the king of dread;
That ev'ry dying saint might sing,
O Death, where is thy threat'ning sting.
- 6 May heav'nly love our hearts inflame,
To our almighty Jesu's name;
While we his saving gifts receive,
Who groan'd and dy'd that we might live.

HYMN 76. (L. M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 I'll praise my Saviour's lovely name,
Who ever was and is the same;
For all the wonders he hath done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 2 He took on him a human form,
For me a poor and helpless worm;
That I might all the riches know,
Of saints above and saints below.

- 3 He wrought a perfect righteousness,
Which is my glorious wedding dress;
And in it I am well array'd,
I therefore need not be afraid.
- 4 He dy'd upon the fatal tree,
And justice satisfy'd for me;
He rose that I might rise again,
That I in Heav'n with him might reign.
- 5 Where now he lives to intercede,
For those whom he on Earth did bleed;
And shower blessings on them down,
Till they possess the starry crown.

HYMN 77. (L. M.)

On the Fall of Man.

- 1 **D**EATH is a debt entail'd on all,
In consequence of Adam's fall;
In him we were, in him we fell,
Into the road that leads to Hell.
- 2 There in Egyptian night we stray,
Without one cheering beam of day;
Till sov'reign grace shines from the skies;
And opens our benighted eyes.
- 3 Then we our wretched state do see,
But know not how, nor where to flee;

Our

Our sins appear in dreadful light,
We know not where to take our flight.

- 4 Till we are led by sov'reign grace,
The dying Saviour to embrace;
Then we arise from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN 78. (L.M.)

The Saint's Glory.

- 1 I'LL glory in the Lord of host;
Of him alone I'll make my boast;
Who understanding gave to me,
That I might his salvation see.
- 2 He exerciseth righteousness,
And loving-kindness in distress;
He vengeance took on Christ our head,
And quicken'd us when we were dead.
- 3 Justice and law are satisfy'd,
His chosen ones are justify'd,
And free from ev'ry charge they stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand.
- 4 Who then shall God's elect condemn,
Since Jesus gave himself for them;
They are from condemnation free,
And they his smiling face shall see.

5 Then

- 5 Then let them glory in the Lord,
 Who life and grace to them afford;
 To fit them for the courts above,
 Where they will sing redeeming love.

HYMN 79. (L. M.)

Christ, the best Friend.

- 1 **T**HOU sov'reign ruler of the sky,
 Do thou my ev'ry want supply;
 O give me grace thyself to love,
 And fit me for thy courts above.
- 2 For nothing here is worth my stay,
 Nor can I aught take hence away;
 My dearest friend that I can boast,
 May change, then all his friendship's lost.
- 3 Since earthly creatures change and die,
 Let us look up above the sky;
 There we a faithful friend shall find,
 Who towards us is well inclin'd.
- 4 He ever resteth in his love,
 To saints below and those above;
 For whom he once did undertake,
 Their cause, he never will forsake.
- 5 He'll stand by them in ev'ry woe,
 And guard them safe from ev'ry foe.

He

He favors will on them bestow,
While they are trav'ling here below.

- 6 And when their work is done on Earth,
And he withdraws their vital breath;
Then all their sighs and tears will end,
And they shall go to Christ their friend.

HYMN 80.

Delight in God.

- 1 I Love, dear Lord, thy name and ways,
I love to celebrate thy praise;
Illuminate my mind to see
The wonders thou hast wrought for me.
- 2 When in my fallen helpless state,
Thou didst my soul ~~new~~ create;
That I in Jesus might believe,
And from his fulness might receive.
- 3 The blessings of thy sovereign grace,
To fill my soul with joy and peace;
Which comfort to my mind impart,
And captivate my worthless heart.
- 4 Thou my defender didst appear,
And gave me strength to persevere;
That I might to thy glory stand,
In spite of all that did contend.

5 Thou

- 5 Thou in temptation sharp and strong,
Hast been my helper all along;
And tho' the foe doth oft assail,
He doth not as he would prevail.
- 6 Now for this love my voice I'll raise,
In hymns, and grateful songs of praise;
I'll praise thee while on Earth I move,
And in a nobler strain above.

HYMN 81. (A. M.)

Late and Gospel.

- 1 **M**Y soul no more attempt to draw,
Thy comfort from a broken law;
For naught but wrath it can reveal,
Unless its breaches thou can'st heal.
- 2 Could I this day begin to live,
Nor any more offences give;
Its curses would for ever last,
For the offences which are past.
- 3 My soul must then its comfort draw,
From Christ who hath fulfill'd the law;
And suffer'd death its breach to heal,
That I its curse might never feel.
- 4 Let those his righteousness disdain,
Who never felt their sin and pain;

But

But I'll extol it to the sky,
Because without it I must die.

- 5 That righteousness which Christ brought
To cover me from all my sin;
I want no more, I have no less,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 6 I'll sing his praise while here below,
And after death his love I'll show;
No other song my tongue shall have,
For none but Christ my soul can save.

HYMN 82. (L. M.)

Restoring and preserving Grace.

- 1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and
tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cry'd, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes:
My rising fears he did control,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by his hand:

His

His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my drooping faith alive.

- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

HYMN 83. (L. M.)

Joyful Expectation of Heaven.

- 1 **A**ND am I blest with Jesu's love?
And shall I dwell with him above?
And will the joyful period come,
When I shall call the Heav'ns my home?
- 2 Think, O my soul, what must it be
A world of glorious minds to see,
Drink at the fountain head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss!
- 3 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never-ending song!
- 4 And does the happy hour draw near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear?
And I without a veil shall see
The man, that bled and died for me?

5 If

- 5 If in my soul such joy abounds
While weeping faith explores his wounds
How glorious will those scars appear
When perfect bliss forbids a tear!
- 6 Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet.
On Earth to sit at Jesu's feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on his throne!

HYMN 84. (L. M.)

The Church leaning on Christ.

- 1 **W**HO's this that comes from yonder plain,
Leaning on her beloved friend,
'Tis Jesu's flock, and therefore claim,
His kind assistance her to lend.
- 2 When she a bankrupt was and stain'd
By crimes too flagrant to recount,
A full deliv'rance he obtain'd,
And gave his life on her account.
- 3 How can she then but him admire,
How can she but enamour'd be
With him who is her soul's desire,
And dy'd to gain her liberty.

- 4 An union this so firm and sure,
As cannot be by Hell o'erthrown,
To everlasting 'twill endure,
When nature's fabric tumbles down.
- 5 Attach'd to him (by faith) while here,
She on his word unshaken stand,
Hoping when he again appear,
To share the sweets of Canaan's land.
- 6 No wonder then that she should lean
On him, along this wilderness,
No wonder that she should maintain,
With him such intimate access.
- 7 Whatever object would engross,
Or cause her heart from him to slide,
She counts them all but dung and dross,
And glory in him crucify'd.
- 8 Thrice happy then are those while here,
To whom such favors are made known,
And when he doth again appear,
They will him know, as they are known.

HYMN 85. (C. M.)

The Request.

1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted

Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise ;

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 86. (L. M.)

The Jubilee.

- 1 **C**APTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high ;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a num'rous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day :
Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his with'd-for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign :
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The myst'ry to the heart explain.

4. Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight,
The travail of thy soul regain,
Before the blind make darkness light,
And crooked paths do thou make plain.

HYMN 87. (C. M.)

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;

The

'The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN 88.. (C. M.)

Grace experienced..

- 1 **O**FT hast thou Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And by thy spirit from above
Hast calm'd my troubl'd breast.
- 2 Oft, when my pray'r was scarce begun,
Thou did'st thy love impart,
And make thy pard'ning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.
- 3 Why this profusion of thy grace
To such a worm as me?
Father, I ask in fix'd amaze,
Explain the mystery !
- 4 Why dost thou, to a sinner's cry,
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st my advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

HYMN 89. (C. M.)

False Teachers compared to Foxes.

- 1 **F**ALSE teachers doth the Lord com-
pare,
To *foxes* for their art ;
By which they do his children tear,
And cause them grief and smart.
- 2 Lord take these *foxes* far away,
Lest they the vine deface ;
For while their *errors* they display,
They spoil thy children's peace.
- 3 As *foxes* they their art betray,
In ev'ry form and shape ;
They take the children's bread away,
And hurt the tender grape.
- 4 For when the children lose their bread,
Their strength will soon decay ;
Unless their hungry souls be fed,
Their foes will gain the day.
- 5 But when they hungry grow and faint,
These *foxes* are so sly ;
They lend no ear to their complaint,
Although the children cry.
- 6 Of children's bread they know no need,
They feast on other fare ;

The

The children with them cannot feed,
For *Jesus* is not there.

7 Thy people oft perceive them nigh,
Their favour is so strong;
And sometimes from their *errors* fly,
Before they lose their song.

8 But those who tender are and young,
Cannot to them reply;
Their harps are on the willows hung,
They cannot tell for why.

9 Lord take these crafty foes away,
Or change their hearts by grace;
That they may not thy saints betray,
Nor rob them of their peace.

HYMN 90. (8, 8, 6.)

The Burning Bush.

1 **W**HEN Moses tended Jethro's flock,
Leading them round to Horeb's
rock,

To forage here and there;
An angel did appear in flame,
To manifest th' Almighty's name,
And show his character.

2 Within a bush the flame he spy'd,
At which the prophet turn'd aside,

To

To see the matter clear;
 For tho' the bush stood round the flame,
 Yet unconsum'd it did remain,
 For why, *the Lord was there.*

3 An emblem this of Jesu's flock,
 As centr'd on himself the rock,
 Possess'd of godly fear;
 Tho' storms and waves do them assail,
 Of landing safe they cannot fail,
 For why, *the Lord is there.*

4 Tho' wars and famine run their round,
 Tho' plague or pestilence abound,
 Tho' rocks or sands appear;
 Tho' in affliction's furnace try'd,
 Nothing can them from him divide,
 For why, *the Lord is there.*

5 Tho' tyrant death with ghastly frown,
 Appear to pull their temple down,
 And sheath his conqu'ring spear;
 Tho' grave and Hell unite their pow'r,
 Fearless they stand in danger's hour,
 For why, *the Lord is there.*

6 Then praise the Lamb ye royal seed,
 From whom such blessings do proceed,
 Praise him with heart and tongue;
 In public and in private too,
 Praises for ever are his due,
 Let him be all your song.

HYMN

HYMN 91. (8, 8, 6.)

Praise for redeeming Love.

- 1 **H**OW vast the suff'rings who can
tell,
When Jesus fought sin, death, and Hell,
And was in battle slain ?
How great the triumph, who can sing,
When from the grave th' immortal king,
Triumphant rose again ?
- 2 Yet we'll attempt his name to bless,
While we pass through the wilderness
To Canaan's happy shore ;
But when we reach the plains above,
And ev'ry breath we draw is love,
We'll sing his glories more.

HYMN 92. (C. M.)

The Distressed coming to Christ.

- 1 **M**Y bus'ness lays at Jesu's gate,
Where ev'ry Laz'rus comes,
And here I sue, and here I wait
For mercy's falling crumbs.
- 2 My rags and wounds, my wants proclaim,
And help from him implore ;

The

The wounds do witness I am lame,
The rags that I am poor.

3 My Lord, I hear, the hungry feeds,
And cheereth souls distressed;
He loves to bind up broken reeds,
And heal a bleeding breast.

4 His name is Jesus, full of grace,
Which draws me to his door;
And will not Jesus shew his face,
And bring his gospel-store?

5 Supplies of every grace I want,
And each day want supply,
And if no grace the Lord will grant,
I must lay down and die.

6 But oh! my Lord, such news shall ne'er
Be told in Sion's street,
That some poor soul fell in despair,
And dy'd at Jesu's feet.

HYMN 93. (C. M.)

The Lord will provide.

THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This

- 2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,
God saw, and said, " Forbear ;"
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life :
Behold the victim there.
- 3 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more ;
But God prepar'd a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.
- 4 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
Are taught us in his word !
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.
- 5 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait ;
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

HYMN 94. (C. M.)

Communion with Saints above.

- 1 **T**IS good to wait upon the Lord,
When Christ himself draws near,
And ev'ry heart with one accord
Ascends in fervant prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love
In heav'nly show'rs descend,

Our

Our souls commune with saints above
In bliss that knows no end.

3 We taste the precious streams of grace—
The fountain makes them sing :
We travel through the wilderness—
They sit before the king.

4 We pray for grace to hold out well
The conflict but begun ;
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.

5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down ;
They wield no more the warrior's sword,
But wear the conqueror's crown.

HYMN 95. (C. M.)

Christ gathering his Sheep.

CHRIST's sheep by nature know not
God,
They follow sin by choice ;
But he hath told us in his word,
They all shall hear his voice.

2 They must be brought to know their
God,
And turn their backs on sin ;

For

For Christ hath told us in his word,
That he must bring them in.

3 They must be brought because their sins,
Were on the Saviour laid;
If they be lost, he'll lose his ends,
In vain their debt he paid.

4 They must be brought by Thy reign
grace,
To love the Saviour here;
They must be brought before his face,
To dwell for ever there.

5 The Father gave them to the Son,
To ransom from the fall;
And when the Saviour's work is done,
He must produce them all.

6 Father behold the Saviour cries,
Me and my children dear;
I've brought them all above the skies,
To reign for ever here.

HYMN 96

Christ our Substitute.

GREAT was the price to justice due,
When Jesus would redeem his
bride;

K

Nothing

For

Nothing but precious blood would do,
And that must flow from his own side.

2 Yet from the heights of bliss he fled,
On wings of everlasting love,
And groan'd, and sigh'd, and wept and
bled,

The mountains of our guilt to move.

3 How glor'ous was the work he wrought,
While dwelling on this earthly globe,
When ev'ry deed, and ev'ry thought,
Conspir'd to weave our spotless robe !

4 Dress'd in this robe, wash'd in this blood,
And ransom'd from the pow'r of Hell,
We now have free access to God,
And justice likes the payment well.

5 Thus Jesus wrought out righteousness,
Our guilt sustain'd, our sorrows bore,
Secur'd our everlasting peace,
And triumph'd o'er the serpent's
pow'r.

6 And now in Heav'n he lives to plead,
Before his holy Father's throne,
What he has suffer'd in our stead ;
And sends us gifts and graces down.

7 And

- 7 And soon will this dear Saviour come,
In majesty and glory drest,
And take his ransom'd children home,
To seats of everlasting rest.

HYMN 97. (C. M.)

Elijah fed by Ravens..

- 1 **E**LIJAH was by ravens fed;
Tho' drove from human sight;
They brought the prophet meat and bread,
At morning and at night.
- 2 Thus did the promise stand secure,
In God's appointed way;
His water and his bread were sure,
Tho' fed by birds of prey.
- 3 God often doth his children feed,
By savage birds of prey;
For when a child of his hath need,
His goodness finds a way.
- 4 The wicked may the saints despise,
And sometimes them distress;
But can't elude Jehovah's eyes,
Nor make his kindness less.
- 5 Elijah did God's word declare,
And ev'ry hazard ran;

Elijah's God for him did care,
When set at naught by men.

6 May ev'ry prophet of the Lord,
Close by his master stand;
And publish all his faithful word,
And he will him defend.

HYMN 98. (S. M.)

The Salvation of Israel.

1 GOD's Israel of old,
In great distress we find;
When Pharaoh with his army bold,
Pursu'd them close behind.

2 Their unbelief prevail'd,
Their minds were fill'd with fear;
Their patience and their courage fail'd,
But God, their God was near.

3 Stand still ye saints and see,
What Isr'el's God will do;
Your enemies from you shall flee,
Tho' now they you pursue.

4 Fear not your stubborn foes,
For God for you will fight;
He'll fill their cups with bitter woes,
Before the morning light.

5. Be silent and be still,
And yield no more to fear;
Your God will work his sov'reign will,
Your passage shall be clear.
- 6 This God is still the same,
And ever more will be;
Whoever trusteth in his name,
Shall his salvation see.

HYMN 99. (C. M.)

Christian Courage.

- 1 **Y**E who are call'd by sov'reign grace,
Unto God's word attend,
With courage run your heav'nly race,
— And bear in mind the end.
- 2 The light afflictions you sustain,
Work for your future good,
Your captain here did taste the same,
Resisting unto blood.
- 3 A warfare this, but do not faint,
Your king has conquer'd all,
He breathes compassion to each saint,
He hears each feeble call.
- 4 Obedience to the law he gave,
It cannot now condemn,

Fear not, he'll to the utmost save,

All who believe in him.

5 By suff'ring he did you redeem,

He all your foes o'ercame,

Then let it be your constant theme,

To magnify his name.

HYMN 100. (L. M.)

(M. C.)

Praise for a complete Saviour.

1 **W**E long for that fair morning's
light,

When we, in robes of spotless white,

Shall join the bright redeemed throng

To sing that new and endless song—

CHORUS.

To him that lives, but once was slain,

Be honour, pow'r, and praise. Amen.

2 To him that lov'd us when we lay,

Conceal'd in uncreated clay;

To him that lov'd us, though we fell,

And sav'd us from the pains of Hell—

To him, &c..

3 To him that found us dead in sin,

And gave us holy life within;

To

To him that taught our feet the way,
From endless night, to endless day.—
To him, &c.

4 To him that wrought our righteousness,
And sanctify'd us by his grace;
To him that brought us back to God,
Through the red sea of his own blood—
To him, &c.

5 To him that sits upon the throne,
The great eternal Three in One—
To him let saints and angels raise,
An everlasting song of praise.
To him, &c.

HYMN 101. (6, 6, 8.)

Joyful Expectation of Heaven.

1 I'LL sing my Saviour's praise,
Who keeps me in his ways,
He's promis'd ev'ry good to me,
While here on Earth I stay,
And when I go away,
I shall his face in glory see.
2 There to adore that love,
Which brought him from above,
To save my soul from ev'ry foe;

- To raise me up on high,
Where pleasures never die,
Remote from ev'ry grief and woe.
- 3 Where I shall hear him say,
All tears are wip'd away,
Sit down and take thy place above;
No troubles shall you know,
You've left them all below,
To bask for ever in my love.
- 4 Lord fill our hearts with praise,
That we may run thy ways,
With patience while on Earth we stay;
And when thou us remove,
To take our seats above,
We'll sing thy love thro' endless days.

HYMN 102. (L. M.)

Balaam's Prophecy.

1 **W**HEN Balaam did from Pisgah's
hill,

Behold the ransom'd tribes from far,
He stood to wait th' Almighty's will,
That he his message might declare.

2 Commission'd then, he thus doth cry,
Contrary to the king's intent,

God

God's not a man that he should lie,
Nor can he like vain man repent.

- 3 Hath he his changeless word reveal'd?
Hath he proclaim'd his grand decree?
How can it ever be repeal'd?
If so, it is not verity.

- 4 God does in his redeemed see
No stain, tho' scorn'd by nations round,
Devoid of all iniquity,
Complete they in their head are found.

- 5 The Lord in his assembly reigns,
Shouts of a king amongst them are,
In safety then they must remain,
Protected by Almighty care.

- 6 Sure no enchantment can be found,
Against his Jacob, no he's free,
For God has hedg'd his garden round,
And deigns the doorkeeper to be.

- 7 Behold the people shall arise,
Like roaring lions fierce and strong,
Their dread, shall nations round surprise,
And conqu'ring they shall march along.

- 8 He shall not couch till prey be eat,
And drink the blood of those who fall,
Their God's to them a safe retreat,
Their God to them is all in all.

HYMN 103. (3, 8, 6.)

The Surrender.

- L**ORD thou hast won, at length I
yield,
My heart by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love,
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou had bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been;
But mercy hath my heart subdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now Lord I would be thine alone,
Keep thou possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting stand,
To be employ'd by thee.
- 4 My will conform'd to thine would move
On thee my hope, desire and love,
In fixt attention join;

My

My hands and eyes, my ears and tongue,
Have Satan's servants been too long,
But now they shall be thine.

- 5 And can I be the very same,
Who lately did blaspheme thy name,
And on thy gospel tread;
Sure ev'ry faint who hears my case,
Will praise thee and confess thy grace,
Invincible indeed.

HYMN 104. (7th.)*God's Call to Adam.*

- 1 **F**ATHER Adam, *where art thou?*
Much ashamed I see thee now;
All thy righteousness is gone,
Holy raiment thou hast none.

- 2 Why afraid of Jesu's voice?
Christ is no more Adam's choice;
Sure I hear the rebel-heart
Saying unto God, "Depart."

- 3 Why so hid behind a tree?
What! hath God no eyes to see?
Yes; but Adam now is blind,
Sin has darken'd all his mind.

- 4 Here I stand a guilty soul!
Adam, thou hast made me foul,

Brought

My

Brought a curse upon my name;
Fill'd my heart with sin and shame.

- 5 Second Adam, spring of hope !
Help a fallen sinner up ;
O thou blessed woman's seed,
Thou hast bruise'd the serpent's head.

HYMN 105. (L. M.)

On Election.

- 1 **E**LECTION is God's firm decree
That all his sons should glory see ;
He therefore chose them in his son,
Before the world or time begun.
- 2 That he might come and live and die,
To bring his scatter'd children nigh ;
Who all would turn their backs on God,
And wander in the downward road.
- 3 Tho' they are all by nature dead,
They *blessings* have in Christ their head,
Which for them all, to him were giv'n,
And safely kept for them in Heav'n.
- 4 For tho' they from their God did fall,
Their *blessings* were not lost at all,
The Saviour was their sure defence,
Nor sin nor Hell could pluck them thence.

5 These

- 3 These *blessings* they begin to have,
When God the spirit bids them live;
When he the word of life direct,
And single out his *own elect* .
- 6 When they are raised from the dead,
They run to Christ their living head;
And crave the blessings of the Son,
The Father gave ere time begun.
- 7 Lord shine with brightness on each heart
And give us faith to claim our part;
That we may know we do belong,
To Christ and all his chosen throng.

HYMN. 106. (C. M.)

Peter's Fall and Recovery.

- 1 **H**OW were the pow'rs of Hell en-
rag'd
Against the Son of God!
While cruel men on Earth engag'd
To shed his precious blood.
- 2 His friends forsook him with surprise,
When that dread scene began;
And one perfidiously denies
He ever knew the man.

L

3 How

- 3 How feeble human efforts prove
Against temptation's pow'r!
E'en Peter's flaming zeal and love
Were vanquish'd in an hour.
- 4 His firmest purpose will not stand;
Behold his guilt and shame!
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I shall do the same.
- 5 At length the suff'ring Saviour turns,
And looks with pity'ng eyes;
Peter relents, withdraws, and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.
- 6 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble pray'r;
If I were found in Peter's case,
I would not still despair.
- 7 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wand'ring soul restore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me sin no more.

HYMN 107. (L. M.)

Christ's Sufferings.

'TIS finish'd, so the Saviour cry'd,
And meekly bow'd his head and
died, 'Tis

'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that Heav'n decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
In me the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—Heav'n is reconcil'd,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard thro' all the nations round:
'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Thro' Heav'n and Hell, thro' Earth
and Sky.

and
'Tis

HYMN 108. (C. M.)

Another.

1 **W**HAT object's this that meets my
eyes
From out Jerus'lem's gate;
Which fills my mind with such surprise,
As wonders to create.

2 Who can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous cross of wood;
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of
death,
And body's bath'd in blood?

3 Is this the man, can this be he,
The prophets have foretold,
Should with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold?

4 Yes, now I know 'tis he, 'tis he,
E'en Jesus, God's dear Son;
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes that I had done.

5 Oh! blessed sight, Oh! lovely form,
To sinful souls like me!
I'll creep beside him as a worm,
And see him die for me.

- 6 I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds,
 Until, with happy John,
 I on his breast a place have found,
 Sweetly to lean upon.

HYMN 109. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus (both of God and
 man)
 Was treated as a thief,
 His body felt amazing pain,
 His soul amazing grief.
- 2 He bore our sins; our sorrows fell
 Like mountains on his soul,
 Like rising seas he saw them swell,
 Like raging billows roll.
- 3 Altho' he was to foes a friend,
 No friendly hand he found;
 That could the least assistance lend,
 When dogs beset him round.
- 4 No weeping friend his bosom lent
 To rest his drooping head;
 With gaping wounds his flesh was rent,
 His wounds unpity'd bled.

L 3.

5 Alone

5 Alone he stood, alone he fell,
 Alone the conqu'ror rose,
 Alone he burst the bars of Hell,
 And trampled on his foes!

HYMN 110. (7^s.)

Christ's Resurrection.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
 Sons of men, and angels say,
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ hath burst the gates of Hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glor'ous king,
 Where, O death is now thy sting?
 Once he dy'd our souls to save;
 Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Follow'ing our exalted head!

Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

- 6 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!
Praise to him by both be giv'n!
Him we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection—thou.

HYMN 111. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **W**HEN I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd
to lie;
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death,
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath!
- 3 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives, their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold;
See the rich diadem he wears!

Thou

Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

- 5 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet gracious God thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

HYMN 112. (8, 7.)

Another.

- 1 **U**PRISING from the darksome tomb,
See the victor'ous Jesus come!
Th' Almighty pris'ner quits the pris'n;
And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, angels, angels, angels,
Angels, tell the Lord is ris'n.

- 2 Ye weary souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad tidings, hear and live;
God's right'ous law is satisfied:
And justice now is on your side.
Justice, justice, &c.

- 3 Your surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood:
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, &c.

4. Believers.

4 Believers, hail your rising head,
The first begotten from the dead,
Your resurrection's sure, thro' his,
To endless life, and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, &c.

HYMN 113. (S. S. 6.)

Another.
1 SEE Jesus, our deliv'rer great,
Rising, his vict'ry to complete;
In vain's the seal and stone!
O grave! where is thy victory?
Here, here, thy mighty conqu'ror see,
Rising, he leaves the tomb.

2 Awhile he with his fav'rites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the starry sky:
The Heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their triumphant king,
And shout his victory.

3 Mindful of all thy favors, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving face:
Give all assembled in this hour,
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Clearly

4 Clearly to ev'ry heart display
The virtue of thy cross this day;
Each drooping heart inflame:
Refresh'd, we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderness below,
And spread thy glorious fame.

5 Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend?
When shall we see thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity to spend?

HYMN 114. (C. M.)

Another.

1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd, and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;

Not

Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall ev'ry faint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Thro' all his shining way.

HYMN 115. (8, 8, 6.)

Another.

1 **T**HE Saviour at his time did rise,
And all his daring foes despise
They cou'd not him detain;
The sealed stone, the watch, the guard,
These things to Jesus were not hard,
They all were try'd in vain.

2 The shining angel did appear,
And struck the guard with horrid fear,
They all as dead did lay;
The mighty stone the seal of state,
In him no terror did create,
He tore them all away.

3 The Saviour had his work fulfill'd,
Therefore his conquer'd foes must yield,
And make his passage clear;
At his appointed time did rise,
And fill'd his friends with sweet surprise,
But crush'd his foes with fear.

4 Ye conquer'd pow'rs of Earth and Hell,
The Saviour leaves your dreary cell,
And all your pow'rs defy;
He conquer'd for his chosen race,
They all shall live before his face,
When death itself shall die.

HYMN 116. (L. M.)

Another.

1 **H**AIL, blessed morn, hail glorious
day,
When Jesus rais'd his conqu'ring
head;
He tore the gates of death away,
When rising glor'ous from the dead.

CHORUS.

Praise him all ye saints above,
Praise him for his wond'rous love;
Jesus once for us did die,
Rose again and dwells on high.

2 The

- 2 The angels roll'd the stone away,
The guards into confusion fell;
Where fill'd with horror and dismay,
When Jesus conquer'd death and
Hell.

Praise, &c.

- 3 The rocks did rend and mountains shake,
When Jesus rose to life again;
The Earth did totter and did quake,
The grave no longer held its slain.

Praise, &c.

- 4 Thus Jesus rose his people's head,
In whom they stand completely clear,
Their num'rous sins, for which he bled,
Against them never can appear.

Praise, &c.

HYMN 117.

Another.

- 1 ANGELS roll the rock away,
Den of death resign thy prey;
See the Saviour quits the tomb,
Rising with immortal Bloom.

- 2 Shout ye Seraphs! Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal Hymn of praise.

M

Let

- Let the Earth's remotest bound,
 Echo to the blissful sound.
- 2 Saints of God lift up your eyes,
 See the Conqueror scale the skies ;
 Troops of angels on the road,
 Hail and sing th' incarnate God.
- 4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide,
 Matchless Hero thro' them ride ;
 King of glory mount thy throne,
 Boundless empire is thine own.
- 5 Praise him ye celestial choirs,
 Praise and sweep your golden lyres ;
 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues.
- 6 Ev'ry note to rapture swell,
 Sing the pow'rs of death and Hell ;
 Dragg'd in chains behind his wheels,
 Each the wound eternal feels.
- 7 Let Emmanuel be ador'd,
 Ransom, Mediator, Lord ;
 Let his praise thro' Earth and Skies,
 In unbounded chorus rise.
- 8 Sing we to our God above
 Praise, eternal as his love ;
 Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 118.

Mystery of Providence.

- 1 **S**OMETIMES the Lord, in darkness
 hides,
 His steps we cannot see;
 But yet he by his word abides,
 And keeps his firm decree.
- 2 The means which he doth often use,
 T' accomplish his decree;
 His people's minds do much confuse,
 Because they cannot see.
- 3 Old Jacob once with sorrow cry'd,
 All things against me are;
 Tho' ev'ry thing was on his side,
 His mind was fill'd with fear.
- 4 "Must I with Benjamin now part,
 "Must he from me be torn?
 "The darling of mine aged heart,
 "When Joseph too is gone?"
- 5 Yes, Benjamin must go and bring
 Thy Joseph to thy fight;
 Thy tears and fears away thou'dst fling,
 If thou could see aright.
- 6 When once the waggons did appear,
 To take away his stuff;

He soon forgot his grief and fear,
And cry'd, "it is enough."

7 "Joseph my son is yet alive,"

(The joyful father cries;)

This does my drooping heart revive,
And dry my weeping eyes.

8 Lord, when thine hand thou dost conceal,
May we by faith depend

On thee, till thou thy ways reveal,
And shew thyself a friend.

HYMN 119. (L. M.)

The Mourning Saint comforted.

1 **Y**E weeping souls that grieve and
mourn,

Because you find your Lord is gone;
Attend the pastures fresh and green,
Where Christ your Lord is often seen.

2 Reflect upon that precious love,
Which brought him from the realms
above,

To bleed and die upon the tree,
Look up and there your Lord you'll see.

3 He bore your sorrows and your grief,
To give your mourning souls relief;

To

To set you from your bondage free,
That him you might in glory see.

- 4 On him your ev'ry sin was laid,
And all your num'rous debts he paid;
He cry'd 'tis finish'd on the tree,
'Tis here your dying Lord you see.
- 5 He pass'd thro' the dreary tomb,
To track the path that leads you home;
He rose again to let you know,
He'd conquer'd all your foes below.
- 6 And now he's seated on his throne,
Where he remembers all his own;
He soon will send and call for thee,
Where you your Lord will ever see.

HYMN 120. (L. M.)

God's Love to his People.

- 1 **T** WAS sov'reign, free, unbounded
love,
Which brought the Saviour from above,
To rescue all his chosen race,
And give them life, and joy, and peace.
- 2 He came his promise to fulfil,
By doing all his Father's will;

M 3

To give his life a ransom for
His people, who transgress his law.

- 3 Thus hath he made an end of sin,
And hath a righteousness brought in ;
Which law and justice satisfies,
And all his people justifies.
- 4 The Father views them in his Son,
And looking on what he hath done ;
He doth pronounce them clear and free,
No spot, nor wrinkle can he see.
- 5 The spirit doth their souls renew,
He gives them life and comfort too ;
He gives them faith, and peace, and love,
And fits them for the realms above.
- 6 Where they shall see their glor'ous Lord,
Which joy and comfort will afford ;
And shout the great Redeemer's love,
With all the raptur'd host above.

HYMN 121. (L. M.)

On Assurance.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet knowledge
gives ;
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever-living head.

He

- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save;
He lives all glor'ous in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the pow'rs of Hell,
He lives that he may in me dwell;
He lives to heal and make me whole,
He lives to guard my feeble soul.
- 6 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubl'd heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 7 He lives my kind, my heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my prophet, priest and king.
- 8 He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives and I shall conquer death;

He

He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

9. He lives all glory to his name,
He lives my Jesus still the same;
Oh! the sweet joy this knowledge gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN 122. (C. M.)

Christ comforting his Disciples.

1. **F**ORBEAR my saints to mourn and
grieve,
We hear the Saviour say;
Who in my Father do believe,
May cast their fears away.
2. They may also in me confide,
My power is the same;
Whoever by my word abide,
Shall ne'er be put to shame.
3. My Father's house above contains,
Mansions for all my saints;
Where they'll forget their griefs and pains,
And know no more complaints.
4. Those seats my Father did prepare,
Before the world began;

I go to take possession there,

Against your work is done.

And then I'll come to you again,

And from this Earth remove

You, far from ev'ry grief and pain,

To dwell with me above.

HYMN 123.1 (L.M.M.)

Everlasting Love.

- 1 **M**Y God how endless is that love,
That taught my soul to soar above;
To leave this world with all its toys,
In search of more substantial joys.
- 2 Whilst we're ring in my blood I lay,
With pity'ng eye love past that way;
She cast her mantle o'er my shame,
And sweetly then she told her name.
- 3 Jesus I know thy name is love,
'Twas pity brought thee from above;
On both thy hands there stands my name,
And none can put my soul to shame.
- 4 Love shall attend me all the way,
While in the wilderness I stay;
Its love shall ever be my boast,
Long as eternity shall last.

- 5 Of love, of everlasting love,
 The height and depth there's none can
 prove;
 The length and breadth can ne'er be
 found,
 It rolls eternal ages round.

HYMN 124. (C. M.)

God's Delight in his People.

- 1 **O** Lord, how bright thy works do
 shine,
 Thy wondrous ways are all divine;
 What man by searching e'er can find
 The depth of thine eternal mind.
- 2 When I survey the blessed plan,
 Thy scheme to rescue fallen man;
 I'm lost in wonder Lord to see,
 The love which thou dost bear to me.
- 3 How early did thy love begin,
 Amazing thought! while dead in sin;
 Before the vital air I drew,
 Blameless in love I stood in view.
- 4 Before he spoke the world to light,
 My person then was his delight;

E'er

E'er nature into motion came,
His book of life contain'd my name.

- 5 Lord let my tongue speak forth thy praise,
Thy love how great, how wise thy ways,
Let human wisdom ne'er pretend,
With *perfect wisdom* to contend.

HYMN 125. (8, 8, 6.)

Sovereign Love.

- 1 **H**AD I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Christ's name, his love, the song of
songs

Should be my dear employ ;
O for a sweet seraphic flame,
To praise my Lord, to sing his name,
The life of all my joy.

- 2 Whatever peace, or joy I prove,
Is but the fruit of ancient love,
The heav'nly sweets I find ;
Are drops of joy from sov'reign grace,
Fixt firm upon the chosen race,
In God's eternal mind.

- 3 The promised seed he undertakes,
The serpent's head the Saviour breaks,
Tho' Hell itself combine

With

With pow'r to strike a fatal blow,
 But Jesus proves their overthrow,
 And dash'd their deep design.

4. My bliss is sure nor can it move,
 Fixt by his counsel and his love,
 Unshaken like his throne;
 For ever fixt in Jesu's hands,
 Replete with love behold it stands,
 Eternal like his own.

HYMN 126. (C. M.)

Divine Sovereignty.

1. **K**EEP silence all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod:
 My soul stands trembling, while she
 sings,
 The honor of her God.

2. Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds un-
 known
 Hang on his firm decree:
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

3. Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,

With

With ev'ry angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine;
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke
 Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown;
 And there, the foll'wing page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.

6 My God, I would not long to see,
 My fate with cur'ous eyes;
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

HYMN 127. (L. M.)

Christ's Cross, the Christian's Glory.

YE ransom'd souls, arise and sing,
 The love of Christ, your heav'nly
 king,
 Who bore your sin, your shame, your loss
 And glory only in his cross.

- 2 O let his love your songs employ,
And his salvation be your joy,
Yea count all other things but dross,
And glory only in his cross.
- 3 'Tis thro' the cross on which he dy'd,
The world to you is crucify'd,
And you to it—O happy loss!
Then glory only in his cross.
- 4 At last with him shall you appear,
And join the joy and triumph there,
In endless songs his love applause,
And ever glory in his cross.

HYMN 128. (L. M.)

Good Samaritan.

- 1 **I** Once did on a journey go,
Down the broad road to Jericho;
And as I on my journey past,
A gang of thieves inclos'd me fast.
- 2 They wounded me in ev'ry part,
Which caus'd me anguish, grief and
smart;
They stript me of my native dress,
And left me naked in distress.
- 3 A priest came almost where I laid,
He look'd at me but nothing said;

A Levite came and me espy'd,
But past along the other side.

The good Samaritan at last,
Came down that way, and on me cast
A pity'ng eye of sov'reign grace;
And rais'd me from that wretched place.

He open'd wide his bount'ous store,
And heal'd my ev'ry painful sore;
Pour'd wine and oil into my heart,
Which cured me of all my smart.

He has my ev'ry want supply'd,
Naught that is good hath he deny'd;
I daily from him do receive,
All that is good, he's bound to give.

Since he to me has been so good,
When neither priest nor Levite wou'd,
I to his glory now will live,
And all the praise to him I'll give.

HYMN 129. (L. M.)

Security of God's Elect.

ADAM's revolt did not effect,
Th' eternal state of God's elect;
He chose them all in Christ his Son,
Before the world, or time begun.

N 2

2 Eternal

- 2 Eternal life to them was giv'n,
And all their names were writ in Heav'n;
Before the solid Earth was laid,
Or Adam from his God had stray'd.
- 3 And tho' he ran them all in debt,
Yet Christ their souls at freedom set;
For all their debts on him were laid,
And ev'ry farthing he has paid.
- 4 Tho' Adam tainted all their blood,
And made them enemies to God;
And plac'd them in a crooked way,
And taught them all to go astray:
- 5 Yet, God the Spirit in his time,
In all the heirs of glory shine;
Their rebel hearts he forms anew,
And makes them friends and servants too.
- 6 Then they to God their Father run,
And own the follies they have done;
Their Father shews his smiling face,
Which gives them rest, and joy and
peace.
- 7 Now all their hopes are fixt above,
Their souls are fill'd with Jesu's love;
Their hearts and tongues are fill'd with
praise,
They wish to serve him all their days.

HYMN 130. (L. M.)

The Beggar.

- 1 **S**EE Laz'rus at the glutton's door,
He *begs* for crumbs, he asks no
more;
Tho' he aloud for mercy cry'd,
Those crumbs of mercy were deny'd.
- 2 Dear Jesus we'll from gluttons fly,
And to thy sov'reign mercy cry;
A *beggar* thou wilt not disdain,
However poor and full of pain.
- 3 Lord, I'm a *beggar* from my birth,
I nothing have, am nothing worth;
Constrain'd I now for mercy cry,
O do not Lord my suit deny.
- 4 Thou Son of David mercy have,
For none but thee my soul can save;
I cannot cease my bitter cry, O
Till I receive a rich supply.
- 5 My peace, O Lord, I cannot hold,
It is thy mercy makes me bold,
Beggars I hear thou dost receive;
And grantest more than they can crave.

6 Nay more than this, thou dost declare
 Thou lov'st the *beggar's* voice to hear;
 I come, dear Lord, at thy request,
 And hope to find the promis'd rest.

7 'Tis thou hast brought me to thy door,
 Thy saving mercy to implore;
 Thou say'st thou wilt not cast me out,
 Thy word is true, I cannot doubt.

HYMN 131. (S. M.)

The Saint in Darkness.

1 **I** in thiek darkness mourn,
 I cannot see my way;
 O let thy light to me return,
 And drive these clouds away.

2 Thou dost thine hand conceal,
 Thou art behind the cloud;
 Reveal thyself, to me reveal,
 O Lord I cry aloud

3 Thou never yet didst leave,
 Thy children in the flame;
 But always did thy servants save,
 Thine hand is still the same.

4 And tho' I can't perceive,
 Thy footsteps in the sea,

May

May I with confidence believe,
They all are best for me.

- 5 May ev'ry fear be still,
May I with patience rest;
Submissive to thy gracious will,
Who knoweth what is best.

HYMN 132. (L. M.)

Saints despised by the World.

- 1 **T**HE sons of Zion we are told,
The Lord himself compares to gold,
They're *valuable* in his sight,
And ever will be his delight.
- 2 As gold when tried sustains no loss,
But brighter shine more free from dross;
So in the furnace God does shine,
Upon his sons and them refine.
- 3 As gold is *scarce*, and *precious* too,
So are the Saviour's chosen few;
Tho' by the wicked they are seen,
As earthen vessels *base* and *mean*.
- 4 Yet Zion's God doth them behold,
As *jewels* set in precious gold;
They all in glory shall appear,
And shine with brilliant lustre there.

HYMN

HYMN 133. (10. 41.)

Redemption by Christ.

1 GREAT Maker of all,
 Our voices we'll raise,
 On thee we would call,
 And sing of thy praise;
 For thou art our Saviour,
 Our portion and friend,
 We live in thy favor,
 Which never shall end.

2 Thou didst us redeem,
 From thralldom and woe,
 Or else we had been
 In bondage 'till now;
 Yes, helpless for ever,
 Our souls would have lain,
 Deep plung'd in the river,
 Of torment and pain.

3 But sovereign love,
 Unsearchable grace,
 He came from above
 To die in our place;
 Our Jesus descended
 His sheep to redeem,
 Though they have offended,
 They're righteous in him.

4 And.

- 4 And this we are taught,
Because we do find,
Thy spirit has wrought
A change in our mind;
Thy tokens of mercy
We daily receive;
Therefore we will praise thee,
As long as we live.

HYMN 134. (L. M.)

Christ the Kinsman.

- 1 **Y**E weeping saints, whose souls are
lean,
Seek in your kinsman's field to glean;
Abundant store therein you'll find,
The man is graciously inclin'd.
- 2 His name is *Jesus*, and you may
Glean in his field from day to day;
Ye need not of his bounty doubt,
He's kind, and will not cast you out.
- 3 Come then, ye hungry souls, and fill,
Out of his store, for 'tis his will;
That all his kindred should be fed,
With wholesome grain, with living bread.
- 4 But go not to another field,
For none but his, can plenty yield;

Close

- Close by his chosen reapers, stand,
And they will you from harm defend.
- 5 With them you'll find a rich supply,
To quench your thirst when you are dry;
With them you all may freely feed,
And find supply for ev'ry need.
- 6 Then you may to your brethren say,
I've glean'd with pleasure all this day,
Out of my heav'nly kinsman's store,
I've plenty got, but still there's more.

HYMN 135. (L. M.)

Trust in God.

- 1 **N**O thought we for to-morrow take,
Because with us it may not come;
Before another day doth break,
We may be summon'd to our home.
- 2 But should it come, and we be spar'd,
The Lord will grant a fresh supply;
To stand the trials that we fear'd,
Or, he can make them quickly fly.
- 3 He may us from the trials move,
Or, he can take them far away;
We'll leave it to his sov'reign love,
Who never did his saints betray.

4 Since

- 4 Since he has promis'd daily strength,
And all his children to defend ;
They shall victor'us be at length,
In spite of all that may contend.

HYMN 136. (L. M.)

Free Justification.

- 1 MY glor'ous, my celestial dress,
Is Jesu's perfect righteousness ;
At his right hand in this array'd,
I shall with joy lift up my head.
- 2 My everlasting hope relies,
On his atoning sacrifice ;
Thro' him my peace is made with Heav'n,
My guilt remov'd, my sin forgiv'n.
- 3 Jesus has born the curse for me,
From ev'ry charge he sets me free ;
Why should I yield to slavish fear,
When God himself pronounce me clear.
- 4 O may my soul for ever praise,
His free, his justifying grace ;
And by an holy conduct prove,
My int'rest in his saving love.

HYMN 137. (S. M.)

Man's Fall and Recovery.

- 1 **W**HEN Adam did rebel,
And God's command transgress;
He from his God that moment fell,
And lost his smiling face.
- 2 God holy is and just,
Of sin he can't approve;
But punish it he surely must,
Tho' he the sinner love.
- 3 His *sons* in Adam were,
And by his sin they fell;
But yet his love did means prepare,
To save them all from Hell.
- 4 He knew that they would fall,
He therefore had decreed;
To save them from their sin and thrall,
By Christ the woman's seed.
- 5 He did this promise give,
His mercy to fulfil;
For tho' the serpent did deceive,
He must not have his will.
- 6 Jesus the woman's seed,
Must man on Earth become;

To

To fetch his sons, as was decreed,
To their eternal home.

7 He death's cold hand did feel,
He laid amongst the dead;
Tho' thus the serpent bruis'd his heel,
He bruis'd the serpent's head.

8 He robb'd him of his pow'r,
He snatch'd away his prey;
The saints he never shall devour,
Tho' once he did betray.

HYMN 138. (C. M.)

The Blind and Weak, led and supported.

1 PRAISE to the rad'ant source of bliss,
Who gives the *blind* their sight;
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes,
A flood of sacred light.

2 In paths unknown he leads them on
To his divine abode,
And shews new miracles of grace
Thro' all the heav'nly road.

3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd,
He renders smooth and straight,
And strengthens ev'ry feeble knee
To march to Zion's gate.

4 Thro'

- 4 Thro' all the path I'll sing his name,
Till I the mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no
more,
And anthems never end.

HYMN. 139. (C. M.)

The Dawn of Mercy.

- 1 **W**HEN first sweet mercy's gentle
beam,
Shone in upon my mind,
How alter'd did all nature seem,
What raptures did I find.
- 2 The low'ring gloom which veil'd the
skies,
Then vanish'd from my sight,
And all that met my ravish'd eyes,
Was beautiful and bright.
- 3 I praise thee, Lord, and I adore
Thy grace divinely free;
O do not frown upon me more,
But bless and solace me.
- 4 My sins thy vengeance did provoke;
I well deserv'd to bleed;
But thy own Son sustain'd the stroke,
And thus my soul is freed.

5 Salvation's

- 5 Salvation's come to me at length,
I'll trust, and will not fear;
The Lord Jehiohah is my strength,
My Saviour, ever near.
- 6 Great were my fears, and more my guilt,
And Hell my rightful doom;
But Jesus his own blood has spilt
In the vile sinner's room.
- 7 Justice can ask no higher price,
Nor more could mercy give;
Sinners could need no more than this;
Nor creatures more receive.
- 8 Satan can have no stronger foe,
Nor I a firmer friend;
My praise, shall like his mercy flow,
And never know an end.

HYMN 140. (C.M.)

The Soul panting for Rest.

- 1 **A**S the chas'd hart pants for the
stream,
On sandy mountains dry,
So pants my weary soul for him,
Who can my wants supply.
- 2 My spirit searcheth after God,
In this dry wilderness;

- Here's nothing that can peace afford,
He is my only bliss.
- 3 When chased by the beasts of prey,
In this wild desert waste ;
My weary spirit of times say,
I long to be at rest.
- 4 Lord, when will that blest moment come,
When I shall hear thee say :
I take my wand'ring exile home,
And wipe all tears away.
- 5 The accent of that sound how sweet,
It charms my ravish'd ear :
Shall I above my Saviour meet,
And dwell for ever there ?
- 6 Then ev'ry hasty thought be still,
May I contented stay ;
And gladly do my Father's will,
And wait the happy day.

HYMN 141. (L. M.)

Saul's Conversion.

- 1 SAUL once was Satan's servant bold,
Nor car'd at all for Jesu's fold ;
He set the sheep of Christ at naught,
And with both sheep and shepherd fought.

2 But

- 2 But as he marched on the road,
To persecute the saints of God;
A heav'nly light did him confound,
And brought the sinner to the ground.
- 3 A voice he from the Saviour hears,
Which fills his stubborn heart with fears;
My saints ye persecutor see,
What's done to them, is done to me.
- 4 'Tis hard for thee to strive and fight
Against them, they are my delight;
And tho' their foes do them disdain,
I ever will their cause maintain.
- 5 We see the power of grace divine,
In this rebellious sinner's line;
When Christ created him anew,
He willing was, his will to do.
- 6 He with astonishment was fill'd,
And to his sov'reign Lord did yield:
He cry'd aloud, whate'er's thy will,
The same I'm ready to fulfil.
- 7 Then rise and to the city haste,
Unto my saints, you long have chas'd
And tell them you are form'd anew;
And they will tell you what to do.

HYMN

HYMN 142. (C. M.)

On Perseverance.

1. **T**HE Sheep of Jesus cannot die,
While Christ their Saviour lives;
He who has promis'd cannot lie,
Eternal life he gives.
2. Altho' their enemies are strong,
And would their souls devour;
They never shall o'ercome so long,
As Christ has sov'reign pow'r.
3. His mighty hands enclose them fast,
He will not let them go,
They must and shall o'ercome at last,
In spite of ev'ry foe.
4. The Saviour for them liv'd and dy'd,
And paid their ev'ry debt;
Their souls are by him justify'd,
They are at freedom set.
5. He knows the purchase of his blood,
And will not lose his own;
He has redeem'd their souls to God,
And they shall wear a crown.
6. Their seats are all prepar'd above,
Nor shall they vacant be;

For

For Christ will them thereto remove.
This is his firm decree.

7 Ye blessed of my Father come,
The Saviour then will say;
Inherit your eternal home,
And reign in endless day.

HYMN 143. (L. M.)

Balaam's attempt to curse Israel.

BALAAM and Balak once combin'd;
God's chosen people to condemn;
But no enchantment cou'd they find,
Because their God defended them.

2 Balaam he lov'd unrighteous gain,
The king on Israel's fall was bent;
But they their ends did not obtain,
For Israel's God did not repent.

3 He is not like a sinful man,
Who sometimes says, and then denies,
There's none his people can condemn,
Because 'tis he who justifies.

4 Balaam pronounc'd the people blest,
And free from ev'ry blot and stain;
The wicked king he can't assist,
Nor yet his sinful cause maintain.

5 His

- 5 His tongue was turn'd; but not his heart,
That, still, was set on sinful gain;
He wish'd to make God's Isr'el smart,
And try'd, but yet he try'd in vain.
- 6 Let those who Isr'el dare deride,
Remember Balaam's deep disgrace;
The angry king in wrath reply'd,
And sent him back to his own place.
- 7 But more disgrace shall Balaam have,
And all who in his footsteps tread;
In Hell, when once the silent grave
Has number'd them amongst the dead.

HYMN 144.

The Sufficiency of Christ's Work.

- 1 **T**HE Lamb that was slain,
An off'ring for sin;
Is risen again,

And enter'd within
The vail of the temple,
To sprinkle his blood;
And claim for his people,
The mercy of God.

- 2 The Father accepts,
The work of the Son,

And

And cancels the debts,
 And fins of his toun,
 They're view'd in the Saviour,
 As spotless and clean,
 As tho' they were never,
 Polluted with sin.

3 Believers then sing,
 To Jesus our God,
 Let praise to our king
 Be founded abroad;
 And give adoration
 To him, who for us
 Did finish redemption,
 On Calvary's cross.

HYMN 145. (L. M.)

Workings of a legal Heart.

1 **H**OW prone is fallen man to draw,
 His consolation from the law;
 How legal is his earthly mind,
 To any thing but Christ inclin'd.
 2 He is the last resource we try,
 To any thing but him we fly;
 The work we wish ourselves to do,
 And take the glory of it too.

3 And

- 3 And were it not for sov'reign grace,
We ne'er should seek the Saviour's face;
But under Moses' bondage live,
And take the wages Moses give.
- 4 The broken law would cut and lash,
And in our guilty faces flash;
Under its curse we all should die,
And in the pit, for ever lie.
- 5 But Christ the Lord did undertake,
To save his people from this lake;
The work is done, we hear him cry
My saints shall never, never die.

HYMN 146. (3, 3, 6.)

Pharaoh and his Host drowned.

- 1 SEE Isr'el out of Egypt flee,
Behold them passing thro' the sea,
With Pharaoh at their Heels:
Their God behind the cloud doth stand,
His chosen people to defend,
He takes off Pharaoh's wheels.
- 2 The frighten'd host doth heavy drag,
Their courage now begins to flag,
And they with horror see;

That

That

That Isr'el's God for him doth fight,
In vain they strive to take their flight,
Or from his presence flee.

- 3 For he the rebel host attack,
Who strove to bring his people back,
And did himself defy;
Behold the waters overflow,
And lay the haughty rebels low,
In vain for help they cry.

- 4 Let all who dare the saints despise,
Remember Egypt's bitter cries,
When God for Isr'el fought;
The Lord his people will defend,
In spite of all that may contend,
For all their strength is naught.

HYMN 147. (C. M.).

Free Justification.

- 1 **H**AIL blessed children of the Lord,
Look up above the sky;
On Earth you have a great reward,
But more laid up on high.

- 2 A great reward of grace and love,
While in his ways ye run;

But

- But nobler blessings wait above,
Till all your work is done.
- 3 Tho' you have rebels been to God,
And have despis'd his cause;
Have set at naught his precious blood,
And trampled on his laws:
- 4 Yet strange to tell! your gracious God
Your sins on Jesus lay;
Who interpos'd with precious blood,
And wash'd them all away.
- 5 The Father can no more demand,
The *debt* that Jesus paid;
His people clear before him stand,
They need not be afraid.
- 6 He suffer'd in their room and stead,
He bore their sins away;
There's nothing now for them to dread,
Nor *ought* for them to pay.
- 7 For *justice* he hath satisfy'd,
The *law* no more demands;
His people all are justify'd,
And safe in Jesu's hands.
- 8 May God the Spirit give us faith,
To see the work is done;
To credit what the scripture saith,
And live upon the Son.

HYMN 148. (L. M.)

Divine Mercy.

- 1 **M**Y grateful heart would now record,
The boundless mercy of the Lord;
'Tis sov'reign and divinely free,
The source of ev'ry good to me.
- 2 'Tis like a stream that sweetly flows,
To quench our thirst, to drown our woes;
A river large, a fountain wide,
An ocean vast, a flowing tide.
- 3 Mercy upholds me in the way,
Reclaims me when I go astray;
Mercy doth all for me provide,
And nothing needful is deny'd.
- 4 Mercy prepares the gospel-feast,
And makes my soul a welcome guest;
I will not turn from mercy's door,
For mercy feeds the hungry poor.
- 5 Let mercy, Lord, prevent me still,
And guard my soul from ev'ry ill;
Let mercy compass me around,
And guide me safe to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Then in the mansions of thy love,
Prepar'd for happy souls above;

With

With loudest notes I'll sing and tell,
How mercy sav'd my soul from Hell.

HYMN 149. (C. M.)

Redemption.

- 1 **A**LL glory to the Prince of peace,
Who suffer'd grief and pain;
That all his Father's chosen race,
Above with him might reign.
- 2 He dy'd that they might never die,
He lives and they shall live;
He promises, who cannot lie,
Eternal life to give.
- 3 Their souls are wash'd in Jesu's blood,
And cloth'd in spotless white;
They stand complete before their God,
And clear within his sight.
- 4 But tho' in Christ their living head,
Their souls are justify'd;
They must be rais'd from the dead,
They must be *sanctify'd*.
- 5 The spirit is engag'd to bring,
The wand'ers back to God;
That they may know their heav'nly king,
Who bought them with his blood.
- 6 That

- 6 That they may learn to sing the song,
Of Jesu's dying love;
Before they join the chosen throng,
To reign with him above.

HYMN 150. (C. M.)

Nativity of Christ.

- 1 **E**XERT your voices feeble saints,
Lift up your languid eyes;
Forget your sorrows and complaints,
And let your joys arise.
- 2 Behold the *day-spring* from on high,
Hath visited our Earth;
He laid his rad'ant glory by,
To save our souls from death.
- 3 He came his promise to fulfil,
On wings of love did fly;
Father, "I come to do thy will,"
We hear the Saviour cry.
- 4 I come thy law to magnify,
Its precepts to fulfil;
To suffer death on Calvary,
This is thy righteous will.
- 5 I come to pay the heavy debt,
Of all thy chosen race;

That they at freedom might be set,
And brought to see thy face.

6 Exult ye saints in highest strains,
And magnify his love;

Who saves your souls from endless pains,
To reign with him above.

7 Loud hallelujahs send on high,
Adore the Prince of peace;
Till you arrive above the sky,
There to behold his face.

HYMN 151. (8, 8, 6.)

Sabbath-Day, before Sermon.

1 **T**HY Sabbaths, Lord, make days of
rest,

O may we lean upon thy breast,

And each thy bounty prove;

May all who here assemble now,

Submissive at thy footstool bow,

And banquet on thy love.

2 Lord, teach our souls to sing thy praise,
With lively zeal and heav'nly lays,

With lips and hearts sincere;

May all who in thy name attend,

Experience thee to be their friend,

And know that thou art here.

- 3 We thank thee for the joyful sound,
The healing med'cine for each wound,
Which thou thyself hast giv'n ;
May Christ within each heart appear,
And deal to ev'ry saint his share
Of bread, sent down from Heav'n.
- 4 Thy servant with thy love inspire,
And touch his lips with heav'nly fire,
From off thine altar Lord ;
That he may on thy bounty feed,
And fetch supply for ev'ry need,
From Christ the living word.
- 5 Apply thy word with life divine,
And on thy children deign to shine,
And banish ev'ry fear ;
And when we from thy house depart,
May each reply with thankful heart,
'Twas good that I was there.

HYMN 152. (8, 7, 11.)

After Sermon.

LORD we thank thee for the favor,
Of the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the love of Christ the Saviour,
In thy people's hearts be found,
May the praise of
Christ, from ev'ry heart resound.

2. May we ever prize the treasure,
That within thy word we find;
Love and mercy without measure,
Which support the drooping mind,
Christ will ever
To his children prove most kind.
- 3 Lord bestow a gracious shower,
Water ev'ry longing heart;
Let us prove thy saving power,
E're we from thy house depart;
Then shall praises
Flow, from ev'ry thankful heart.

HYMN. 153. (C. M.)

Backslider restored.

- 1 **C**HRIST will not ever cast away,
The purchase of his blood;
And tho' they sometimes go astray,
He'll bring them back to God.
- 2 Altho' he causes in them grief,
Because he hides his face;
He will appear for their relief,
And all their sorrows chase.
- 3 He sometimes doth himself conceal;
A moment from their sight;

But

- But soon he doth himself reveal,
And drives away the night.
- 4 He will on them compassion have,
According to his word;
He from their enemies will save,
And be their constant guard.
- 5 He doth not willingly afflict,
Nor grieve his children dear;
But sees it good, them to correct,
To bring the wand'ers near.
- 6 May ev'ry stroke that we receive,
Have always due effect;
O may we to his glory live,
And not his ways neglect.
- 7 O may we ever, cleave to him,
Who bought us with his blood;
So shall our everlasting theme,
Be praise unto our God.

HYMN 154. (L. M.)

The Legal Man.

- 1 **T**HE legal man that strives to draw,
His consolation from the law;
He makes his triumph and his boast,
In that which doth condemn him most.

- 2 Of his *good works* he loves to talk,
And of his *holy life* and *walk*;
Altho' his heart is full of sin,
And ev'ry evil thought within.
- 3 But if he think he cannot draw,
His whole salvation from the law;
He part will do, and Christ the rest,
This is the way he thinks is best.
- 4 Such unenlighten'd souls as these,
Cannot discover men from trees;
If they were taught their dreadful fall,
They'd know, they nothing were at all.
- 5 They'd gladly cast their rags behind,
And long a better dress to find;
They'd be abas'd, their pride wou'd fall,
They'd run to Christ the Lord for all.

HYMN 155. (L. M.)

Christ and his Servants reproached.

- 1: **H**OW much averse is fallen man,
To Christ, and to his gospel plan,
The ways of ignorance they choose,
And Jesus and his cause abuse.
- 2 To the best friends of Jesus they,
Their strongest enmity display;
That

That man who *best* his cause maintains,
The carnal mind the most disdains.

- 3 How was their bitter malice bent,
Against the *few* that Jesus sent;
They strove their *characters* to blast,
Lest gospel truths should spread too fast.
- 4 They cry'd they're filled with new wine,
'Tis that which does them thus incline;
Who would a drunkard's cause maintain?
Thus did they strive their *end* to gain.
- 5 Jesus and Paul they said were mad,
Some said that Christ a devil had;
O! wretched man, thy cause is bad,
Not Christ, but thou thyself art mad.
- 6 But some the Saviour did entreat,
To leave their coast, Oh! dreadful state,
If Christ no more to them return,
In quenchless fire they all must burn.
- 7 Lord fill our hearts with grateful praise,
That we are brought to shun those ways,
And choose by grace the only way,
Which leads to everlasting day.
- 8 O give thy servants courage bold,
May they thy gospel plan unfold;
And all thy truth to sinners tell,
In spite of wicked men, or Hell.

HYMN 156. (8, 8, 6.)

Triumph of Faith.

1. **I** FEEL the seeds of sin and death,
 Deep rooted in this clod of Earth;
 They fill my cup with gall;
 While in the furnace, Lord, I stay,
 Let strength be equal to my day,
 Be thou my all in all.
2. Death may my soul and body part,
 But cannot rend me from thy heart;
 Thou reatest in thy love;
 Thou never wilt thy children leave,
 But guide them here and thro' the grave;
 To reign with thee above.
3. Death cannot make my soul afraid,
 Since Jesus all my debt has paid,
 I'll trust his pow'r to save,
 I'll sing hosannas to my king,
 Who robb'd the monster of his sting,
 And triumph'd o'er the grave.
4. He rose to let his people know,
 He conquer'd all the pow'rs below,
 And bruis'd the serpent's head;
 From hence his people all shall rise,
 To sing his praise above the skies,
 When death itself is dead.

HYMN

HYMN 157. (L. M.)

Seeking Souls encouraged.

- 1 **L**ET those who seek the Lord rejoice,
And hearken to the Saviour's voice;
He to the seeking soul is kind,
And tells him, "he that seeks shall find."
- 2 If thou art brought to seek his face,
'Tis the effect of quick'ning grace;
If thou art brought to hate thy sin,
It proves his spirit is within.
- 3 There's no distinction can be made,
But 'twixt the *living* and the *dead*;
Thou now art either *dead* in sin,
Or, of the spirit *born* again.
- 4 Let none suppose they first begin,
To seek the Lord, and turn from sin;
Such take the crown from Jesu's head,
And think that they can *seek* while *dead*.
- 5 But those he doth anew create,
They know their sin they ne'er did hate;
Nor yet to Christ for mercy run,
Before the Lord the work begun.
- 6 The Lord we read with *Saul* did meet,
And brought the rebel to his feet;

His

His heart renew'd by sov'reign grace,
And then he sought the Saviour's face.

- 7 Lord, breathe on the dry bones and give
New life, that they to thee may live;
Them by thy grace, create anew,
The *work* is thine, the *glory* too.

HYMN 158. (L. M.)

On Temptation.

- 1 **L**ET those who feel the tempter's
pow'r,
Remember Christ was tempted too;
He'll save them in the trying hour,
And bring them more than con-
qu'rors thro'.
- 2 He tempted was from ev'ry part,
And yet was free from ev'ry sin;
The Saviour had no wicked heart,
To let the subtle tempter in.
- 3 When he had fasted forty days,
The tempter knew he wanted bread,
In vain his snares for him he lays,
He can't seduce the church's head.
- 4 He fought him with the written word,
With this the tempter he o'ercame;

He

He us'd right the spirit's sword,
May ev'ry warrior do the same.

May they apply to him for strength,
And skill to use this sword aright;
Then they will overcome at length,
And put their enemies to flight.

HYMN 159. (L. M.)

On preaching the Gospel.

GO, preach my gospel faith the Lord,
Go, *teach* the people from my
word;

Go, and my word to them explain,
And it shall not return in vain.

For I will go with you, and give
My grace, and make the sinner live;
'Tis thine, my word to go and *preach*,
'Tis mine, the sinner's heart to reach.

Preach then my word, and I'll direct
It to the hearts of mine *elect*;

On their account I bid you run,
And preach to all below the sun.

Go, cry aloud that Jesus dy'd;
And was for sinners crucify'd;

Q

And

And rose again his saints to tell,
He'd conquer'd all the pow'rs of Hell.

- 5 Set forth the Saviour's grief and pain,
And show he could not die in vain ;
But those for whom he liv'd and dy'd,
All stand for ever justify'd.
- 6 You then will preach with good effect,
My word will comfort mine elect ;
It to my name will glory bring,
And make their hearts rejoice and sing.

HYMN 160. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **T**O offer grace is not to preach,
This never will the sinner teach ;
It only doth the mind amuse,
And the poor sinner's heart confuse.
- 2 Such language does the soul deceive,
The preacher has no grace to give ;
To offer grace, and Christ, and Heaven,
Such message ne'er to him was giv'n.
- 3 Go, offer grace to a dead man,
And make him take it if you can ;
If you have got the grace to give,
Go now, and make that sinner live.

4 The

4 The work you cannot do I doubt,
 You cannot cast the *devil* out:
 Go try, and bid him now depart,
 And leave that wretched sinner's heart.

5 Satan will not your voice obey,
 He'll turn about and to you say:
Paul I do know, and *Jesus* too,
 But I no knowledge have of you.

6 O be contented then to *preach*,
Explain the word, *instruct* and *teach*,
 But never take the *spirit's* place,
 Till you can give the sinner grace.

HYMN 161. (L. M.)

Man's fallen State.

1 **H**OW dreadful is man's fallen state,
 His distance from his God how
 great;

And yet he daily walks the road,
 That leads him farther still from God.

He has no *will* to choose the way
 That leads to everlasting day;

To ev'ry sinful way, he's bent,
 His pow'rs are all to Satan lent.

- 3 He has no eyes to see the light,
Altho' it round him shines so bright;
Nor ears to hear that charming voice,
Which makes the saints of God rejoice.
- 4 Lord claim the purchase of thy blood,
And bring them back to seek their God;
O give them light to see their state,
And grace their ev'ry sin to hate.
- 5 O give them wills to choose thy ways,
And tongues to celebrate thy praise;
That they may know thy children's joys,
And leave their earthly gilded toys.
- 6 Then they'll delight to follow thee,
And all the ways of Satan flee;
They'll joy to walk thy holy ways,
And love to serve thee all their days.

HYMN 162. (2, 3, 6.)

God's Care of his People

ELIJAH for his God was bold,
The wicked king the truth he told,
Which did not please him well;
The Lord appears and bids him hide,
Commands the ravens to provide,
And tells him where to dwell.

2 He

2 He plac'd him by the water's brink,
That there the prophet might find drink,
And have a fresh supply;
For tho' the famine was at hand,
God was the owner of the land,
His servant shall not die.

3 But when the brook began to dry,
The Lord prepar'd a fresh supply,
A widow did him feed;
Does he thus for his children care?
My soul then never yield to fear,
He knows thy ev'ry need.

Confidence in God.

HYMN 169. (15, 1.)

JEHOVAH is my strength,
And he shall be my song;
I shall o'ercome at length,
Altho' my foes be strong,
In vain my enemies oppose,
For God is stronger than his foes.

The Lord my refuge is,
And ever will remain,
As long as I am his,
He will my cause maintain;
In vain do sinful man oppose,
For God is stronger than his foes.

3 The Lord my *portion* is,
 What can I wish for more;
 As long as I am his,
 I never can be poor,
 Satan in vain my course oppose,
 For God is stronger than his foes.

4 The Lord my *shepherd* is,
 He knows my ev'ry need;
 As long as I am his,
 He will his servant feed,
 In vain do Earth and Hell oppose,
 For God will conquer all his foes.

5 The Lord my *Father* is,
 My name is on his heart;
 I ever shall be his,
 He ne'er from me will part;
 Then cast on him thy ev'ry care
 My soul, and never yield to fear.

HYMN 164. (L. M.)

Redemption and its Effects.

1 **T**HE Lord his *Jacob* did redeem,
 From him that was too strong for
 him;
 His ransom he has fully paid,
 For all his sins, were on him laid.

2 Therefore

- 2 Therefore they all shall come and sing,
 Redeeming love to Christ their king;
 To Zion's heights they all shall run,
 And tell the wonders he hath done.
- 3 His goodness there they all shall know,
 When they to Zion's heights do flow;
 To sing his praise, and tell his love,
 Till call'd to reign with him above.

HYMN: 165. (3, 3, 6.)

On the Resurrection of the Saints.

THE Saviour from the tomb is ris'n,
 He left his dark and dreary pris'n,
 At the appointed day;
 He conquer'd death and all his foes,
 And then triumphantly he rose,
 To shew our foes the way.

2 Now death, where is thy boasted pow'r?
 Thy triumph lasteth but an hour,
 Thou must resign thy prey;
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 Thy doors must all wide open fly,
 At the appointed day.

3 The angel from the Saviour flies,
 To tell the saints 'tis time to rise,
 And leave their earthly beds;

The

The trumpet with tremendous sound,
Shall rend the caverns of the ground,
And raise their joyous heads.

4 The saints with blooming vigor rise,
With glory beaming in their eyes,
They haste to Christ their king;
They fall submissive at his feet,
Where they a smiling welcome meet,
Then they arise and sing;

5 All glory to the Son of God,
Who wash'd us in his precious blood,
To him be all the praise;
Hosanna let the echo fly,
Thro' Heav'n and Hell, thro' Earth and
Sky,
Eternal as our days.

HYMN 166. (C.M.)

Saints pursued by their Enemies.

1 A S birds are on the mountains char'd,
So is my soul pursu'd,
By those who would destroy my rest,
And on my peace intrude.

2 O Lord thy timely aid afford,
And give me strength to stand;

With

With patience in the thorny road,
And on thyself depend.

3 All helpers but thyself are vain,
I have no other friend;
O Lord for me my cause maintain,
And keep me to the end.

4 My enemies thou know'st are thine,
Shew forth thy mighty power;
And those by sovereign strength confine,
That would my soul devour.

5 So will thy servant give thee praise,
And when thy saints do see
My strength is equal to my days,
Then they will trust in thee.

HYMN 167. (L. M.)

Man's helpless State.

1 **B**Y nature all mankind are dead,
Blind offsprings of their sinful head;
Poor fallen man, 'tis not his choice,
To hearken to the Saviour's voice.

2 He thinks he's whole in ev'ry part,
He sees no blemish in his heart;
Mercy to him no charms can have,
Christ only came the lost to save.

3 Lord

- 3 Lord, take the glory of thy grace,
That caus'd my soul to seek thy face;
Had it not been for sov'reign love,
My hopes had ne'er been fix'd above.
- 4 What can I render to thy name,
Who on so kind an errand came;
And left thy blissful seat above,
To seek the object of thy love.
- 5 Love surely stronger is than death,
It caus'd the Lamb to yield his breath;
With joy he bow'd his head and dy'd,
To save his much beloved bride.
- 6 The love that twin'd about his heart,
Caus'd him to bleed, to die, and smart;
That those might live and reign above,
Who were the objects of his love.
- 7 May ev'ry nerve about my heart,
With pleasure take an active part;
In praising him my Lord and king,
For none have greater cause to sing.

HYMN 168. (6. 5. 4.)

Redeeming Love.

- 1 ANGELS assist our song,
Descend and join the throng,
To sing the praise of Christ our king;
Who

Who left his courts above,
And came on wings of love,
Salvation to our souls to bring.

We'll send our voices high,
With shouts above the sky,
And vie with the angelic host;
They taste the bliss above,
But we redeeming love,
The Saviour we adore the most.

For them he did not die,
They all were fixt on high,
He only dy'd for men below,
'Tis saints have cause to sing,
And hallelujahs bring,
To him from whom their blessings
flow.

He did the stroke sustain,
To save them from their pain,
He dy'd that they might never die;
He rose to let them know,
He'd conquer'd all below;

And then ascended to the sky.
In glory there he'll sit,
Nor will he them forget.

But call them to himself above;
Where they will him adore,
And praise him evermore;
For his redeeming matchless love.

HYMN

HYMN 169. (L. M.)

The awakened Sinner encouraged.

- 1 **A**LL those the Father gave the Son,
In time to him shall surely run;
And when they go, they need not doubt,
His love will never cast them out.
- 2 They need not doubt his will to save,
If they the least desire now have,
It comes from him, and it doth prove,
They are the objects of his love.
- 3 The Father knew they'd be undone,
He therefore gave them to the Son;
That he might all their sorrows bear,
And make them meet for glory here.
- 4 They need not fear a broken law,
For Jesus was without a flaw;
They need not fear their load of guilt,
Because his blood for them was spilt.
- 5 They need not fear the tempter's pow'r,
For Jesus is their shield and tow'r;
They need not fear a wicked heart,
For Christ will never from them part.
- 6 They need not fear their ev'ry foe,
For Christ will always with them go;

Ev'n

MMYH

Ev'n death that cruel boasting king,
For Christ has robb'd him of his sting.

- 7 Then come to Christ thy only friend,
And he will keep thee to the end ;
And leave behind thy ev'ry doubt,
For he will never cast thee out.

HYMN 170. (L. M.)

The loving-kindness of the Lord.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's
praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' Earth and Hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
R He

He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good !

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness, changeth not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
 Oh ! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness, sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness, in the skies.

HYMN 171. (8, 8, 6.)

Christ gathering his Sheep.

- 1 **S**EE Christ descending from the sky,
 To bring his scatter'd children nigh,
 And gather all in one ;
 The children of his Father's choice,
 And cause them all to hear his voice,
 That they to him might run.
- 2 He came, the Saviour's errand this,
 Th' adopted sons to bring to bliss,
 They all to him were giv'n ;

Tho'

Tho' in a state of sin and thrall,
He is engag'd to save them all,
And bring them safe to Heav'n.

- 3 His children all are heirs to Heav'n,
And grace and ev'ry blessing giv'n,
With him they jointures are ;
Nor can their portion e'er be sold,
Until the Saviour quits his hold ;
Till then they need not fear.
- 4 The spirit will possess each heart,
And give them faith to claim their part,
And Abba Father cry ;
And shed abroad the Saviour's love,
That they the children's bliss may prove,
The joys which never die.

HYMN 172. (7^s.)

Mutual Encouragement.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not
fear ;
Foes we have but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end ;
Forward then with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;

R 2

Soon

Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home !

2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie to take us unawares ;
 Satan with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part :
 But from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victor'us be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—come home !

3 But, of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within ;
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 And the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father cries—come home !

HYMN 173. (L. M.)

Elijah fed by Ravens.

1 **W**HEN God's own people stand
 in need,
 His goodness will provide supplies ;
 Thus when Elijah faints for bread,
 A raven to his succour flies.

2 At

- 2 At God's command with speedy wings,
The hungry bird resigns his prey ;
And to the rev'rend prophet brings,
The needful portion day by day.
- 3 This method may be counted strange,
But happy was Elijah's lot ;
For nature's course shall sooner change,
Than God's dear children be forgot.
- 4 This wonder has been oft renew'd,
And saints by sweet exper'ence find ;
Their evils over-rul'd for good,
Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.
- 5 Who can distrust that mighty hand,
Which rules with universal sway ;
Which nature's laws can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey ?

HYMN 174. (L. M.)

The afflicted Saint encouraged.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED faint, to Christ draw
near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying Day ?

- He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
 And if the conflict should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
 Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
 Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
 He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

HYMN 175. (8, 7.)

Our Duty to use Means.

SAVE us Lord from the delusion,
 Of presuming on thy care;
 Which occasions great confusion,
 When it does thy children snare.

2 Ev'ry

- 2 Ev'ry means within our power,
Duty calls us forth to use ;
Or else we slight the trying hour,
And the care of God abuse.
- 3 Paul, when he the sea was crossing,
Knew the Lord the crew would save ;
Yet he used means while tossing,
On the rough and boist'rous wave.
- 4 When the savage bear and lion,
Came young David's flock to tear ;
Tho' he did his God rely on,
Yet he ran and caught the bear.
- 5 Thus when beasts of prey surround us,
Let us ev'ry effort try ;
And they never shall confound us,
If we to the Saviour fly.

HYMN 176. (L. M.)

The spiritual Sower and Reaper.

- 1 **G**IVE me, my God, this truth to
know,
So shall thy praise be my employ ;
That I who sow in tears below,
Shall reap in Heav'n eternal joy.
- 2 Tho' here beset by foes and fears,
And sin and Hell my soul annoy ;
And

- And tho' I mourning sow in tears,
Yet I at last shall *reap in joy*.
- 3 Tho' storms and tempests spread around
And raging would my hope destroy;
And tho' my sighs and tears abound,
Yet I at last shall *reap in joy*.
- 4 By many crafty cruel snares,
The tempter would my soul decoy,
But grace still reigns tho' I'm in tears,
And I at last shall *reap in joy*.
- 5 Not death, tho' gloomy it appears,
My confidence shall e'er destroy,
In death thou'lt wipe away my tears,
And I at last shall *reap in joy*.
- 6 Then when my soul with Christ appears,
His praise shall be my bless'd employ,
And I shall no more sow in tears,
But *reap in everlasting joy*.

HYMN 177. (8, 8, 6.)

Doubting Saints encouraged.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads ye saints and
sing,
For Jesus is your mighty king,
Who doth your foes subdue,
Then

Then banish unbelieving fear,
And cast on him your ev'ry care,
He'll bring you safely thro'.

2 Tho' Satan tempts and tries and lays,
His stumbling-blocks in all your ways,
Yet Christ his pow'r controls;
He cannot do the harm he wou'd,
He cannot tear you from your God
Nor rob you of your souls.

3 He goes about with stinted pow'r,
He can't one sheep of Christ devour
For Christ their shepherd is;
He looks about with watchful eyes,
And all his children's wants supplies
For all their wants are his.

4 Then leave your all with Christ your king,
Lift up your heads with joy and sing
And yield no more to fear;
Come boldly to a throne of grace,
And let the Saviour see your face,
He loves to see you there.

HYMN 178. (S. M.)

The weeping Saint.

1 **Y**E saints who sow in tears,
Ye soon shall reap in joys;

Cast

Cast off those unbelieving fears,
That do your peace annoy.

- 2 Your Saviour reigns above,
He knoweth all your needs ;
His bowels over you do move,
He for you intercedes.
- 3 All blessings he'll bestow,
And ev'ry want supply ;
While you are trav'ling here below,
To better worlds on high.
- 4 Where ev'ry sigh will cease,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
And heav'nly sweet seraphic peace,
Will ev'ry want supply.

HYMN 179. (N. M.)

God the Teacher of his People.

- 1 **T**HE people of the Father's choice,
In time shall hear the Saviour's
voice ;
And unto him for mercy flow,
For they the Lord their God shall know.
- 2 Both high and low, and great and small,
For God himself shall teach them all ;
His pard'ning love he will reveal,
And on their hearts his mercy seal.

The

- 3 The spirit shall their hearts renew,
And make them wise and holy too ;
The Lord-their God, they will adore,
Who thinks upon their sins no more.
- 4 They all were on the Saviour laid,
He all their mighty debt has paid ;
He has discharg'd the heavy score,
And will remember them no more.

HYMN 180. (L. M.)

The fearful Saint encouraged.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God renounce your
fears,
Lo Jesus for your help appears ;
And kindly speaks as he draws nigh,
Be not afraid, for it is I.
- 2 When in the awful tempest tofs'd,
You feel your strength and courage lost,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near, *be not afraid.*
- 3 When earthly joys are from you torn,
Or when with heartfelt grief you mourn,
To see your dear relations dead,
Yet Jesus lives, *be not afraid.*
- 4 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same ;

In

In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.

- 5 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames consume this guilty world;
Ev'n then your judge will smiling cry,
Be not afraid, for it is I.

HYMN 181. (C. M.)

Encouragement to trust in God.

- 1 **T**RUST in the Lord, for ever trust,
And cast away your fears ;
He is most faithful, true and just,
He for his children cares.
- 2 He lends an ear to their complaints,
When they to him do pray ;
He giveth strength to all his saints,
According to their day.
- 3 If trials and temptations come,
Which cause them pain and grief ;
Then to their Father they may run,
And he will grant relief.
- 4 Their cares on him he bids them cast,
For he for them doth care ;
And they shall find it true at last,
There is no cause to fear.

HYMN

HYMN 182. (ms.)

Precious Gospel.

1 **T**HE gospel brings tidings,
 To each wounded soul,
 That Jesus the Saviour,
 Can make it quite whole;
 And what makes this gospel,
 Most precious to me,
 It speaks of salvation
 So perfectly free.

2 This gospel says further,
 God sending his Son
 To die for poor sinners,
 Gave all things in one;
 This makes then the gospel
 So precious to me,
 'Tis surely a gospel,
 As full as 'tis free.

3 Since Jesus hath sav'd me,
 And that freely too,
 I fain would in all things,
 My gratitude shew;
 But as for man's merit
 'Tis hateful to me,
 The gospel I love it,
 'Tis perfectly free.

HYMN 183. (8, 8, 6.)

Encouragement to Saints in Darkneſs.

- 1 **Y**E ſaints who now in darkneſs walk,
 Caſt off your unbelieving talk
 Your Father doth inquire;
 Where are my children in diſtreſs?
 My love to them is not the leſs
 Tho' they are in the fire.
- 2 Who is amongſt you ſaith the Lord,
 That fears my name and truſts my word
 And yet in darkneſs ſtand;
 Let him truſt in his Father's name,
 And he ſhall find my love the ſame,
 I am his faithful friend.
- 3 Had I not put my ſpirit there,
 His heart had ne'er poſſeſs'd my fear,
 Nor wou'd he mourn for me;
 The work is mine I'll carry on,
 And perfect where I have begun,
 He ſhall my glory ſee.
- 4 Then raiſe your heads, ye drooping ſaints,
 And banish all your ſad complaints
 And caſt your fears away;
 Your Father is engag'd to ſave,
 He never will his children leave,
 But keep them night and day.

HYMN

HYMN 184. (L.M.)

God ever-rules Evil for Good.

- 1 **S**EE Jesus goes as was decreed,
For all his chosen race to bleed;
Tho' this was God the Father's plan,
The *act* was sinful still, in man.
- 2 Tho' they fulfill'd what God decreed,
From wickedness it did proceed;
They did against the Lord engage,
To gratify their sinful rage.
- 3 Tho' wicked men by ev'ry deed,
Fulfil designs which were decreed;
No thanks to them, they only meant
The evil, on which they were bent.
- 4 Thus Jacob's sons when they did sell
Their brother Joseph, did not well,
Tho' in so doing now we see,
They did fulfil God's firm decree.
- 5 Tho' they this wicked deed did do,
The Lord had gracious ends in view;
But yet the deed to them was *sin*,
Because it sprang from wrath within.
- 6 Thus the *same act* in different ways,
May be perform'd with *blame* or *praise*,

- One righteous is in his intent,
The other is on *evil* bent.
- 7 The Lord looks at the heart of man,
And sees his meditated plan,
Whether he means to do his will,
Or his own sinful ways fulfil.

HYMN 185. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **T**HO' men by their own sinful ways,
Fulfil the plan Jehovah lays;
'Tis not the Lord who them incline,
In those rebellious ways to join.
- 2 He puts no *evil* in the heart,
To make them act such wicked part;
Leave them he doth, to their own will,
But yet remaineth *righteous* still.
- 3 We read he harden'd *Pharoah's* heart,
But he no *evil* did impart;
But left him to his harden'd mind,
Which to rebellion was inclin'd.
- 4 The Lord to shew his pow'r was great,
Rais'd *Pharoah* to a pompous state;
To let his people see and know,
His arm cou'd lay the rebel low.

5 When

- 5 When God subdu'd this haughty foe,
That wou'd not let his people go ;
This circumstance their minds imprest,
That he wou'd conquer all the rest.
- 6 Thus did he over-rule for good,
Those evils which his saints withstood,
Display'd the glory of his grace,
In saving all his chosen race.

HYMN 186. (L. M.)

Christ's Love to Sinners.

- 1 **S**IMON the pharisee we find,
With Christ the Lord was very kind,
His kindness led him to entreat,
The Saviour home with him to eat.
- 2 But Christ had other ends in view,
Which did not please him when he knew,
He went a sinner there to meet,
Who came and fell behind his feet.
- 3 His lov' reign grace had touch'd her heart,
For in his love she had a part ;
And she such love to Christ express'd,
As fill'd with anger Simon's breast.
- 4 He of this sinner was asham'd,
And Christ the Lord as much he blam'd,

That he should let her thus proceed,
For she a sinner was indeed.

- 5 But sinners Jesus came to save,
Therefore they mercy of him crave;
And tho' by pharisees he's blam'd,
Of sinners he is not asham'd.

HYMN 187. (L. M.)

(M. J.) *Another.*

- 1 **B**UT Christ on Simon cast an eye,
And thus to him he did reply ;
Simon I somewhat have to say,
Simon said then, say on I pray.

- 2 A creditor two debtors had,
He knew right well the debts were bad,
The debtors were both sadly poor,
One owed much, the other more.

- 3 The creditor at freedom set
The debtors, and forgave each debt ;
They both did of his mercy boast,
But which think you did love him most ?

- 4 The greatest debtor I suppose,
Because he's freed from greatest woes ;
You rightly judge the Saviour cries,
But see this sinner you despise.

5 More

- 5 More love to me she has express'd
Than you, altho' I am your guest,
It proves that she has most forgiv'n,
Simon, she is an heir of Heav'n.
- 6 You righteous are in your own eyes,
And pardon'd sinners you despise;
No mercy such from me will crave,
I only came the *lost* to save.

HYMN 188. (C.M.)

On Justification.

- 1 **N**O condemnation can be brought,
Against the sons of God;
Christ hath for them a clothing wrought,
And wash'd them in his blood.
- 2 They righteous are in what he's done,
And ever more will be;
They stand complete in Christ the Son,
From condemnation free.
- 3 When first the Father chose them in
The Son, he did agree;
To take on him their ev'ry sin,
Then all the sons were free.
- 4 Justice demanded all the debt
Of Christ, on whom it laid;

Just

- Just at the time the Saviour sat,
The debt he came and paid.
- 5 If Jesus had not paid the debt,
Or suffer'd all the pain;
He ne'er had been at freedom set,
He ne'er had rose again.
- 6 But when we see the Saviour rise,
Triumphant from the dead;
Our hopes ascend above the skies,
With our victor'ous head.

HYMN 189. (6, 6, 8.)

Earth exchanged for Heaven.

- Y**E saints who dwell above,
And bask in Jesu's love,
Ye once did mourn and grieve below;
Your minds were fill'd with cares,
And rack'd with doubts and fears,
But sorrow now no more you know.
- 2 You've crossed Jordan o'er,
And landed on the shore,
Your Saviour bore you safely thro';
You did the river cross,
But you sustain'd no loss,
He quickly to your succour flew.

- 3 O happy, happy saint,
 Thy heart no more is faint,
 You've left corruption all behind;
 Your tears are wip'd away,
 You rest in endless day,
 Where trouble you shall never find.
- 4 My work will soon be done,
 And then I'll swiftly run,
 To cross the wave and with you meet,
 Where we shall sit and sing,
 For ever with the king,
 Or fall enraptured at his feet.

HYMN 190. (L. M.)

The Woman of Samaria.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus travell'd here below,
 He labour'd hard his love to
 show
 To those, whose cause he undertook,
 Nor ever has their cause forsook.
- 2 When he did once Judea leave,
 He sought for one he meant to save,
 Samaria he *must* go through,
 For there he had some work to do.
- 3 An object of the Father's choice
 Was there, and she must hear his voice;
 The

The time was come the work to do,
The Saviour to his task was true.

4 She was a vile Samaritan,
But Jesus sav'd her from her sin,
He doth the vilest sinners take,
And saints of those vile sinners make.

5 The woman brought her water-pot,
But *living* water there she got;
That water which from Christ doth flow,
To all his chosen ones below.

6 This water in her heart did spring,
And taught her ev'ry needful thing:
Into the city she doth run,
To tell the wonders Christ hath done.

7 O may this water daily spring
Up in our hearts, that we may sing:
And in his ways with pleasure run,
And tell what Christ for us hath done.

HYMN 191. (A. M.)

Advice to the Scorners.

1 **L**ET sinners in the scorner's seat,
Think on the scorner's dreadful fate,
The scorner's chair, O may we shun,
And from the scorner's errors run.

2 Their

- 2 Their carnal hearts with malice rise,
They do the word of God despise,
O wretched man ! O dreadful state !
They do the God of mercy hate.
- 3 The holy scripture to us says,
Scoffers will come in the last days ;
This part is true 'tis plainly seen,
These are the scoffers it doth mean.
- 4 How will these scoffers dread their fate,
When God shall mount his judgment-
seat ;
His gospel here they did despise,
They thought themselves both good and
wise.
- 5 But now they'll all with horror see,
The carnal man from God must flee ;
For none with joy will see his face,
But those who are renew'd by grace.
- 6 They cannot dwell with God above,
Because that God they do not love ;
They cannot join the heav'nly throng,
Because they cannot sing their song.
- 7 They cannot praise the God of grace,
Therefore the saints can't them embrace ;
With those above they cannot dwell,
They best agree with those in Hell.

8 Where

8 Where they'll the name of God blas-
pheme,
But find his word remains the same;
They'll feel the truth of holy writ,
That threatens sinners with the pit.

HYMN 192. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **T**HE *foolish* man within his heart,
Bids the Almighty far depart;
He has no knowledge of the Lord,
Nor liking for his holy word.
- 2 His *foolishness* doth him incline,
To ridicule the *truth divine*;
The word of God he doth not love,
But yet he cannot it disprove.
- 3 If he don't like it, let this *fool*
Point out to us a better *rule*;
One that more glory brings to God,
And sinful man more help afford.
- 4 Let him point out a *better plan*,
To rescue fallen, sinful man;
And let the means by him be giv'n,
To make a sinner meet for Heav'n.

- 5 Till this is done it stands confess'd,
The word of God reveals the best;
And all the saints of God can tell,
No other way can save from Hell.
- 6 Lord, may we never flight thy word,
But prize the light it does afford;
A portion to thy people giv'n,
To guide them in their way to Heav'n.

HYMN 193. (L. M.)

The Call of Zaccheus.

- 1 **S**EE Zaccheus he climb'd the tree,
That he the Saviour there might see;
No use to climb the tree to look,
Unless the Lord to him had spoke.
- 2 This favour he did not expect,
But Jesus knew his own elect;
He call'd him out from all the rest,
And him before the crowd confess'd.
- 3 Zaccheus come, he loudly cry'd,
I must this day with thee abide;
Make haste and take me to thy home,
Salvation to thy house is come.
- 4 Zaccheus comes with joyful haste,
To entertain his welcome guest;

T

The

- Tho' ignorant he climb'd the tree,
He now doth God's salvation see,
5 No doubt the throng were much amaz'd,
And some of them were hardly pleas'd
To see that Jesus was so kind
With him, and others left behind.
6 But Jesus had his work to do,
Therefore his work he must pursue;
He came his own, to seek and save,
And all his own he'll surely have.

HYMN 194. (C. M.)

Death of Christ.

- 1 SEE Jesus with his cross he goes,
Ascending Calvary's hill,
Deep laden with his people's woes,
His precious blood to spill.
2 Their sins the Father on him laid,
And charg'd to his account;
There all the debt for them he paid,
While suff'ring on the mount.
3 The book he cross'd with his own hand
He blotted out the debt;
There's nothing there against them stand
They are at freedom set.

4 Ye mourning saints lift up your eyes,
And cast away your fears;
See Jesus in your place he dies,
And all your sorrow bears.

5 Now may your lips and lives express
The love of Christ your friend;
For surely you can do no less
Than praise him without end.

HYMN 195 (L. M.)

Trust in God.

1 **T**HAT man who casteth all his care
On God, his foes he needs not fear;
Low at his feet they all must fall,
He'll conquer them, both great and small.

2 Strong in the strength of God he goes,
Triumphing over all his foes;
His God by him will always stand,
And him from ev'ry harm defend.

3 When tempests rise, and billows roll,
He feels a calm within his soul;
Which keeps his mind compos'd, and
bears

Him up, above distressing fears.

4 His God he knows is on his side,
And doth for him all good provide.

And when his hand he cannot see,
He resteth on his firm decree.

5 He knows his God remains the same,
However dark and cold his frame;
He never changeth in his love,
But faithful to his word doth prove.

6 This is the God the christian serves,
His daily praise he well deserves
While here below, and when above,
His God he'll ever praise and love.

HYMN 196. (L. M.)

The Rebellion of Korah.

1 SEE Korah and his wicked race,
Withstood Jehovah to his face;
They all oppos'd with one accord,
The chosen servants of the Lord.

2 Moses and Aaron much they griev'd,
But God his servants soon reliev'd;
Their cause for them he did maintain,
And vengeance on their foes did reign.

3 'Tis not a small and trifling thing,
To fight against our God and king;
That man who dares the Lord oppose,
Shall never want for bitter woes.

4 Lord

- 4 Lord keep us in the narrow way,
O may we never from it stray;
Lest we incur our Father's rod,
And feel the chast'ning hand of God.
- 5 That man that by his God doth stand,
His God will surely him defend;
And tho' the wicked him may blame,
He never shall be put to shame.

HYMN 197. (L. M.)

On Jacob's Ladder.

- 1 **A**S Jacob travell'd on his way,
At night he sought a place to lay;
While he his head on stones reclin'd,
The Lord reveal'd to him his mind.
- 2 He dream'd he saw a ladder there,
Whereon the angels did appear,
The length thereof appeared such,
That it both Heav'n and Earth did touch.
- 3 The Lord himself appear'd above,
And there made known his care and love;
To Jacob he his mind reveal'd,
Which till that moment was conceal'd.
- 4 To all his Jacobs God hath giv'n,
A ladder which doth reach from Heav'n
To

To Earth, and there it yet doth stand,
For all his *Jacobs* to ascend.

- 5 This *ladder* is, his *only Son*,
On whom they all to glory run;
But he to them must first descend,
Before their steps to him will tend.
- 6 'Tis on this *ladder* he makes known
His love, to all that are his own;
His gracious mind to them reveals,
And naught that's for their good conceals.
- 7 And when their work on Earth is done,
Then up this *ladder* they will run;
And praise their God above in Heav'n,
Who hath such *ladder* to them giv'n.
- 8 When he his sons with glory crown,
This *ladder* will be taken down;
No further use for it to stand,
When they are brought to his right hand.

HYMN 198. (L.M.)

On the Will of Man.

THE will of man cannot be forc'd,
He wills the things which please
him most;
He sometimes acts against his will,
But that remains unshaken still.

2 Man's *will* is *free* within his breast,
To choose the things, which he thinks
best;

The carnal man approves of sin,
He *will* the way, and walks therein.

3 His *will* is *free*, to choose that road
Which leads from happiness and God;
The way of sin he'll never flee,
Till he a better way can see.

4 He has *no will* to choose the way
By *Christ*, to everlasting day;
And till the *will* to him be given,
He'll never choose that way to Heav'n.

5 When God the Spirit works within,
And brings the man to hate his sin;
The ways of sin he then will flee,
His *will* is chang'd, but yet 'tis *free*.

6 'Tis *free* to choose the narrow way,
By *Christ* to everlasting day;
'Tis now his voluntary choice,
To hearken to the Saviour's voice.

7 Tho' sin sometimes may make him yield,
Against his *will* he is compell'd;
He cannot do the things he would,
Or, he would always please his God.

8 He *will* to conquer ev'ry sin,
All foes without, and those within;

He

He *will* to serve his God always,
And spread abroad his Saviour's praise.

- 9 The time will come, O happy hour!
When he will have both *will* and *power*,
To sing uninterrupted praise
To Christ his King, thro' endless days.

HYMN 199. (C. M.)

Christ the Surety.

- 1 **O**UR *surety* from eternity,
Engag'd himself to pay:
Our debts to justice, to the full,
At the appointed day.
- 2 The Father took the *surety's* word,
And let his people free;
Before their debts their Saviour paid
Upon the fatal tree.
- 3 The saints that dy'd, before the Lord,
The mighty debt had paid;
Went all to glory, for their sins
Were on the *surety* laid.
- 4 But now in gospel days we do
That glor'ous mystry see;
That all our debts were fully paid,
When Christ hung on the tree.

5 We

5 We need no sacrifices bring,
But sacrifice of praise ;
In songs of triumph we may spend,
Our few remaining days.

6 For sure it cannot now be long,
E're we our Lord shall see ;
And evermore his name adore,
Who hung upon the tree.

HYMN 200. (L. M.)

Encouragement for God's Ministers.

1 **F**EAR not said God to Paul of old,
Lift up thy voice with courage bold ;
" I have much people in this place,"
Whose souls I must renew by grace.

2 Therefore no man on thee shall set,
To do thee hurt, my work to let ;
I have an arm that can subdue,
Their power and their malice too.

3 God in his wisdom knows the place,
Where he has fix'd his chosen race ;
He'll send his gospel far and near,
That all his scatter'd sons may hear.

4 O precious gospel ! let it fly,
To ev'ry land below the sky ;

May

- May sinner's hear the Saviour's voice,
And in his pard'ning love rejoice.
- 5 Lord, bid thy faithful heralds run,
And spread the name of Christ thy son;
That all thy children far and near,
May in thy gospel- blessings share.
- 6 They all at last with thee shall meet,
And cast their crowns at Jesu's feet;
And sing the praise of sov'reign grace,
Which brought them to that happy place.

HYMN 201. (L. M.)

The Effects of rejecting the Gospel

- 1 JERUSALEM of old we find,
Despis'd the Saviour of mankind;
Oh! wretched people, dreadful fate,
Their house is left quite desolate.
- 2 They spurn'd his gospel from their door,
And Christ declar'd he'd come no more;
Till they should lay with one accord,
He's blest'd that cometh from the Lord.
- 3 Oh! wretched man who steps do take,
To make the gospel him forsake;
Whoever acts such wicked part,
Shall for his sinful conduct smart.

4 He

- 4 He soon will feel the heavy loss,
He has exchang'd the truth for dross;
Of gospel truths he'll feel the need,
He's naught but husks whereon to feed.
- 5 O may we prize the *gospel word*,
The precious gift of Christ the Lord;
The shining light himself hath giv'n,
To shew his saints the way to Heav'n.
- 6 O may we never know the need,
Of *gospel truths* our souls to feed;
But may we all enjoy the same,
From those who come in Jesu's name.

HYMN 202. (L. M.)

The spiritual Man.

- 1 **T**ILL God his spirit doth impart,
How carnal is the human heart;
Averse to all that's good, and prone
To cleave to earthly things alone.
- 2 But when his *grace* the soul refines,
The *will* to heav'nly things inclines;
The carnal mind is then subdu'd,
And all the inward pow'rs renew'd.
- 3 'Tis then we first begin to learn,
What is on Earth, our great concern;
From

From the long death of sin we rise,
And upwards glance our wond'ring eyes.

- 4 What God reveals, the saint approves,
His *doctrines* and his *laws* he loves;
The gospel makes his heart rejoice,
The paths of virtue are his choice.
- 5 When ev'ry earthly joy is fled,
And all created comforts dead;
Or when the world is doom'd to fire,
His portion still remains entire.
- 6 The sun must fade, the stars must fall,
But Jesus is his *all in all*;
The all-sufficient God shall be,
His treasure thro' eternity.
- 7 He longs to see the happy morn,
When on the wings of angels borne;
He shall the blissful climes explore,
Where *death* and *sin* are known no more.

HYMN 203. (L. M.)

A Funeral Hymn.

THE saint who has escap'd on high,
Has gain'd a life that cannot die;
He's got beyond the reach of death,
And now he breathes immortal breath.

2 Were

- 2 Were he permitted to descent,
And pay a visit to his friend;
Methinks his language then would be,
My friend, forbear to weep for me.
- 3 I've left behind all worldly cares,
And got beyond the vale of tears;
'Tis now my blest employ above,
To celebrate the Saviour's love.
- 4 On Earth, I suffer'd grief and pain,
But now I with my Saviour reign;
Enjoy his smiles, and taste his love,
And sing with all the blest above.
- 5 With rapt'rous gaze we him admire,
We sing his praise, and never tire;
Our harps are always on the string,
To praise the name of Christ our king.
- 6 We have no vacant time to spare,
'Tis all employ'd in rapture here;
Here's nothing here that can annoy,
Our constant love, our peace and joy.
- 7 Then weep no more for me my friend,
For soon you will to me ascend;
Where we shall meet to part no more,
On this eternal, blissful shore.

HYMN

HYMN 204. (6, 8.)

The Foretaste of Heaven.

1 **O**N Earth the song begins,
 In Heav'n more sweet and loud,
 To him that drowns our sins
 In his atoning blood;
 To him they cry, in rapt'rous strain,
 Be honor, praise and pow'r. Amen!

2 Ye saints on Earth, repeat
 What Heav'n with rapture owns;
 And while before his feet
 The elders cast their crowns,
 Go, imitate the choirs above,
 And tell abroad your Saviour's love.

3 Inform the list'ning world
 How Jesus, when he fell,
 The pow'rs of darkness hurl'd
 Down to the deeps of Hell;
 And, rising, bore the rescu'd prize,
 His Church, in triumph thro' the skies.

4 Alone he took the field,
 Alone the battle fought;
 With his own sword and shield
 The mighty work he wrought;
 The mighty work was all his own,
 And let him ever wear the crown.

5 From

5 From Heav'n; on wings of love,
The kind Deliv'rer came,
And left the joys above,
To bear our sin and shame;
No hand but *his*, such work could do!
No heart but *his*, such love could shew!

6 Our feeble minds are lost
Beneath the lofty strain;
But, Jordan's billows cross,
We'll catch the sound again;
In praise assist th' angelic choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

HYMN 205. (L. M.)

The Gospel's joyful Sound.

1 **E**TERNAL God, and God of grace!
In praise to thee our songs abound,
Who hast reveal'd thy smiling face,
In the blest'd gospel's *joyful sound*.

2 Bless'd theme! here life, and love, and
peace,
Strength and salvation all are found,
Immensely great their blessedness!
Who hear and know the *joyful sound*.

3 Thy countenance shall on them shine,
With light and comfort all around.

- Thus shall they walk in strength divine,
Who hear and know the *joyful sound*.
- 4 Thro' life and death they onward press,
Till they with glory all are crown'd ;
This shall complete their blessedness,
Who hear and know the *joyful sound*.
- 5 There may we meet and join the throng,
Where praise and triumph all abound,
And sing the blissful endless song,
With those who know the *joyful sound*.
- 6 Send, Lord, the glorious tidings forth,
Far to the Earth's remotest bound,
From east to west, from south to north,
May millions know the *joyful sound*.

HYMN 206. (L. M.)

The departing Saint,

- 1 **A** DIEU! to all terrestrial things,
No more I feel your painful stings ;
No more I shall those prospects view,
Which did each day, my griefs renew.
- 2 Adieu ! adieu to slavish pains,
Which held me fast, in bitter chains ;
Adieu to ev'ry sin and woe,
To ev'ry hurtful, bitter foe.

- 3 To ev'ry grief, and ev'ry fear,
Which often caus'd the falling tear ;
Adieu to Satan, he no more
Shall break my peace with horrid roar.
- 4 I bid farewell to earthly things,
To reign with prophets, priests and kings ;
I now shall wear a starry crown,
And by my Saviour's side sit down.
- 5 Where I shall sit, and love, and tell,
How he redeem'd my soul from Hell ;
And guided me in all my ways,
And brought me there to sing his praise.
- 6 And what will add to all my joy,
I ne'er shall tire, I ne'er shall cloy ;
But ev'ry breath I draw be praise,
In one eternal round of days.

HYMN 207. (L. M.)

The Woman looking for her Piece of Silver.

- 1 CHRIST did the Pharisees reprove,
And shew'd that sinners he did
love,
In parables he did make known,
His gracious care of all his own.

- 2 The *silver piece* the woman lost,
Of care and pains she spar'd no cost;
But sought for it with all her might,
She swept her house by candle-light.
- 3 This *silver piece* we do expect,
The Lord compares to his *elect*,
Tho' lost to us, yet he can tell
The very spot on which they dwell.
- 4 They all are hid, both great and small,
Among the rubbish of the fall;
He sendeth forth his gospel-light,
To find them out, and set them right.
- 5 The gospel *sweeps* and clears away,
The *errors* in which they do lay;
It makes a *dust* amongst those men,
Who disapprove the gospel-plan.
- 6 When gospel-light doth shine within,
They then behold the *dust* of *sin*;
Which laid before, conceal'd in night,
But now is clearly brought to light.
- 7 When they by grace are brought to see
Their state, and unto Jesus flee,
The faints below, and those above,
Give glory to redeeming love.

HYMN 208. (L. M.)

Sovereign Grace displayed.

- 1 **W**HEN my dark soul once dead in
fin,
Was rous'd at length by grace divine;
In deep astonishment I saw,
The terrors of a broken law.
- 2 No longer wrapt in self-deceit,
I then perceiv'd my guilt was great;
My danger I began to view,
And grace reveal'd the refuge too.
- 3 The willing slave of sin no more,
My dreadful bondage I deplore;
And with a broken spirit cry,
O mercy! save me, or I die.
- 4 Some rays of hope pervade my gloom,
Since Jesus bids the weary come;
I humbly trust in him, and see
He shed his precious blood for me.
- 5 Dear Jesus, I would ever cleave
To thee, and on thy fulness live;
And my own righteousness disclaim,
For all I have is guilt and shame.
- 6 Thy mighty arm the work hath wrought,
My soul abhors a *boasting* thought,

Before

Before thy feet I humbly own,
The praise is due to grace alone.

- 7 Thy sov'reign wisdom form'd the plan;
Thy mercy first the work began;
Grace will complete the great design,
And endless glory shall be thine.

HYMN 209. (6, 6, 8.)

Death of Christ.

1 'TIS done the Saviour cries,
And clos'd his weeping eyes,
Redeeming work's for ever done;
Tho' he in battle fell,
He conquer'd death and Hell,
Eternal vict'ry he hath won.

2 Tho' he cold death did feel,
And Satan bruis'd his heel,
He soon will rise and let him know;
That tho' he's with the dead,
He bruis'd the Serpent's head,
And gave his foes their deadly blow.

3 Death cannot hold him long,
Altho' his bars are strong;
He'll break and tear them all away;

They

They cannot him detain,
There is no 'sin remain,
Therefore he'll rise to endless day.

4. Tho' sin was on him laid,
He all the debt has paid;
Justice must let the surety go,
His people all are free,
And that they soon shall see,
He'll rise in spite of ev'ry foe.

- 5 Ye faints lift up your eyes,
Altho' your Saviour dies,
He soon will live and rise again;
He bow'd his sacred head,
And dwelt amongst the dead,
That you might ever with him reign.

HYMN 210. (L. M.)

On Patience.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, tho' bitter is the cup,
Thy gracious hand deals out to
me,
I cheerfully would drink it up,
That cannot hurt, which comes from
thee.

- 2 Dash it with thine unchanging love,
Let not a drop of wrath be there;

The

The faints for ever blest above,
Were often most afflicted here.

- 3 From Jesus, (O my gracious God)
I'd learn obed'ence to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

HYMN 211. (8, 7, 11.)

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 **B**LESSED day of full salvation;
Waiting for the favor'd throng;
It will crown their expectation,
And awake their lasting song;
(M. 11.) Hallelujah;
Christ himself will join the throng.

- 2 He now waits to give the blessing,
Till their work on Earth is done;
Not a saint will there be missen;
They shall all to glory run;
And for ever,
Sing redemption thro' the Son.

- 3 With what shouts of joy ascending,
When they up to Jesus fly;
Angels then their praises lending,

To

To assist them thro' the sky;
 Happy conqu'rors,
 Now for ever fix'd on high.

- 4 Ev'ry thing that was distressing,
 Now for ever left behind;
 Saints and angels them caressing,
 And the Saviour always kind;
 Joy and rapture,
 Now for ever fill each mind.

- 5 Arm us Lord with faith and patience,
 While in this low world we rove;
 May we drink sweet consolations,
 Till we join the saints above;
 There for ever,
 To adore redeeming love.

HYMN 212. (L. M.)

The Privilege of Zion's Citizens.

- 1 **Z**ION's the city where I dwell,
 Surrounded by the hosts of Hell;
 But glory soon will be my home,
 Where sin and Hell can never come.
- 2 Till then among the saints below,
 Where Jesus deigns his face to show,
 Let me be favor'd with a place,
 Constant in all the means of grace.

3 Oh

- 3 Oh lovely place where first my heart
Was taught for baneful sin to smart!
Where first my eyes were brought to see
That Jesus liv'd and dy'd for me!
- 4 Here would I dwell and learn to sing,
The grace and love of Zion's king,
Till I ascend the heav'nly skies,
And sing his praises as I rise—
- 5 Till in the palace where he reigns
I learn, in sweet immortal strains,
The wonders of that love to tell
Which sav'd my soul from sin and Hell.

HYMN 213. (L. M.)

Ministers compared to Fishermen.

- 1 **P**ETER, the *Fisherman* of old,
For Christ his Lord was very bold;
Yet found those words of Jesus true,
"Without me, ye can nothing do."
- 2 He toil'd all night and hard he wrought,
But notwithstanding, nothing caught;
The reason why, is very clear,
Because his *Master* was not there,
- 3 Thus those who fish for *souls* of men,
Tho' they use all the strength they can;
They

They'll spend for naught their toil and
care,

If Christ their Saviour be not there.

4 The *net* they will not cast aright,
If Christ the Lord be out of sight;
Or, if they go without his will,
They'll find their *net* will never fill.

5 But when the Saviour gives command,
He lends to them his helping hand,
To cast the *net*, on the right side,
And *souls* for them he doth provide.

6 He gives the *net*, he gives them *skill*,
He sends the *fish*, the *net* to fill,
The *gospel* is the Saviour's *net*,
His sons shall all be caught in it.

7 When all are caught, and not before,
The *net* will then be drawn to shore;
The fishers' work will then be done,
And they shall reign with Christ the Son.

HYMN 214. (L. M.)

Justification.

1 **B**EFORE the world or time began,
Jehovah fix'd upon a plan;
To save a chosen special race,
To praise the riches of his grace.

X

2 Provision

- 2 Provision for their souls was made,
In Christ their everlasting head ;
All grace to them in him was giv'n,
To make them meet to dwell in Heav'n.
- 3 Infinite wisdom then foresaw,
They'd be transgressors of the law ;
But sov'reign grace their sins then took,
And wrote them in the *surety's* book.
- 4 The *surety* saw the whole amount,
All placed to his own account ;
He promis'd then to come and pay,
The debt upon a *certain* day.
- 5 When he had thus engag'd for them,
Then nothing could their souls condemn ;
For when he promis'd he would pay,
Justice to them could nothing say.
- 6 The *bond* the *surety* gave for them,
Rescu'd from all that could condemn,
They were as much at freedom set,
As when the *surety* paid the debt.
- 7 Thus the *elect* by promis'd blood,
Were freed from sin before their God ;
By Christ the woman's promis'd seed,
Who at his time did come and bleed.
- 8 And when the spirit works within,
To raise them from the death of sin ;

He gives them faith, by which they see,
They are from *law* and *justice* free.

- 9 He does the work of Christ reveal,
And on their hearts his pardon seal,
Henceforth they live to Christ the Son,
And rest upon what he hath done.

HYMN 215. (S. M.)

Covenant of Grace.

- 1 **T**HE covenant of grace,
Which in the word we see;
Did in eternity take place,
Amongst the sacred three.
- 2 Agreement there was made,
On the behalf of men;
The Son was chosen as the head,
To execute the plan.
- 3 The Father knew right well,
His sons would rebels be;
On means to save them all from Hell,
Is what they did agree.
- 4 The Father chose them in
The Son, their cov'nant head;
And he agreed to take their sin,
And die within their stead.

5 At length the Saviour came,
To do the will of God ;
Which was to live and die for them,
And smart beneath his rod.

6 The Father told the Son,
That he should see his seed ;
As the reward of what he'd done,
When he for them did bleed.

7 The spirit did agree,
To raise them from the dead ;
To set them from their bondage free,
And lead them to their head.

8 Thus all the sons are sav'd,
The law has got its due ;
Justice has ev'ry thing it crav'd,
And so has *mercy* too.

HYMN 216. (8, 7, 11.)

Judgment.

1 **N**OW farewell to faith and patience,
Ev'ry sin and ev'ry tear,
Jesus comes to judge the nations,
Saints with joy will now appear ;
Hear the trumpet,
Bid them all to him draw near.

- 2 See the ground begins to tremble,
And the saints in glory rise,
Starting from their graves as nimble,
As the eagle mounts the skies,
All stand gazing,
Fill'd with wonder and surprise.
- 3 See the Saviour now descending,
With his shining favor'd train,
And the saints with them attending,
Ready with their Lord to reign;
Freed for ever,
From their ev'ry grief and pain.
- 4 Saints and angels now combining,
Form the Saviour's splendid throng;
Enter glory ever shining,
Singing as they pass along
Hallelujah,
Christ will ever be their song.
- 5 Sinners now with fear confounded,
Must before their judge appear,
By infernal hosts surrounded,
Wait their awful doom to hear;
Fill'd with anguish,
And with keen tormenting fear.
- 6 Those who liv'd the saints despising,
Thought them fools and call'd them so;
Now in glory they are rising,

While themselves are doom'd to woe ;

Now for ever,
Down the burning lake they go.

- 7 Think on this ye bold stout-hearted,
Can you stand in that great day ;
When all hope from you is parted,
Rocks and hills are fled away ;
O remember,
Christ will come, we hear him say.

HYMN 217. (7th)

Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 SURELY Christ thy grief hath borne ;
Weeping soul no longer mourn ;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee ;
There thy every sin he bore ;
Weeping soul, lament no more.
- 2 All thy crimes on him were laid ;
See, upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours ;
Wounded in our stead, he is,
Brais'd for our iniquities.

- 3 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice ;
There th' incarnate deity
Number'd with transgressors see ;
There his Father's absence mourns,
Nail'd, and bruise'd, and crown'd with
 thorns.
- 4 See thy friend his head bow down ;
Hear the man of sorrows groan ;
For thy ransom there condemn'd ;
Stript, derided, and blasphem'd ;
Bleeds the guiltless for th' unclean ;
Made an off'ring for thy sin.
- 5 Cast thy weary soul on him ;
Find him mighty to redeem ;
At his feet thy burden lay ;
Look thy doubts and cares away :
Now, by faith, the Son embrace ;
Plead his promise, trust his grace.
- 6 Lord, thy arm must be reveal'd,
Ere I can by faith be heal'd :
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me !
At thy feet myself I lay :
Shine, O shine my fears away !

HYMN 218. (6, 8.)

Before Sermon.

1 JESUS we come to meet,
 With thee our Lord and king;
 To bow before thy feet,
 And here thy praises sing;
 Compassion on us have we pray,
 And *empty send us not away.*

2 May ev'ry worldly care,
 Be banish'd far away;
 May we with profit hear,
 Thy precious word to day;
 Refresh us from it, Lord we pray,
 And *empty send us not away.*

3 We come thy voice to hear,
 And on thy bounty feed,
 To fetch supplies from there,
 To answer ev'ry need;
 Refresh us in thy house we pray,
 And *empty send us not away.*

4 Our strength will soon decrease,
 Unless our souls be fed;
 We feel our health and peace,
 Depend on living bread;
 Thy gracious hand now Lord display,
 And *empty send us not away.*

3 May

- 5 May ev'ry mourner feel,
 His grief exchang'd for joy;
 Thy love to them reveal,
 And all their fears destroy;
 That when they leave thy house this day,
 They may not empty go away.
- 6 May all thy children prove,
 The riches of thy grace;
 And taste redeeming love,
 And see thy smiling face;
 So shall we all with pleasure say,
 We are not empty sent away.

HYMN 219. (C. M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **L**ET God's redeemed join in songs,
 And hearts and voices raise:
 To them the privilege belongs,
 His sacred name to praise.
- 2 To him who lov'd, and wash'd away,
 Our sins in his own blood,
 We'll sing to everlasting day,
 Salvation to our God.
- 3 When Jesus dy'd upon the cross,
 He made an end of sin;

And

- And everlasting righteousness,
 He to his church brought in.
- 4 Mercy and truth in friendship met;
 And righteousness, and peace,
 Did then each other kindly greet,
 And all their jarings cease.
- 5 God doth the sinner justify,
 And righteous still remain;
 Jesus the law did magnify,
 And bore our curse and pain.
- 6 Praise him thro' whom these blessings
 come,
 Our Jesus still adore;
 And bless, and magnify his name,
 Both now, and evermore.

HYMN 220. (L. M.)

Christian Kindness.

- 1 **T**HE ransom'd of the Lord shall run,
 With one accord to Christ the Son;
 Return from sin's destructive ways,
 To Zion's hill, to sing his praise.
- 2 With songs and everlasting joy,
 Upon their heads their sweet employ;
 To Zion's sons below return,
 Their hearts with love to them shall burn.
- 3 Their

- 3 Their friendly hand to them they'll lend,
And tell them where they shou'd depend;
They'll all proclaim with one accord,
For ever trust in Christ the Lord.
- 4 They'll lead them in the narrow way,
And seek them if they go astray;
Or, if their slipp'ry footsteps slide,
They'll be to them a friendly guide.
- 5 When fiery trials them assail,
Their friendship to them will not fail,
They'll sharers be in all their pain;
And pleasure from their joy they'll gain.
- 6 And when their work *below* is done,
To Zion's hill *above* they'll run;
Where they will sing (and never cloy)
The song of everlasting joy.

HYMN 221. (5, 8.)

Sincerity.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour of mankind,
The heart of man doth know;
This character we find,
He gave to one below;

A

A man in whom there is no guile,
The Saviour cast on him a smile.

- 2 Behold an Israelite,
No crafty guile is there;
His spirit is upright,
His conduct is sincere;
He wants no art to hide his ways,
Nor yet to gain from men their praise.
- 3 He means the thing he says,
His heart and tongue's the same;
This man the Lord doth praise,
Whoever doth him blame;
His heart is fill'd with godly fear,
The Lord beholds his image there.
- 4 Lord, make our hearts sincere,
To love and follow thee;
To be what we appear,
And what we wish to be;
Thy blameless children in thy ways,
That of thyself we may have praise.
- 5 May we delight to run,
In all thy holy ways;
And hear thee say, *well done*,
When we shall end our days;
Come up and take the crown I give,
At my right hand for ever live.

HYMN 222. (6, 8.)

Necessity of Faith.

- 1 **O**NE thing we really need,
 What e'er we want beside;
 By faith on Christ to feed,
 And close by him abide;
 Lord give to us this needful thing,
 Or we shall never rise and sing.
- 2 Our need is really such,
 Of this one precious thing;
 Without it we can't touch,
 The garment of the king;
 This precious thing Lord to us give,
 That we may to thy glory live.
- 3 Without it we are poor,
 Our souls cannot be fed;
 We cannot Christ adore,
 Tho' he's the living bread;
 This living faith in Christ bestow,
 That we may feed on him below.
- 4 O Lord our faith increase,
 Then will our joy be strong;
 Our praises shall not cease,
 But loud will be our song;
 We'll live and walk in all thy ways,
 And thou shalt have our highest praise.

- 5 And when we do exchange,
 This needful thing for sight;
 Our happy souls shall range,
 In boundless space of light;
 No need of faith to walk by there,
 For Christ in glory will appear.

HYMN 223. (L. M.)

Funeral.

- 1 **S**TERN death is cruel, it does tear
 The dearest friends asunder here;
 Tho' with reluctance, part they must,
 And yield their bodies to the dust.
- 2 But saints may view the joyful day,
 When they shall quit their beds of clay;
 And meet again with sweet surprise,
 Departed friends above the skies.
- 3 Where tears will be exchang'd for joy,
 And praise will be their sweet employ;
 They'll feel no more the parting sigh,
 All grief from thence will ever fly.
- 4 But tho' with joy they meet above,
 The Saviour claims their highest love;
 'Tis sov'reign grace that brought them
 there,
 Beyond the reach of grief and fear.
- 5 Then

- 5 Then while we travel here below,
May daily praises to him flow;
Till he shall us from hence remove,
To our departed friends above.
- 6 Where we with all the chosen throng,
Shall sing the never-ending song;
Worthy the Lamb who did us save,
From *death*, and from the *cruel grave*.

HYMN 224. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **Y**E weeping souls forbear to mourn,
Altho' your *earthly friend* is gone;
Your greatest friend still reigns above,
A faithful friend he'll always prove.
- 2 He knows his children's ev'ry want,
All needful blessings he will grant;
O, never yield to grief and fear,
But cast on him your ev'ry care.
- 3 Death is the gate thro' which we go,
From this vain world of sin and woe;
To our inheritance above,
The gift of God's eternal love.
- 4 The wicked cease from troubling there,
We leave all sin and sorrow here;

Exchange corruption for a crown,
And grief for smiles without a frown.

- 5 Most blessed he who first shall go,
From this polluted state of woe;
To take his blissful seat above,
And reap the fruit of Jesu's love.
- 6 May we who still remain below,
Contend for naught but Christ to know;
And soon the Lord to us will say,
Come up and reign in endless day.

HYMN 225. (L. M.)

Adoption.

- 1 **A**DOPTION is a sov'reign act,
Which pass'd from God on the
elect;
The date of which we find doth run,
With their *election* in the Son.
- 2 This *act* must always pass on one,
Who is a *stranger*, not a Son;
Such act with men was never known,
T' adopt a Son which was his own.
- 3 The Father did them *strangers* take,
And *children* by *adoption* make;
And by that *act* they were made one
With Christ, the Father's eldest Son.

4 Were

- 4 Were *heirs* with him, and *jointures* made,
They are the *members*, he the *head*;
As *sons* to him they all were giv'n,
To educate and bring to Heav'n.
- 5 This was the errand of the Son,
The *children* to collect in one;
Tho' in a state of sin and thrall,
He hath engag'd to bring them all.
- 6 And at the last he'll have to say,
Behold the *children*, (these are they)
Which thou, O Father, didst me give,
I've brought them here, with thee to live.

HYMN: 226. (C. M.)

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 SATAN, the prince of darkness reigns,
O'er all the fallen race;
Till Christ the glor'ous vict'ry gains,
By his all-conqu'ring grace.
- 2 Behold he comes on wings of love,
To conquer death and Hell;
Descending from the courts above,
He deign'd on Earth to dwell.
- 3 His life was pure, without a flaw,
His death a sacrifice;

- He gives due honor to the law,
And, as a victim dies.
- 4 From *curse* and *wrath* he set us free,
For in that dreadful night,
When hanging on the fatal tree,
He bore their awful weight.
- 5 He breaks the hated chains of sin,
And for its guilt atones;
Gives life and liberty divine,
By his expiring groans.
- 6 He conquer'd with his dying breath,
And triumph'd when he fell;
Open'd the tenfold gates of death,
And vanquish'd *sin* and *Hell*.

HYMN 227. (L. M.)

Blessedness of God's Israel.

- 1 **O** *Israel*, blest beyond compare,
Unrival'd all thy glories are;
The Lord himself to thee makes known,
And calls thine interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour; he thy Lord;
His shield is thine; and thine his sword,
Reviewing extacy of thought
The grand redemption he has wrought.

3 From

- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
Opens thy passage thro' the sea;
He thro' the desert is thy guide,
And ever will for thee provide.
- 4 Celestial spirit, teach our tongue
Sublimier strains than Moses sung,
Proportion'd to the sweeter name,
Of God the Saviour and the Lamb.

HYMN 228. (C.M.)

Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine
At his right hand, with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, Prince!" (they cry) "for ever
hail!
"Whole unexampled love
"Mov'd thee to quit these glorious
realms,
"And royalties above."
- 4 Whilst

- 4 Whilst he did condescend on Earth,
To suffer rude disdain;
They threw their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 5 Thro' all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd; and wonder'd where at last,
This scene of love would end.
- 6 They saw his heart transfix'd with
wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore;
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er did before.
- 7 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne:
Clapt their triumphant wings, and cry'd,
"The glorious work is done!"

HYMN 229. (6, 6, 1.)

Fellowship of Saints.

- 1 SWEET fellowship divine,
When saints on Earth combine,
To help each other on their way;
When they with one accord,
Agree to serve the Lord,
And sacred homage to him pay.
- 2 When

2 When they each other lend,
The friendly helping hand,
And strive to make life's passage sweet;
And for each other pray,
And help to drive away
The troubles, which on Earth they
meet.

3 When all with heart sincere,
They for each other care,
And feel and mourn for those who
grieve;
When trials them beset,
And when their strength is small,
They strive each other to relieve.

4 On this polluted ground,
Such bliss is rarely found,
We oft lament the want of love,
A perfect church below,
No one did ever know,
That only can be found above.

5 While here below we stay,
O may we watch and pray,
Till Christ shall us from Earth remove,
Till he shall us translate,
From this imperfect state,
To live with those enthron'd above.

6 Where saints with joy will meet,
And there each other greet.

Where

Where nothing can their bliss annoy ;
There perfect love is found,
Naught can their pleasures wound,
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 230. (6, 6, 8.)

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, see the Saviour rise,
And all his foes despise,
They strove to hold him but in vain ;
The grave its doors unfold,
It can't the conqu'ror hold,
His work is done, his foes are slain.
- 2 Ye conquer'd death, farewell,
The Saviour leaves your cell,
In vain your watch, in vain your guard ;
In vain your sealed stone,
For all your strength is gone,
The Saviour hath your doors unbarr'd.
- 3 Go tell death's conquer'd king,
The saints with triumph sing,
The song that will for ever last ;
He cannot them dismay,
Their sin is done away,
The conflict is for ever past.

4 Redeeming

- 4 Redeeming work is done,
For ever by the Son,
The Saviour lives to die no more;
Altho' the debt was large,
The Saviour did discharge,
And cancel all the heavy score.
- 5 Now saints your tribute bring,
Of praise to Christ your king,
He conquer'd death and Hell for you;
And now you hear him say,
He'll guide you all the way,
And bring you more than conqu'rors
thro'.

HYMN 231. (L. M.)

Review of Faith.

WITH faith in exercise, how sweet
To meditate thy goodness Lord;
Help me to praise redeeming love,
Help me to sound thy grace abroad.

Why did the Lord to me make known,
The riches of his cov'nant grace?
Why did the Lord put me among
The chosen few who seek his face?
What, but his love could ever cause
Mercy to reach a worm like me;

I who was bound with sin's strong cord,
Without a wish to be set free.

4 Onward I went in ease of mind,
Nor did I aught of danger dread;
Till by the pow'r of grace divine,
I woke, and found my hopes were fled.

5 'Twas then I sought the Lord indeed,
Who kindly deign'd to hear my pray'r;
He pointed to the Saviour's cross,
And bade me view my ransom there.

6 He kindly gave me pow'r to see,
Jesus the Saviour bled and dy'd;
I rest assur'd he dy'd for me,
And thus my doubts are satisfy'd.

7 Thus while I live, O Lord preserve,
The vital spark within my breast;
And when my warfare's at an end,
Let me enjoy thy promis'd rest.

HYMN 232. (C. M.)

Christ the Propitiation.

1 CHARG'D with the complicated
load,
Of all his people's debt,
By faith I see the Lamb of God
Expire beneath its weight.

2 My

- 2 My guilt, transferr'd from me to him,
Shall never more be found ;
Lost in his blood's atoning stream,
And in that fountain drown'd.
- 3 My mighty sins to thee are known ;
But mightier still is he,
Who laid his life a ransom down,
And pleads his death for me.

HYMN 233. (L. M.)

Christ the Foundation-Stone.

- 1 **C**HRIST is the sure foundation-stone,
Prov'd by his saints who hence are
gone ;
Could we converse with them they'd say,
This *precious stone* did not give way.
- 2 It stood in ev'ry trying hour,
We prov'd its strength, we prov'd its
pow'r ;
We prov'd it strong, our souls to bear,
Nor had we ever cause to fear.
- 3 Those built thereon can never fail,
Nor can their enemies prevail ;
They firm will stand secure from harm,
Amidst their greatest foe's alarm.

Z

4 Other

- 4 Other *foundations* there are none,
But this one precious, *living stone*;
Those laid by men however wise,
Are only refuges of lies.
- 5 The Lord himself this *stone* did lay,
And try'd it, but it ne'er gave way;
A sure *foundation* it doth prove,
To all the objects of his love.
- 6 When all *foundations* else will fail,
Those built on this shall then prevail;
And lift their heads with joyful praise,
To him who this *foundation* lays.

HYMN 234. (C. M.)

Another.

- 1 **C**HRIST is the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
To his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, and to him dear,
And saints adore his name;
They rest their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The scribe, the pharisee, and priest,
Reject him with disdain;

Yet

Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

- 4 What tho' the gates of Hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

HYMN 235. (C. M.)

Reasons why Men dislike the Truth.

- 1 **W**HAT makes mistaken men afraid
Of sov'reign grace to preach ?
The reason is (if truth be said)
Because they are so rich.
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes
Doth God's *election* seem ?
Because they think themselves so wise,
That they have chosen him.
- 3 Of *perseverance* why so loth
Are some to speak or hear ?
Because, as masters over sloth,
They *vow* to persevere.
- 4 Whence is *imputed righteousness*,
A point so little known ?
Because men think, they do possess
Some righteousness their own.

5 Not so the *needy helpless* soul,
 He dreads his own to wear;
 He looks to him that works the whole,
 And seeks his treasure there.

6 His language is; "Let me, my God,
 " On sov'reign grace rely;
 " And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
 " On one so vile as I.

7 " *Election!* 'tis a word divine;
 " For, Lord, I plainly see,
 " Had not thy choice prevented mine,
 " I ne'er had chosen thee.

8 " For *perseverance*, strength I've none,
 " But would on this depend;
 " That Jesus having lov'd his own,
 " He'll love them to the end.

HYMN 236. (L. M.)

Christian Pilgrim's Lot.

1 **W**HILE pilgrims on this earthly
 ball,
 Our sweetest joys are ting'd with gall;
 The distant things, which promise rest,
 Prove less than nothing when possess'd.

2 But

- 2 But in the glor'ous worlds on high,
No sorrows spring, no comforts die:
Immortal pleasures feast the soul,
And joys in endless rivers roll.
- 3 No more the cheek turn'd pale with fear,
The rising sigh, the falling tear;
The plaintive soul immers'd no more,
In seas of grief without a shore.
- 4 Guilt's barbed sting, with piercing smart,
No more shall wound the trembling
heart;
Wash'd from our sins in Jesu's blood,
We shall enjoy the peace of God.

HYMN 237. (C. M.)

Dismission.

- 1 **L**ORD, help us on thy word to feed,
In peace dismiss us hence,
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
- 2 We now desire to bless thy name;
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodness of the Lord.

Z 3

HYMN

HYMN 238. (C. M.)

A Morning Hymn.

1 **W**E see the morning beams arise,
To chase the shades of night;
Lord, pour on these awak'ning eyes,
Thy all-reviving light.

2 Bid ev'ry anxious care depart,
Our gloomy fears remove;
And in each poor desponding heart,
Reveal thy sov'reign love.

3 In all the duties of the day,
Support us by thy pow'r;
Direct us in thy holy way,
And keep us ev'ry hour.

HYMN 239. (C. M.)

Another.

1 **D**EAR Father bow our stubborn will,
Our daily cross to bear;
Our souls with all thy fulness fill,
And keep us in thy fear.

2 Grant us renew'd supplies of grace,
According to our day;

Atm

Arm us for ev'ry new distress,
That shall attend our way.

- 3 To thy protection, gracious Lord,
Our spirits we resign;
Conform us to thy holy word,
And bow our will to thine.

HYMN 240. (C. M.)

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love, attend
Our ev'ning sacrifice;
And let our humble praise ascend,
Like incense to the skies.
- 2 We live supported by thy hand,
Thy mercy crowns our days;
Unnumber'd benefits demand,
A song of grateful praise.
- 3 Now let the season of repose,
Be with thy favor blest;
Preserve us from those pains and woes,
That might disturb our rest.
- 4 Thy guardian shield around us spread,
While we are lost in sleep;
Let thy kind angels round our bed,
Their watchful station keep.

HYMN

HYMN 241. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my ev'ning
song,
With humble gratitude I raise,
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 3 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 242. (6, 6, 8)

Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **C**HRIST is ascended high,
He lives no more to die,
Captivity he captive led,
All blessings he'll bestow,
Upon his church below,
Till they ascend to him their head.

2. Tho'

- 2 Tho' he in glory sit,
He will not them forget,
He still remembers Calvary's mount ;
He in his mind does bear,
What he endured there,
When suffering on their account.
- 3 Tho' he is gone away,
He ever lives to pray,
He prays that they with him may reign ;
He will successful prove,
They all shall dwell above,
For Jesus cannot pray in vain.
- 4 Their seats he does prepare,
They all are waiting there,
And unpossess'd till they shall go ;
Them, none but they can fill,
This is his righteous will,
He has ordain'd, it should be so.
- 5 Then raise your praises high,
And on his love rely,
And cast away your ev'ry fear ;
He soon will come again,
And you shall with him reign
For ever, in his presence there.

HYMN

HYMN 243. (L. M.)

Another.

1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

CHORUS.

Saints with joy lift up your eyes,
 See, your Saviour mounts the skies;
 Stop! ye seraphs, drop the wing,
 Lend your harps, and help to sing.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!"
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
 Saints, with joy, &c.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;
 He claims those mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of glory in.
 Saints with joy, &c.

4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The

The world, sin, death, and Hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
Saints, with joy, &c.

5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
" Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
Saints with joy, &c.

6 " Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possessest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!
Saints, with joy, &c.

HYMN 244. (L. M.)

The Saint's Flight to Glory.

1 **T**HE mortal robes now laid aside,
The happy soul triumphant flies;
Conducted by some heav'nly guide,
To fairer mansions in the skies.

2 The happy spirit soars away,
Free from infirmity and sin;
The heav'nly gates their leaves display,
To let the new-come stranger in.

3 Hark!

- 3 Hark ! how the angels shout for joy,
And make the sacred arches ring ;
“ Welcome, thou ransom’d one ” they
cry,
Ascribing glory to their king.
- 4 Fain would I lend a list’ning ear,
And catch the pleasing melody ;
But still I am imprison’d here,
Nor can my longing soul get free.
- 5 Daily I lift my weary eyes,
With longing hope, I wait, and say,
When will some herald cleave the skies,
And bid me quit this house of clay ?

HYMN 245. (C. M.)

Christ our Substitute.

- 1 **O**UR sins were laid upon his head ;
From us the burden fell :
Beneath our sorrows Jesus bled,
And we are sav’d from Hell.
- 2 His Father’s all-pervading eye,
That tries the reins and heart,
Could in his soul no blemish see,
Yet did he make him smart.

3 For,

- 3 For tho' within his holy breast
 No blemish could be found,
 With names that had the law transgress'd
 His heart was graven round.
- 4 There justice read our legal debt,
 And summ'd the vast amount;
 And Jesus plac'd, without regret,
 All to his own account.
- 5 The thunders of a broken law,
 While gath'ring o'er his head,
 Unshaken our Redeemer saw,
 Tho' fill'd with holy dread.
- 6 Justice, that held the flaming sword,
 And found his bosom bare,
 No drop of mercy could afford,
 Because our guilt was there.

HYMN 246. (C. M.)

God's Care of his People.

- 1 **T**HE Lord on mortal worms looks
 down
 From his celestial throne;
 And when the wicked swarm around,
 He well discerns his own.
- 2 The chronicles of Heav'n shall keep,
 Their words in transcript fair;

A a

In

In the Redeemer's book of life,
Their names recorded are.

3 Yes, (saith the Lord) the world shall
know

These humble souls are mine:
These, when my jewels I produce,
Shall in full lustre shine.

4 When deluges of fiery wrath,
My foes away shall bear,
That hand, which strikes the wicked
thro',
Shall all my children spare.

HYMN 247. (C. M.)

Peter's Ingratitude and Christ's Love.

1 **W**HEN Peter did his Lord deny,
And basely him forsake;
The Saviour cast on him an eye,
Which caus'd his heart to break.

2 Who can express what Peter felt,
When Christ on him did look?
His heart did then with sorrow melt,
That he his Lord forsook.

3 Tho' lately of his own accord,
He had himself confess'd;

A greater love to Christ the Lord,
Than any of the rest.

- 4 What grace must dwell in Jesu's heart,
That he shou'd shew such love;
To one, who did from him depart,
And so unfaithful prove.
- 5 It proves the Saviour will not leave,
The objects of his love;
But to the utmost he will save,
And always faithful prove.
- 6 Let those, who (in the trying hour)
Have wander'd from his fold,
And yielded unto Satan's pow'r,
This precious love behold!

HYMN 248. (6, 8.)

Peter commanded to feed Christ's Sheep.

1 **W**HEN Peter did confess,
That he had greater love
To Christ, than all the rest,
He soon did faithless prove;
He yielded to the tempter's pow'r,
And fainted in the trying hour.

2 But when restor'd by grace,
He was not quite so bold,
But did his love confess,

To Jesus and his fold ;
Then go, said Christ, my sheep to feed,
And that will prove you love indeed.

- 3 Feed them with *living bread*,
And let my love be shown,
Nor let them be misled,
By that which is your own ;
Declare the riches of my grace,
And show I dy'd within their place.
- 4 Declare my *righteousness*,
Which I myself brought in ;
For naught will do but this,
To cover them from sin ;
But cloth'd therein they bold shall stand,
When rocks and hills and skies will rend.
- 5 Declare my *faithfulness*,
And show I am sincere,
For naught will do but this,
To drive away their fear ;
Tell them, I to the utmost save,
And never, never will them leave.
- 6 Tell them, I am the same,
And evermore shall be,
Whatever be their frame,
There is no change in me,
I faithful to my word will prove,
They all shall dwell with me above.

HYMN 249. (L. M.)

Admiration and Confidence.

- 1 **A**ND may I hope, that when no more
My pulse shall beat with life below,
I shall the God of grace adore,
And all the bliss of glory know?
- 2 I, who deserve no place but hell,
No portion but devouring fire,
Shall I with Christ my Saviour dwell,
Possess of all I now desire?
- 3 Will Jesus own a wretch like me,
And tell to saints and angels round
That, when he suffer'd on the tree,
My sins augmented ev'ry wound?
- 4 He will!—I read it in his word,
And in my heart the witness feel:
I shall be with, and like my Lord,
Tho' sin oppose in league with Hell.
- 5 I shall be with him when he comes
Triumphant down the pathless skies;
And, when his voice breaks up the tombs,
Among his children I shall rise.
- 6 Among his children I shall stand,
When quick and dead his throne sur-
round,

Blest with a place at his right hand,
And with immortal glory crown'd.

7 When all his foes beneath his feet,
In chains of endless torments lie,
Unworthy I shall fill a seat
Among the princes of the sky.

HYMN 250.

Divine Mercy.

1 **T**HY mercy my God,
Is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart,
And the boast of my tongue:
Thy free grace alone,
From the first to the last,
Has won my affections,
And bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy,
I could not live here:
Sin soon would reduce me
To utter despair:
But through thy free goodness,
My spirits revive,
And he that first made me,
Still keeps me alive.

3 Whene'er

3 Whene'er I mistake,
 Thy kind mercy begins
 To melt me, and then
 I can mourn for my sins;
 And, led by thy spirit
 To Jesus's blood,
 My sorrows are dry'd,
 And my strength is renew'd.

4 Thy mercy is more
 Than a match for my heart,
 Which wonders to feel,
 Its own hardness depart
 Dissolv'd by thy goodness
 I fall to the ground,
 And weep to the praise
 Of the mercy I found.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus,
 Exempts me from Hell,
 Of mercy I'll sing,
 Of thy mercy I'll tell;
 'Twas Jesus my friend,
 Who did hang on the tree,
 That open'd the channel
 Of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies,
 Thy goodness I own,
 And the cov'nant love,
 Of thy crucify'd Son;

All praise to the Spirit,
 Whose whisper divine,
 Seals mercy, and pardon,
 And righteousness, mine.

HYMN 251. (6, 8.)

New Covenant Joy.

1. **R**EJOICE, ye saints of God,
 Whose undiverted feet
 Still travel Zion's road
 Your gracious Lord to meet;
 Whose bosoms glow with holy love,
 Whose hearts and hopes are fix'd above.
2. We are not come to hear
 The thunder of that word;
 That fills the soul with fear,
 And leaves the heart still hard;
 That sends the trembling wretch away
 Without a glimpse of heav'nly day.
3. But we are come to hear
 The sound of gospel peace,
 That scatters slavish fear,
 And kindles hopes of bliss;
 That shews our wand'ring feet the way
 From darkness, to eternal day.

4. But

4 But we are come to meet
The smiles of love divine,
From off the mercy's seat,
Where milder glories shine;
Where God the Father deigns to hear
The vilest sinner's humble pray'r:

5 Where Jesus, our high-priest,
A mediator stands,
And wears the sacred vest,
And fills his holy hands
With his atoning sacrifice,
Through which our pray'rs accepted rise.

6 Thence he the spirit sends
Like a celestial dove,
To crown his earthly friends
With honors from above;
To teach his people how to pray,
And guide them all to endless day.

HYMN 252. (L. M.)

Saints following Christ.

1 JESUS, my all, to Heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment ;
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and sin ;
No lion, no devouring care,
No sin, nor sorrow shall be there.
- 4 No, nothing may go up thereon
But trav'ling souls, and I am one ;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.
- 5 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Opprest with unbelief and sin.
- 6 The more I strove against their pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"
- 7 Lo ! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but *sin*, I thee can give,
Nothing but *love* shall I receive.
- 8 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;

I'll

I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, behold the way to God !

HYMN 253. (L. M.)

A Call to Backsliders.

- 1 **R**ETURN *backsliders* to the Lord,
Now hearken to his gracious word ;
Abundant mercy there you'll see,
He cries, I'm marry'd unto thee.
- 2 What hath the Saviour to thee done,
That thou so basely from him run ?
He dy'd thy wretched soul to save,
How canst thou then thy Saviour leave ?
- 3 Tho' he displays the Father's rod,
He still is thy forgiving God ;
O cry to him this very hour,
To save thee from the tempter's pow'r.
- 4 When *Ephraim* from God did run,
He still confess'd he was his son ;
Tho' he corrected him in love,
His bowels over him did move.
- 5 If you have tasted Jesu's love,
You surely can't of sin approve ;
The Saviour still remains the same,
Return, and call upon his name.

6 He

- 6 He will in mercy thee receive,
And strength and comfort to thee give;
He will his pard'ning love reveal,
And on thy heart his mercy seal.

HYMN 254. (C. M.)

The fearful Saint encouraged.

- 1 **B**E *not afraid* for it is I,
Behold my hands and feet;
This is the blessed Saviour's cry,
When he his saints doth meet.
- 2 *Be not afraid*, but view those wounds,
Your sins in me hath made;
Your lasting joy from them abounds,
I dy'd within your stead.
- 3 *Be not afraid* of scourging frowns,
From justice, nor from law,
But look upon those marks and wounds,
From thence your comfort draw.
- 4 *Be not afraid* but cast on me,
Your ev'ry grief and care;
You shall my help in trouble see,
For I'll be with you there.
- 5 *Be not afraid*, of Satan's pow'r,
He is a conquer'd foe;

I'll save you in the trying hour,
And always with you go.

- 6 When death itself shall you embrace,
You need not be dismay'd,
For you shall see my smiling face;
Therefore be not afraid.

HYMN. 255. (L.M.)

Faithfulness of God.

- 1 **W**HEN Noah had prepar'd an ark,
God gave him orders to embark,
He with his highly favor'd few,
Did the command of God pursue.
- 2 The ark was made by God's command,
And formed by his gracious hand;
To put his chosen people in,
To save from the effects of sin.
- 3 When they were in, and not before,
The Lord himself then shut the door;
Before his judgment did begin,
He in his mercy shut them in.
- 4 However God may rain his woes,
Upon his haughty stubborn foes;
His care for those is always shown,
Whom he hath marked for his own.

- 5 He to the objects of his love,
In ev'ry age did faithful prove ;
And still his gracious word doth stand,
That he will ever them defend.
- 6 Tho' judgments come like falling hail,
His mercy to them will not fail ;
It with the righteous well shall be
In time, and to eternity.
- 7 When flames consume a guilty world,
And rocks are from their stations hurl'd,
The saints will then with pleasure see,
Their faithful God the same will be.

HYMN 256. (L. M.)

God's Mercy and Truth.

- 1 **M**Y God, beneath thy heav'nly
wing,
Thy mercy and thy truth I sing ;
Still let this theme delight my soul,
And sweetly sound from pole to pole.
- 2 His mercy and his truth divine,
God shall send forth and make them shine ;
Thrice happy soul ! who's brought to
know,
This sweet experience here below.

3 Mercy

- 3 Mercy and truth shall still be nigh,
 Mercy and truth his wants supply ;
 Mercy and truth shall keep his soul,
 Mercy and truth shall crown the whole.
- 4 Thus while on Earth, my God, my King,
 Thy mercy and thy truth I'll sing,
 And sing when glory shall appear,
 Mercy and truth for ever there.

HYMN 257. (L. M.)

Christ on the Mount of Olives.

- 1 **W**HAT character is yon who lays
 Upon the mount, like one who
 prays ;
 Behold he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Like one in greatest agonies.
- 2 He seems to be in great distress,
 As tho' some weight did him oppress ;
 A man of sorrows he appears,
 He's drench'd in grief, and drown'd in
 tears.
- 3 His garments seem besmear'd with stains,
 As tho' the blood gush'd from his veins ;
 He's on the mountain left alone
 To pray, and sweat, and bleed, and groan.

- 4 As I approach, I hear him say,
My people's sins all on me lay;
And here for them, I bleed and sweat,
Beneath the burden of their debt. 3
- 5 For them my cup is fill'd with gall,
And I myself must drink it all;
A bitter draught, but yet, alas!
The cup from me can never pass. 4
- 6 It is my Father's righteous will,
That not one drop thereof I spill;
His people's sins have fill'd the cup,
But I must take, and drink it up. 5
- 7 Dear bleeding Lamb, how great the debt!
Which here upon thy body met;
A greater debt of thanks we owe
To thee, who did such mercy show. 6

HYMN 258. (L. M.)

Christ on the Cross.

- 1 **W**HAT voice is that which strikes
mine ear?
What mean those bitter groans I hear?
Hark! 'tis the voice of one who dies,
It cleaves the rocks, and rends the skies.
- 2 The sun cannot behold the sight,
Its rad'ant beams are turn'd to night;
Whence

Whence are those sighs ? I hear them still,
They sound from Calv'ry's horrid hill.

- 3 Two malefactors there I see,
Exhibited upon the tree;
Between them both, stupend'ous sight !
There hangs the *Son*, of God's delight.
- 4 What horrid crime has brought him there,
To feel the cruel nails and spear ?
They could not thus his body wound,
Unless some dreadful crime were found.
- 5 No crime he did himself commit,
But gave a bond, for a *bad* debt ;
And now upon this awful day,
He does submit the debt to pay.
- 6 Where are the debtors ? let them run
And pay their homage to the Son ;
And there confess the bloody debt,
Altho' they are at freedom set,

HYMN 259. (L. M.)

Saint's Conquest.

WE hear the saint complain and
say,

My *foes* beset me night and day ;

Tho' that's the case, thou soon shalt see,
That *grace sufficient is for thee.*

- 2 Tho' they are many, strong and great,
They shall not finally defeat;
For strength then unto Jesus flee,
Where *grace sufficient is for thee.*
- 3 You many troubles may expect,
They are the lot of God's elect;
Yet Christ the Lord will set you free,
His *grace sufficient is for thee.*
- 4 Should Satan try his skill and pow'r,
And threaten he will you devour;
Yet fear him not, it cannot be,
For *grace sufficient is for thee.*
- 5 O blessed saint! rejoice and sing,
Thy God will soon deliverance bring;
He'll take thee home, then thou shalt see,
That *grace sufficient was for thee.*

HYMN 260. (L. M.)

Christ the Breaker.

- 1 I'LL sing the Saviour's glorious name,
Who bears the Breaker's wondrous
name;
Sweet name, and he becomes it well,
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death and
Hell.

2. A mighty Breaker sure is he,
Who breaks my chains and sets me free ;
A gracious Breaker to my soul,
He breaks, and ah ! he makes it whole.
- 3 He breaks thro' ev'ry gloomy cloud,
Which does my soul with darkness
 shroud ;
He breaks thro' ev'ry crafty snare,
Which Satan does for me prepare.
- 4 Great Breaker, Oh ! thy love impart
Daily, to break my stony heart ;
Break thou thy foes which lurk within,
Yea break, Oh ! break the pow'r of sin.
- 5 Break out and shine upon my soul,
One look from thee will make it whole ;
Break thro' my foes to my relief,
And break, Oh ! break my unbelief.
- 6 Break down my self-sufficient pride,
And let me at thy feet abide ;
And there adore this mighty Lord,
Who never, never breaks his word.
- 7 By thee I'll break thro' ev'ry foe,
And joyful on my journey go ;
By thee I'll break death's cold embrace,
And mount to Heav'n, my destin'd
 place.

8 There

8. There hath my king pass'd on before,
 And there for ever I'll adore;
 And to eternity will raise,
 My song to this great Breaker's praise.

HYMN 261. (C. M.)

Gifts without Grace insufficient.

1. **S**HOULD bount'ous nature kindly
 pour,
 Her richest gifts on me,
 Still, O my God, I should be poor,
 If void of love to thee.
2. Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
 Could make me truly good:
 Not zeal itself could recompense,
 The want of love to God.
3. Did I possess the gift of tongues,
 But were deny'd thy grace,
 My loudest words, my loft'est songs,
 Would be but sounding brass.
4. Tho' thou should'st give me heav'nly skill
 Each myst'ry to explain,
 If I'd no heart to do thy will,
 My knowledge would be vain.
5. Had I so strong a faith, my God,
 As mountains to remove,

No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.

6 What tho', to gratify my pride,
And make my Heav'n secure,
All my possessions I divide,
Among the hungry poor?

7 What tho' my body I consign,
To the devouring flame,
In hopes the glorious deed will shine
In rolls of endless fame?

8 These splendid acts of vanity,
Tho' all the world applaud,
If destitute of charity,
Can never please my God.

9 O grant me then this one request,
And I'll be satisfy'd,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

HYMN 262. (L. M.)

Christian Travellers.

1 **PILGRIMS** we are to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.

2 And

- 2 And here as travellers we meet,
Before we reach the fields above,
To sit around our master's feet,
And tell the wonders of his love.
- 3 Oft have we seen the tempests rise ;
The world and Satan, Hell and sin,
Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies
With scarce a gleam of hope between.
- 4 But still, as oft as troubles come,
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray,
And that strong arm shall guard us home,
Which thus protects us by the way.
- 5 A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain,
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain !

HYMN 263. (L. M.)

Jonah's Gourd.

- 1 **B**ENEATH the gourd the prophet
lay,
To see God's sentence verify'd,
But lo ! his gourd did fade away,
God sends a worm, the cov'ring dy'd.
- 2 Displeas'd he calls for death again,
At which God makes him this reply.

In

In anger why dost thou complain,
At this my dispensation, why?

3 If thou to death canst angry be,
At this for which thou took'st no care,
Why should'st thou murmur thus at me,
If I repenting sinners spare.

4 See here the thoughts of God and man,
How widely diff'rent they appear,
Just so 'tis with redemption's plan,
Which Jesus finished when here.

5 Man boasts of his inherent worth,
The Saviour cries my grace is free,
As I for sinners bore the wrath,
The glory shall devolve on me.

HYMN 264. (L. M.)

Christ's Crucifixion.

1 **T**HE cross! the cross! Oh that's my
gain,

Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified;
'Twas there my Saviour for me dy'd.

2 What wond'rous cause could move thy
heart

To take on thee my curse and smart?
Well knowing that my soul would be
So cold, so negligent of thee.

- 3 The cause was love, I sink with shame,
Before my sacred Jesus's name,
That thou should'st bleed and slaughter'd
be;
Because—because thou loved'st me.

HYMN 265. (L. M.)

Eternal Love.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my wand'ring muse
begin,
To take the love of Jesus in;
That love which he does bear to me,
Possess'd him from eternity.
- 2 Before the mountains sprang to light,
Or day succeeded gloomy night;
His heart was fill'd with love to men,
And it on their salvation ran.
- 3 Why did the Lord such love bestow,
On wretched sinful men below?
Why did he not content his love,
With those bless'd beings fix'd above?
- 4 No other reason does he give,
It was his will that they should live
For ever there, before his face,
To praise the riches of his grace.

5! Those

- 5 Those objects of the Father's love,
Brought Jesus from the courts above;
With haste to earth the Saviour runs,
To seek, and save those scatter'd ones.
- 6 He gave his life a sacrifice,
To raise his fav'rites to the skies;
Stupendous love! abounding grace,
The Saviour dy'd within their place.
- 7 He's lov'd them with an endless love,
Therefore he draws their hearts above;
And makes them meet by sov'reign grace,
To dwell in Heav'n their destin'd place.

HYMN 266. (C. M.)

Man's Monitor.

- 1 **U**NTHINKING mortals, you must
die,
Behold the king of dread;
Prepar'd to let the arrow fly,
That ranks you with the dead.
- 2 Your youth and strength will naught a-
vail,
To guard you in that day;
Your wealth and honor then will fail,
Your beauty fade away.

- 3 The firmest nerves will be unstrung,
And ev'ry motion die ;
Silent the captivating tongue,
And dim the sparkling eye.
- 4 The soul dismissed from the clay,
Receives its final doom ;
In realms of everlasting day,
Or Hell's eternal gloom.
- 5 Celestial guards convey the saints,
To their divine abode ;
Where they forget their long complaints,
And see their Father God.
- 6 May we in waiting posture stand,
Prepar'd to take our flight ;
When gentle death with friendly hand,
Shall change our faith to fight.

HYMN 267. (C. M.)

No Salvation but in God.

- 1 **H**OW long shall dreams of creature-
bliss,
Our flatt'ring hopes employ,
And mock our fond deluded eyes
With visionary joy?

- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,

While

While our eternal rock's forlook,
And Isr'el's God forgot?

3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we with anxious fruitless toil
Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our souls on thee.

HYMN 268. (L. M.)

Morning Hymn.

1 **A**NOTHER day salutes our eyes,
Once more we from death's image
rise;

May this, and all our future days,
Be spent to our protector's praise.

2 Who did in peace our eyelids close,
And gave us undisturb'd repose;
A song of thanks to him we'll raise;
His favors claim our grateful praise.

3 His mercy's ev'ry morning new,
His goodness doth us still pursue;
May gratitude and ceaseless praise,
Keep pace with all his gracious ways.

- 4 Thy kind protection Lord we crave,
From ev'ry ill this day to save;
Give health and strength and peace and
food,
All evil over-rule for good.
- 5 May naught retard us in thy way,
Nor lead our roving feet astray,
But watch and keep us ev'ry hour,
And guard us safe from Satan's pow'r.
- 6 So shall our few remaining days,
Be spent to our Redeemer's praise;
May we our time for him employ,
And leave this world at last with joy.

HYMN 269. (L. M.)

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **O**NCE more we loose the beams of
light,
And day gives place to gloomy night;
Another day's for ever past,
And who can tell but 'tis our last?
- 2 Our days are in Jehovah's hand,
We live and die at his command,
If he withdraw our fleeting breath,
We sink into the jaws of death.

3 Lord

- 3 Lord since we soon must fade and die,
O, fix our wand'ring hearts on high;
Nor let our spirits vainly rove,
Forgetful of thy bount'ous love.
- 4 We have this day thy mercies prov'd,
Thy promise, still remains unmov'd,
That as our *days*, our *strength* shall be,
Our praises, Lord, we give to thee.
- 5 When we retire to rest this night,
We crave thy all-protecting fight;
Thy watchful station round us keep,
When we are sunk in helpless sleep.
- 6 And if we see another day,
O, may we rise to *praise* and *pray*;
But if this night we meet with death,
May we with joy resign our breath.

HYMN 270. (C. M.)

Christ's Invitation.

- 1 **Y**E that are sunk in sin and thrall;
By guilt and grief oppress'd;
Attend unto the Saviour's call,
For he will give you rest.
- 2 Ye burden'd souls, to him apply,
And you shall be releas'd,

- He looks on you with pity'ng eye,
And *he will give you rest.* 2
- 3 Before his throne your griefs disclose,
When you are sore distressed ;
His *peace* your spirits' shall compose, 3
For *he will give you rest.*
- 4 On Jesus cast your weighty cares,
And lean upon his breast ;
His love shall silence all your fears, 4
For *he will give you rest.*
- 5 When on his arm your souls rely,
You shall be richly blest ;
His needful help he'll not deny, 5
For *he will give you rest.*
- 6 He'll bring you to his courts above,
Whate'er your fears suggest ;
Then wear his yoke, and trust his love, 3
For *he will give you rest.*

HYMN 271. (C. M.)

Christ's unparalleled Love. 1

- 1 **A** Friend there is—your voices join,
Ye saints to praise his name ;
Whose truth and kindness are divine, 2
Whose love's a constant flame.

2 When

- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This *friend* is always near:
With Heav'n and Earth at his command,
He deigns to answer pray'r.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows,
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 And, if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sov'reign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself, he gives us still.

HYMN 272. (C. M.)

God, the Saint's Treasure and Support.

- 1 **F**IRM does the saint's foundation stand,
Nor can his hopes remove;
Sustain'd by God's almighty hand,
And shelter'd in his love.
- 2 Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny;

Famine

Famine through all his fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die :

- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy,
Which no affliction can control,
Nor death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saint's repose ;
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,
While such a fountain flows.

HYMN 273. (3, 3, 6.)

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 **J**ESUS claims our adoration,
It was he,
Sat us free,
By his great salvation.
- 2 Jesus is the only Saviour,
He came down,
To make known,
God the Father's favor.
- 3 None but Christ could us deliver,
He does save,
Nor will leave
Us, no more for ever.

4. Praise

4 Praise to Christ the Lord be given,
He our King,
We will sing
Now, and when in Heaven.

5 Praise to the eternal spirit,
Who us bring,
To the King,
Tho' we have no merit.

6 He alone in us revealed
Jesu's love,
From above,
And our pardon sealed.

7 Praise to Father, Son and Spirit,
With them we,
Soon shall be,
And our home inherit.

HYMN 274. (7. 6.)

Heavenly Inheritance.

1 JESUS, draw our hearts to thee,
O, upwards may we rise;
And our lasting portion see,
Reserv'd above the skies;
Rust nor moth cannot destroy,
Nor yet thieves break thro' nor steal,
Naught

Naught shall rob us of that joy,
Which Jesus doth reveal.

2 The inheritance above,
For us laid up in Heav'n,
None shall ever taste or prove,
But those to whom 'tis giv'n ;
'Tis reserv'd and undefil'd,
Safe from danger or decay ;
There preserv'd for ev'ry child,
Against the happy day.

3 When the Lord to them will say,
Come up to me above,
And them take from sin away,
To drink full draughts of love ;
Thoughts of that rejoicing day,
Make our faith and hope revive,
Draw our longing hearts away,
And keep our joys alive.

HYMN 275. (L. M.)

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

1 **T**O God, my Saviour and my king,
Fain would my soul her tribute
bring ;
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched

- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Far from my God, I went astray;
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he fled to my relief,
Bound up my wounds and sooth'd my
grief,
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record :
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold I freely give.
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise
Thro' the remainder of my days :
And when I join the pow'rs above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

HYMN 276. (C. M.)

The Leper.

- 1 **A** Leper to our Saviour came,
When he was here below ;
And cry'd unto his gracious name,
That he would mercy show.
- 2 The Saviour with compassion mov'd,
His pity soon was seen,

His

His cleansing hand the Leper prov'd,
For Jesus made him clean.

3 An emblem this of Jesu's pow'r,
When sinners to him go;
To save them in the trying hour,
From sin's tormenting woe.

4 He'll take away their load of guilt,
Which on their conscience lay;
By showing them his blood was spilt,
To wash their sins away.

5 And when the virtue of his blood,
By them is clearly seen;
The streams of that most precious flood,
Will make their conscience clean.

6 Their leprosy will then depart,
And they will be made whole,
They'll then rejoice with thankful heart,
And Christ the Lord extol.

HYMN. 277. (C.M.)

Christ leading his Flock.

1 **W**ITH tender heart, and gentle hand,
And eyes that never sleep,
Our shepherd leads to Canaan's land
His bleating helpless sheep.

2 Of

- 2 Of him they love to sing each day,
Of him they love to learn,
And when he talketh by the way,
Oh, how their bosoms burn !
- 3 A word from Jesus fires their heart,
And sweetly tunes their tongue,
Bids ev'ry anxious care depart,
And helps their feet along.
- 4 He knows his sheep and tells their names,
And will not lose his own,
The bleating ewes, and dancing lambs,
Are marked every one.
- 5 And Jesu's sheep their shepherd know,
And follow him by choice ;
They will not after strangers go,
Nor heed an hireling's voice.

HYMN 278. (6, 6, 8.)

Promise of the Holy Ghost.

- 1 **W**E hear the Saviour say,
Altho' I go away,
The comforter I will you send,
He will not go away,
But always with you stay,
And lead, and guide you, to the end.

D d

2 He'll

- 2 He'll keep you in the way,
That you go not astray,
You into all my truth he'll lead;
He'll be your constant guide,
And in your hearts abide,
And teach you on myself to feed.
- 3 My word he'll to you show,
And you shall see and know,
Your int'rest in my pard'ning love;
He will my love reveal,
And on your hearts it seal,
And raise your longing souls above.
- 4 He'll teach you where to fly,
When rising storms are nigh,
He'll lead you to a throne of grace;
He'll teach you how to pray,
And what you there shall say,
And show to you my smiling face.
- 5 When Jordan's billows rise,
They shall not you surprise,
He'll strength and comfort to you
give;
He never will you leave,
But to the utmost save,
And bring you with myself to live.

HYMN 279. (6, 6, 8.)

Christ the Rock.

- 1 **W**HEN weary trav'lers meet,
 A safe retreat how sweet,
 To screen them from the stormy sky ;
 When they a rock can see,
 Which is from danger free,
 With rapid haste they to it fly.
- 2 The Saviour proves a rock,
 To his redeemed flock,
 To screen them safe from ev'ry harm :
 For when the storms are high,
 They to this rock may fly
 Without dismay, at the alarm.
- 3 When Moses struck the rock,
 The water for the flock,
 In living streams did from it flow ;
 Thus when the Saviour dy'd,
 Came water from his side,
 To save and cleanse them here below.
- 4 While on this weary land;
 This rock is at their hand;
 He'll follow them their journey thro' :
 The streams will from him flow,
 While they remain below,
 To strengthen and refresh them too.

- 5 The Saviour's chosen flock,
Are hid within this rock,
They're safe and evermore will be;
This rock is strong and tall,
And sure to screen them all
In time, and thro' eternity.
- 6 Let those who in it dwell,
Rejoice, and sing, and tell
The wonders of that precious love;
That did this rock prepare,
And chose and fix'd them there,
To make them meet to dwell above.

HYMN 280. (C. M.)

Christ comforting his Disciples.

- 1 **L**ET not your hearts be fill'd with
grief,
Altho' I go away;
I'll come again to your relief,
We hear the Saviour say.
- 2 I go your mansions to prepare,
And soon I'll come again;
And raise you up for ever there,
Remote from grief and pain.
- 3 I will the Father for you pray,
The comforter to send,

And

And he will never go away,
But guide you to the end.

4 I will not leave you comfortless,
But I will come again ;
Then rest upon my faithfulness,
You shall in glory reign.

5 Mean time, ask what you will of me,
And you shall it receive ;
I faithful do remain to thee,
Altho' I do you leave.

6 Dear Lord what thanks are due to thee,
For love so great as this ;
To such unworthy worms as we,
Who nothing are, and less.

7 May we our love to thee express,
And serve thee all our days ;
In gratitude and thankfulness,
And never-ceasing praise.

HYMN 281. (C. M.)

Comfort from God's Faithfulness.

1 **O**UR God, how firm his promise
stands,
Ev'n when he hides his face !
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.

D d 3

2 Then

- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and thou art one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of Heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 282. (L. M.)

Descent of the Holy Ghost.

- 1 **T**HE Lord did many gifts bestow,
On his disciples while below ;
But on the day of *pentecost*,
He sent to them the Holy Ghost.
- 2 Upon this memorable day,
He did the gift of tongues convey ;
To qualify them all to teach,
In dif'rent languages to preach.
- 3 In this extr'ordinary way,
The Saviour oft to them did say ;
The holy spirit should be giv'n,
When he ascended up to Heav'n.
- 4 The Holy Ghost their hearts did fill,
With zeal to do their Saviour's will ;

The

The love of Christ he did unfold,
And made them in his service bold.

- 5 They now with courage sound abroad,
The wonders of their risen Lord ;
And ev'ry man in his own tongue,
May hear the praise of Jesus sung.
- 6 Thus did the Saviour from on high,
His chosen servants qualify
To preach his gospel, far and near,
That all his chosen ones might hear.

HYMN 283. (C. M.)

Imputed Righteousness.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man who clothed is,
With Jesu's righteousness ;
By imputation it is his,
And there is none but this.
- 2 Whoever doth this dress despise,
He naked must remain ;
However good in his own eyes,
The Lord will him disdain.
- 3 If he appear before his face,
In his own filthy dress ;
He must be cover'd with disgrace,
For want of righteousness.

4 The

4. The Saviour is our righteousness,
We glory in his name;
Disclaiming our own filthy dress,
As naught but sin and shame.
5. Those cloth'd in his, naught can condemn,
For they are justify'd;
Jesus himself approves of them,
Who did their dress provide.
- 6 Array'd in this the saints will sing,
In everlasting bliss;
Ascribing honors to their king,
"The Lord their righteousness."

HYMN 284. (L. M.)

Christ the sure Foundation.

- 1 **T**HAT man who builds upon the
sand,
His house will fall when storms descend;
It cannot stand the trying day,
Because the sand is swept away.
- 2 Tho' in the calm it may remain,
It cannot stand the storms of rain;
In the great day, (if not before)
His house will fall and be no more.

3 But

- 3 But those who on a *rock* do build,
To storms, nor tempests ne'er will yield ;
Their strong foundation bears them up,
Nor can they sink with such a prop.
- 4 The *winds* and *storms* descend in vain,
The *rock* the building will sustain ;
A sure foundation it will prove,
No storms nor tempests can it move.
- 5 Those who on Christ the *rock* do stand,
Will find that *rock* will them defend ;
A *sure foundation* it will prove,
The *rock* of ages cannot move.
- 6 'Twill stand the awful trying day,
When all beside is swept away,
When rocks, and hills, and stars shall
fall,
This *rock* will not be mov'd at all.

HYMN 285. (C. M.)

Christ's Intercession prevalent.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing,
Th' ascended Saviour's love ;
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.

2 With

- With cries and tears he offer'd up,
 His humble suit below ;
 But with *authority* he asks,
 Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him,
 Salvation he demands ;
 Points to their names upon his breast,
 And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
 Gives sanction to his claim ;
 Father, I will, that all my saints,
 Be with me where I am.
- 5 Founded on *right*, thy pray'r avails,
 The Father smiles on thee ;
 And now thou in thy kingdom art,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

HYMN 286. (6, 6, 8.)

Faith in the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN strength and courage fail,
 I'll look within the veil
 To him, who is engag'd to save ;
 His faithful word doth stand,
 That he will be my friend,
 And guide me safely thro' the grave.

2 Tho'

- 2 Tho' death's cold hand must lay,
Upon this feeble clay,
He shall not always it detain;
He must resign his prey,
On the appointed day,
When Christ shall call with him to
reign.
- 3 Tho' worms my skin destroy,
And all my flesh annoy,
Yet with these eyes shall I behold
The king, above the skies,
When from the grave I rise,
And sing his praise to harps of gold.
- 4 My flesh in hope shall lay,
Till Christ shall to it say,
Awake, and leave thy earthly bed;
Then it with joy shall rise,
To sing above the skies,
No longer number'd with the dead,

HYMN 287. (L. M.)

Everlasting Love.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but to thy grace,
Great fountain of eternal love,
Belongs the everlasting praise
Of saints below and those above.

2 Jehovah

- 2 Jehovah, Jesus, just and wise,
Laid the foundation of our peace,
Before he spread the azure skies,
Or form'd the Earth, or fill'd the seas.
- 3 Before his all-creating voice,
Supply'd the sun and moon with light,
Or bid the hosts of Heav'n rejoice,
Our souls were precious in his fight.
- 4 He fix'd his children's future lot
When first he drew creation's plan,
Rejoicing in each favor'd spot
Where he would dwell with fallen man.
- 5 Jesus, with high delight, survey'd,
On the vast map before his eye,
The place where he has since display'd,
The great incarnate mystery.

HYMN 288. (C. M.)

Saints in the Hands of Christ.

- 1 **F**IRM as the Earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust,
If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;

All

All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

- 3 Nor death nor Hell, shall e'er remove,
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

HYMN 289. (C.M.)

Thanks for Deliverance.

- 1 **A** Song of thanks did Moses sing,
When God for Isr'el fought;
When thro' the sea he did them bring,
And brought their foes to naught.

- 2 Salvation doth to God belong,
Is what he did confess;
This was the subject of his song,
Nor could he give him less.

- 3 For see their enemies lay dead,
Upon the sandy shore;
Before the Lord they all are fled,
They can pursue no more.

- 4 The Lord will fight for all his saints,
In ev'ry time of need;
He'll hearken unto their complaints,
He has the same decreed.

E c

5 Then

5 Then cast your cares upon the Lord,
For all your strength is naught ;
The same relief he will afford,
As when for Isr'el fought.

6 His saints in every age the same,
Engross his care and love ;
All thanks unto his gracious name,
He'll always faithful prove.

7 Then raise your praises to your king,
His gracious ways unfold ;
For surely you may praise and sing,
With his redeem'd of old.

HYMN 290. (C. M.)

Fountain of Christ's Blood.

1 **B**LESS'D fount of the Redeemer's
blood,
Where all our sins are drown'd ;
Those sunk within this precious flood,
Will never more be found.

2 Like lead they sink no more to rise,
Nor ever can appear ;
Before Jehovah's piercing eyes,
He does himself declare.

- 3 He does no sin in Jacob see,
For it is wash'd away ;
'Tis sunk, and evermore will be,
Thro' everlasting day.
- 4 Tho' sin does in his saints remain,
The guilt is done away ;
This precious blood takes out the stain,
That would their souls dismay.
- 5 No spot nor wrinkle there is found,
We hear the scripture say ;
For all their num'rous sins are drown'd,
And ever wash'd away.
- 6 No curse against them can appear,
In the great awful day ;
For by his precious blood we hear,
Their sins are done away.

HYMN 291. (L. M.)

Abraham's Journey to Canaan.

WHEN Abr'am at the Lord's
command,
Set out towards the promis'd land ;
The Lord himself knew what he meant,
But Abr'am knew not where he went.
The Lord did Canaan to him give,
And Abr'am must in Canaan live ;

And tho' he did not know the way,
He would not let him go astray.

3 He walk'd by *faith* and not by sight,
But yet he was directed right,
For Canaan's land was what he sought,
And he to Canaan's land was brought.

4 So those who travel Zion's road,
Are lead and guided by their God;
They often travel in the night,
But yet the Lord directs them right.

5 But when they cannot see their way,
Their souls are fill'd with sad dismay,
And yet their unseen Saviour's hand,
Directs them to the promis'd land.

6 He does the heav'nly Canaan give
To them, and there they all must live,
And tho' they often doubt and fear,
The Lord will bring them safely there.

HYMN 292. (C. M.)

After Sermon.

4 JESUS we met in thy great name,
To hear thy precious word;
We find thy love is still the same,
Thou dost thy help afford.

- 2 We thank thee for the means of grace,
Which thou to us dost give;
And for the visits of thy face,
Which we therein receive.
- 3 May we with heart and life express,
The bounties of thy love;
And to thy mercies have access,
Till call'd to reign above.

HYMN 293. (C.M.)

The doubting Soul's Request.

- 1 **J**ESUS thou Son of David hear,
And give me eyes to see;
That all my sorrows thou didst bear,
When hanging on the tree.
- 2 I feel a pond'rous load of guilt,
Lie heavy on my heart;
O say thy blood for me was spilt,
And it will all depart.
- 3 If all my sins were on thee laid,
I have no cause to fear;
I know the debt for me is paid,
If they were number'd there.
- 4 Poor mourning soul, dry up thy tears,
And let thy sorrows flee;

- And banish all thy needless fears,
For Jesus dy'd for thee.
- 5 Who taught thy soul to pant and cry,
To see thy Saviour's face ?
And long to know that he did die,
And suffer in thy place ?
- 6 None but the Lord, could teach you this
Great proof of Sov'reign love ;
And foretaste of immortal bliss,
And endless joys above,
- 7 Had he not suffer'd in your place,
When hanging on the tree ;
You ne'er had tasted of his grace,
Nor long'd his face to see.

HYMN 294. (L. M.)

Lord's Supper.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour knew the wicked heart
Was very prone from him to rove
He therefore did these signs impart,
That we might not forget his love.
- 2 O may we look to Calv'ry's hill,
And there behold that precious blood
Which Christ the Lord did freely spill
To bring us wand'ers back to God.

3 Lord give us faith to claim our part,
May each with thankful pleasure see;
The streaming love flow from thy heart,
And cry with joy, he bled for me.

4 We thank thee for the outward sign,
Which thou thyself to us hast giv'n;
May God the spirit in us shine,
And give us bread sent down from
Heav'n.

HYMN 295. (C. M.)

Another.

1 **L**ORD we are come at thy request,
To celebrate thy dying love;
May pard'ning mercy fill each breast,
And fix our wand'ring hearts above.

2 In vain we take the outward sign,
In vain we at thy board appear;
Unless thy spirit in us shine,
Unless the Saviour meet us here.

3 Lord strip us all of slavish fear,
Which fills thy childrens' mind with
dread;
May they with confidence draw near,
And feed on Christ the living bread.

4 We

4 We nothing have to recommend
 Ourselves to thee, for we are poor ;
 We come to thee our only friend,
 Who loves to open mercy's door. 3

5 We want a sense of pard'ning love,
 We want to see thy smiling face ;
 To draw our wav'ring hearts above,
 And sing the wonders of thy grace. 4

6 'Twas sov'reign love that turn'd our feet,
 Out of the ways of sin and death ;
 And sent us here, our Lord to meet,
 May praise employ our ev'ry breath. 5

HYMN 296. (L. M.)

Nativity of Christ.

1 **A**S shepherds watch'd their flocks by
 night,
 An heav'nly form appear'd in sight ;
 With glory shining all around,
 Which made the shepherds' fears abound, 6

CHORUS.

Shepherds cease your fears they sing,
 Harken to the news we bring ;
 Christ the Saviour born to day,
 Now does in a manger lay. 1

2 The angels sung in lofty strains,
 Which echo'd thro' the distant plains ;
 This

This joyful news to men we bring,
Glad tidings of a new-born king.

- 3 Ye highly favor'd men attend,
And all your lyric efforts lend;
To sound the praises of your king,
And help our joyful band to sing.
- 4 The hov'ring angels as they fly,
The joyful anthem send on high;
Glory to God, and peace on Earth,
Proclaim'd at the Redeemer's birth.
- 5 The heav'nly songsters still repeat,
The pleasing subject they relate;
Glory to God with joy they sing,
Good news of peace to men they bring.
- 6 The Saviour comes to save his own,
His gracious care of them is shown;
He left his shining throne above,
To manifest to them his love.

HYMN 297. (7^s)

Another.

- 1 **S**EE the day-spring from on high
Lo! he leaves his native sky;
Visits sinful men below,
Who but he such love would show?

2 Ho

- 2 He a light becomes to those,
Who are his rebellious foes ;
And does in death's shadow set,
Such may bless the Lord for that.
- 3 He to them becomes a guide,
When their slipp'ry footsteps slide ;
Leads them in the ways of peace,
Shows to them his smiling face.
- 4 Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth rejoice,
Saints, lift up a cheerful voice ;
Angels sing the Saviour's born,
Lo! he comes on this glad morn.
- 5 Comes his Father's will to do,
And to save *his people* too ;
Save them from their *sin* and *thrall* ;
And to *glory* take them all.

HYMN 298. (C. M.)

After Sermon.

- 1 **L**ORD may we never hear in vain,
Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
But may it in our hearts remain,
And in our lives be found.
- 2 O may the seed spring up and grow,
And flourish to thy praise,

That

That all around may see and know,
We love and keep thy ways.

- 3 Lord make us wise and holy too,
And happy in thy love ;
May we delight thy will to do,
'Till call'd to dwell above.

HYMN 299. (L. M.)

On a backward Spring.

- 1 YE long expected, ling'ring spring,
With joy thy bless'd return we
sing ;
Thy infant buds once more appear,
And chase the gloom of boding fear.

CHORUS.

- Lord to thee we'll give the praise,
Who alone our comforts raise ;
Let thy presence on us shine,
And our hearts to praise incline.
- 2 The joyless tribes that us'd to sing,
Forgot the season of the spring ;
But now it doth in smiles appear,
Their tuneful notes again we hear.
- 3 The hills and plains remain'd undress'd,
In mournful strains their want express'd,
But

But now in rapture they are seen,
Once more array'd in living green.

- 4 Our languid hopes again revive,
To see the smiling spring alive;
Our gloomy fears, by it are chas'd,
Of want of food, for man and beast.
- 5 All nature smiles with joy and sing,
To hail the *late* returning spring,
Ye saints with joy the concert join,
For *nature's* blessings all are thine.

HYMN 300. (L. M.)

Vain-Glory detested.

- 1 **S**EE the vain sons of Adam try,
To raise their *tower* to the sky;
The steps they take to gain a name,
Expose their pride, and end in shame.
- 2 Many as vainly try to raise,
A monument of lasting praise;
But God on their inventions frown,
And bring their haughty *babel* down.
- 3 The pharisee in his own eyes,
Has rais'd his *tower* near the skies;
He vainly thinks he's safe and sound,
But God his *building* will confound.

The higher his own *Babel* rise,
The more the Saviour he'll despise;
The steps he takes to raise his fame,
Will never cover him from shame.

How can he hope to find relief,
From that which springs from unbelief?
If not before, his *Babel-tower*
Will leave him in a dying hour.

Confusion then will him surround,
For God his *language* will confound;
His haughty *Babel* then will fall,
And leave him no relief at all.

There's none but *Christ* shall be my
tower
In life, nor in a dying hour;
Then God on me can never frown,
Nor will he throw my *tower* down.

HYMN 301. (L. M.)

Encouragement to trust in God.

YE faints who are beset with fears,
Cast on the Saviour all your cares,
He is a friend in time of need,
He will both soul and body feed.

If he on rebels cast an eye,
And feed them lest they faint and die;

F f

His

His saints for whom he shed his blood,
Shall never know the want of food.

- 3 He had compassion on the throng,
Who follow'd him and fasted long;
He who the multitude did feed,
Will never let his children need.

Your heav'nly Father well doth know,
What all his children want below;
His gracious hand is bound to give,
All needful things while here they live.

- 5 He'll feed them daily with his love,
Till he shall them from earth remove;
And wipe from ev'ry face the tear,
Which fell below from fruitless care.

HYMN 302. (S. M.)

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 **W**ITH beams of heav'nly grace,
The blest'd Redeemer came;
He is the *sun of righteousness*,
To those that fear his name.

- 2 When I am in distress,
From him my comfort springs;
He, as the *sun of righteousness*,
Hath healing in his wings.

- 3 It is his sacred fire,
That warms the frozen ground ;
Makes fervent love and pure desire,
And fruitfulness abound.
- 4 When clouds of guilt arise,
To intercept my light ;
And hide my Saviour from mine eyes,
How gloomy is the night.
- 5 His sov'reign light alone,
Can cheer my drooping heart ;
His gracious beams create my noon,
And sacred joy impart.
- 6 O may his rays divine,
Enlighten all my way ;
Till I in his blest image shine,
In everlasting day.

HYMN 303. (L. M.)

Satan's Wiles against the Gospel.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the restless sons of men,
Pursuing each his fav'rite plan ;
Without direction or a guide,
If scripture truths be laid aside.
- 2 When they forsake Jehovah's rules,
Satan employs them as his tools ;

For him who speaks, and him who hears,
He doth provide his crafty snares.

- 3 He paints the *gospel-truths* in black,
That *ministers* may keep them back;
That hungry souls might not be fed
With Christ, the soul-supporting bread
- 4 He hates the *gospel's naked plan*,
And so he does the *faithful man*;
Who all the precious truth will tell,
In spite of him, or man, or Hell.
- 5 But which is right? ye saints declare,
To serve the Lord or Satan here?
Whether to do the Saviour's will,
Or Satan's crafty *wiles* fulfil?
- 6 The man who by the truth does stand,
Will always find the Lord his friend;
But he who strives the truth to shun,
Will never hear him say "*well done.*"

HYMN 304. (L. M.)

After Sermon.

- 1 PRAISE him from whom all blessing
flow,
To all his children here below;
Who gave his son a sacrifice,
To raise them up above the skies.

2 Praise

Praise him who willingly did come,
To die within his people's room ;
Praise him who forms their souls anew,
And gives them hearts his will to do.

HYMN 305. (L. M.)

On Spring.

HAIL pleasing prospect of the spring,
Creation smiles with joy and sing ;
The sons of vegetation rise,
And burst with beauty on our eyes.

Escap'd from winter's icy chains,
They cloath with gladness all the plains ;
The feather'd tribe begins to sing,
And hail the new-born smiling spring.

The bleating herd spread o'er the fields,
This smiling scene, them pleasure yields,
The reptile world their tribute bring,
And all agree to hail the spring.

But foremost of the joyful train,
Let *men* their maker's praise maintain ;
Revolving seasons round us move,
To serve the objects of his love.

His mercies we'll attempt to sing,
Whose gracious smiles create the spring.

His presence does our spirits cheer,
And makes our spring last all the year.

6 His mercy's spring will ever last,
When rolling seasons all are past ;
His mercies call aloud for praise,
They claim our homage all our days.

7 And when the spring of life is past,
Our praises shall for ever last ;
The Saviour's love with joy we'll sing
Above, in everlasting spring.

HYMN 306. (L. M.)

Another.

1 **W**INTER, with all its rigour flee,
And smiling spring once more
we see ;

The pleasing prospect, gloom beguiles,
And sadness is exchange'd for smiles.

2 But joyless rolling seasons move,
Unless we taste redeeming love ;
With sadness we behold the spring,
Unless our hearts be tun'd to sing.

3 We can with smiling spring rejoice,
If we but hear the Saviour's voice ;
His absence only makes us sad,
His presence always makes us glad.

4 With

- 4 With him we cannot be forlorn,
 Tho' smiling spring should be with-
 drawn,
 But if the Saviour disappear,
 To us the spring no smile does wear.
- 5 Since nothing but the Saviour's love,
 Can make all seasons joyful prove ;
 O shed it in our hearts abroad,
 And we with joy will praise the Lord.

HYMN 307. (L. M.)

An open Door.

- 1 **N**OW may our souls united raise,
 To Christ the Lord, a song of
 praise,
 Who, in his gospel, sets before
 Poor sinners, such an *open door*.
- 2 Bless'd door ! set open by his hands,
 And thanks to him, still open stands,
 And none can shut it evermore,
 O bless him for this *open door*.
- 3 Here life and peace, and pardon too,
 Complete in him believers view ;
 Well may they sing his mercies o'er,
 And bless him for this *open door*.

4 Send

- 4 Send, Lord, the blissful joyful sound,
Far to the Earth's remotest bound,
That millions may, from shore to shore
Bless thee, for such an *open door*.
- 5 Then we and they, thro' sov'reign love,
Shall meet in the bright world above,
And there with rapture, evermore,
Bless Jesus for this *open door*.

HYMN 308. (6, 8.)

The Beggar.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain;
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day,

When

When I possessed more :

Thou know'st that from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on Earth. ,

4 Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my distress,
My faults have been but few ;
If thou should leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before ;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good,
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food,
My soul can satisfy :
O do not frown and bid me go,
I've need of all thou can'st bestow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel :
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

HYMN

HYMN 309. (L. M.)

After Sermon.

- 1 **H**OW happy gracious Lord are we,
 Who do thy great salvation see;
 We thank thee for the joyful sound,
 May we in faith and love abound.
- 2 May it our drooping spirits cheer,
 Whenever we the same do hear;
 May we by faith thy word receive,
 And all the glory to thee give.

HYMN 310.

On Death.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, oh quit! this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain! the bliss of dying:
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper, angels say,
 Sister spirit 'come away!
 What is this? absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight;
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,
 Tell me my soul! can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears,
 Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring;
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly!
 Oh grave! where is thy victory?
 Oh death! where is thy sting?

HYMN 311. (C. M.)

Resurrection.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before his face, who tunes their choir,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye seed of Isr'el's chosen race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Hail

- 5 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every tribe, and every tongue,
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout in universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 312. (L. M.)

Prodigal Son.

- 1 **A** Parable the Lord did use,
To teach the stubborn haughty
Jews;
Who vainly thought they never ran
Astray from God, like other men.
- 2 The Lord presents to them a son,
Who from his father far did run,
And all his substance there he spent,
And then he to his father went.
- 3 Who did the *prodigal* receive,
Altho' he did his father leave;
Rejoiced more to see his son,
Than those who ne'er from him did run.
- 4 His conduct did not please the rest,
Who vainly thought they were the best;
Thus

Thus the self-righteous haughty *Jews*,
The *Gentile* converts did refuse.

5 They thought themselves both good and
wife,
And *Gentile* sinners did despise ;
And Jesus too, they did disdain,
That he their cause shou'd thus main-
tain.

6 But Jesus gives them here to know,
That he'll his love to *Gentiles* show ;
And when by grace he does them bring,
His Father's house with joy will ring.

HYMN 313. (L. M.)

Another.

1 **B**Y birth I was a wicked son,
And from my father far did run ;
I to a distant country went,
And all I had with Satan spent.

2 In Adam my apostate head,
I spent my life, for I was dead ;
But mercy since to me does prove,
I did not spend my father's love.

3 All that in Adam I possess'd
I spent, but Jesus kept the rest ;

G g

Eternal

Eternal life to him was giv'n
For me, and safely kept in Heav'n.

- 4 While in my wretched distant state,
I nothing had but husks to eat ;
But when by grace I saw my need,
I could not rest on husks to feed.
- 5 When I no longer was content
With husks, I to my father went ;
My folly I to him confess'd,
Who ev'ry mark of love express'd.
- 6 His bount'ous mercy he made known,
With joy confess'd I was his own ;
He food and raiment did me bring,
And all his house began to sing.
- 7 It did their hearts with joy revive,
To see their brother now alive ;
To them once lost, but now he's found,
And they receive him safe and sound.

HYMN 314. (S. M.)

Christ unseen and beloved.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

- 2 On Earth we want the sight:
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight,
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow:
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heav'n begins below.

HYMN 315. (6, 6, 8.)

David and Goliath.

WHEN HIR'el's haughty foe,
With boasted strength did go,
God's chosen armies to defy;
Their hearts began to fail,
Lest he should there prevail,
But Jesse's youngest son drew nigh.

See the gigantic foe,
Disdaining he doth go,
With threats to bring young David
! low;
No sword the stripling took,
But pebbles from the brook,
Which prov'd the giant's overthrow.

- 3 He to the ground did bring,
 With only stone and sling,
 Him, whom God's armies did with-
 stand ;
 He aim'd the stone aright,
 Because his God did fight
 For him, with his almighty hand.
- 4 Hence faints, ye courage take,
 Your God will ne'er forsake
 Nor leave you, in the trying hour ;
 He'll give you strength to fight,
 Or put your foes to flight,
 And screen you from their boasted
 pow'r.
- 5 Then trust in him alone,
 Who sent young David's stone,
 And brought the giant to the ground,
 Then fearless you may go,
 And conquer ev'ry foe
 Thro' him, in whom your strength is
 found.

HYMN 316. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 SEE bold Goliath draweth nigh !
 God's chosen armies to defy ;
 But David with his stone and sling,
 The giant to the ground doth bring.

- 2 He in the strength of God did go,
To meet the stubborn haughty foe ;
His God who brought him to the fight,
Did give him skill to aim aright,
- 3 The weakest means, when God doth
throw,
Will bring the strongest rebel low ;
He can his strength and pride confound,
And bring the giant to the ground.
- 4 Then cast your care upon the Lord,
Ye saints, and trust his faithful word ;
He never will his people leave,
But, to the uttermost will save.
- 5 He'll save from ev'ry bitter foe,
He'll save from Satan sin and woe ;
He'll save while in this world they stay,
He'll save to everlasting day.

HYMN 317. (C. M.)

A Prayer for Ministers and Hearers.

JESUS thou sun of righteousness,
Shine on our native land ;
Adorn thy *ministers* with grace,
And hold them in thy hand.

As shining stars may they appear ;
Fill'd with celestial light ;

G G 3.

Thy

Thy poor afflicted church to cheer,
Thro' all this gloomy night.

3 Amidst their fears and weakness, be
Their constant strength and stay;
May they direct our souls to thee,
And to the realms of day.

4 O let not sinners shut their eyes
Against the rays divine;
The men who dare thy word despise,
Must perish in their sin.

5 Eternal source of light and love,
Thy sov'reign pow'r impart;
And let thy word a hammer prove,
To break the flinty heart.

6 Let sinners hear thy voice and live,
O make thy mercy known;
Do thou thy sacred spirit give,
The word of grace to crown.

HYMN 318. (L. M.)

Christ apprehended.

1 **A**N hostile army strikes my sight,
As tho' they marched to the fight;
They seem all arm'd with staff and spear,
Like those who thirst the prey to tear.

2 They've

- 2 They've caught some object like a thief,
For none appear to his relief;
Cruel! beyond description this,
His friend betray'd him with a kiss.
- 3 'Tis *Christ*, his heart is fill'd with woes,
His friend betray'd him to his foes;
By rebels he is caught and led,
And all his friends are from him fled.
- 4 Dear *Lamb of God*, why thus abus'd?
Why thus by sinful mortals us'd?
No sin in thee can be the cause,
Thou didst not break thy Father's laws.
- 5 I for my people's debts am bound,
And in their place I now am found;
And justice here lays hold on me,
And lets my people all go free.
- 6 Justice demands of me their debt,
Because their sins on me are met;
What scripture says, must be fulfill'd,
I therefore in their place do yield.
- 7 Unless their debts, I for them pay,
They must in prison ever lay;
My life I freely for them give,
That they may ever with me live.

HYMN 319. (6, 8.)

Barren Fig-tree.

1. **T**HE church a garden is
In which *believers* stand,
Like ornamental trees
Planted by God's own hand,
His spirit waters all their roots,
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.
2. But *other* trees there are,
In this inclosure grow,
Which, tho' they promise fair,
Have only leaves to show:
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They stand but cumb'ers of the ground.
3. The *under gard'ner* grieves,
In vain his strength he spends,
For heaps of useless leaves
Afford him small amends:
He hears the Lord his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-tree down.
4. How difficult his post,
What pangs his bowels move,
To find his wishes crost,
His labours useless prove:
His last relief is earnest pray'r,
"Lord, spare them yet another year."

5. Spare

- 5 Spare them, and let me try
 What farther means may do;
 I'll fresh manure apply,
 My digging I'll renew:
 Who knows but yet they fruit may yield?
 If not—'tis just, they must be fell'd.
- 6 If under means of grace
 No gracious fruits appear,
 It is a dreadful case;
 Tho' God may long forbear,
 At length he'll strike the threat'ned blow,
 And lay the barren fig-tree low.

HYMN 320. (8, 3, 6.)

Christ's Care of his People.

- 1 JESUS left his native glory,
 And on Earth,
 Gave his breath,
 Saints relate the story.
- 2 When all other helpers failed,
 His own hand,
 Did withstand,
 And alone prevailed.
- 3 Sing his love and mighty power,
 He will save,

Not

Nor will leave
You in the trying hour.

4 He's a shepherd ever careful,
He will keep,
All his sheep,
Tho' they may be fearful.

5 He's a kind and tender brother,
With him we,
Safe shall be,
Without any other.

6 None but Jesus can deliver,
Him we'll praise,
All our days,
From henceforth for ever.

HYMN 321. (L. M.).

Nativity of Christ.

1 **H**E'S come! the Saviour's, come this
morn,
Th' appointed time behold! he's born;
He's come, with joy we now behold,
As all the prophets had foretold.

2 He's come, th' angelic host doth tell,
The great Redeemer here doth dwell;
He's come, and peace, good will on Earth,
The angels sing at Jesu's birth.

3 He's

- 3 *He's come*, let all the saints rejoice,
And sing with loud and cheerful voice,
He's come, O may the echo fly ;
Thro' all the Earth, thro' all the sky.
- 4 *He's come*, his cov'nant to fulfil,
And save his sheep from ev'ry ill ;
He's come, to work a righteousness,
His people's glor'ous wedding dress.
- 5 *He's come*, to give his precious blood,
A ransom for their souls to God ;
He's come, his people's greatest friend,
He's come, to save them to the end.
- 6 *He's come*, on Earth to bring us peace,
And from our bondage to release ;
He's come, and his good will we see,
In our salvation *full and free*.

HYMN 322. (S. M.)

Another.

BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child.

The Lord, the highest God
Calls him his only Son ;

He

He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 To bring the glor'ous news,
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

4 Go, humble swains, said he,
To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

5 With looks and hearts serene
Go visit Christ your king;
And straight a flaming troop was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing.

6 Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on Earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

7 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

8 Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 323. (6, 6, 8.)

Before Sermon.

- 1 **L**ORD we are come this day,
 To hear what thou wilt say,
 We long to hear thy precious voice;
 To see thy smiling face,
 And feel thy quick'ning grace,
 That in thy love we may rejoice.
- 2 No other voice but thine,
 Will make our joys divine,
 Nor chase our gloomy fears away;
 But if the word thou speak,
 Our fears their flight will take,
 And peace return without delay.
- 3 Thy word send to the heart,
 And give to each his part,
 That we on thee by faith may feed;
 O may it come with pow'r,
 In this appointed hour,
 And yield supply for ev'ry need.
- That when we end this day,
 Each may with pleasure say,
 I've seen the Saviour's smiling face,
 He has his mercy shown,
 Which proves I am his own,
 And fill'd my soul with joy and peace.

H h

5 When

- 5 When we thus taste his love,
 Our feet will swiftly move,
 In all the Saviour's gracious ways;
 We then shall love to meet,
 And set at Jesu's feet,
 To hear his word, and sing his praise.

HYMN 324. (L. M.)

Christ going to Jerusalem.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to Peter did relate,
 What he well knew would be
 his fate;
 Peter did carnal reason lay,
 To stop the Saviour in his way.
- 2 Tho' he express'd a tender heart,
 To keep his master back from smart;
 Yet Peter was by Satan mov'd,
 And Christ with sharpness him reprov'd
- 3 What! stop the Saviour in his way
 Altho' he go thy debts to pay?
 An enemy to God and man,
 To frustrate the dear Saviour's plan.
- 4 Many attempt the Lord to stop,
 By some beloved carnal prop;
 They don't approve the gospel-plan,
 But thirst for something taught by man

- 5 Some, friends to Jesus do profess;
 Tho' they despise his righteousness;
 The reason why they it despise,
 They think their own for them suffice.
- 6 Such their own filthy garments lay,
 To stop the Saviour in his way;
 He needs not to Jerus'lem go,
 If their own works can save from woe.
- 7 But Jesus did pursue his plan,
 On the behalf of fallen man;
 Whoever does this way refuse,
 He does his own destruction choose.

HYMN 325. (C. M.)

Crown him.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's grace,
 Which rescues from the fall;
 Return him thanks ye chosen race,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 He rais'd you from your wretched state,
 Of misery and thrall;
 Adore him for his love so great,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 He'll save in ev'ry trying hour,
 Therefore on Jesus call;
 H h 2 Confess

Confess his matchless love and pow'r,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 You all his gracious care shall prove,
However great or small;
His mercy from you ne'er shall move,
Then crown him Lord of all.

5 His matchless grace can ne'er be told,
It conquer'd sinful Paul;
Ye saints his precious love behold,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 His arms are open to receive
Them, who for mercy call;
His children he will never leave,
Then crown him Lord of all.

7 When he his saints to glory bring,
They at his feet will fall
In rapture, there his praise to sing,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 326. (L. M.)

Thoughts on God's Love.

1 **W**HEN meditation fix mine eyes
Above, on the bespangl'd skies;
And roving thought the scene pursue,
I'm struck with awe, and wonder too.

- 2 I stand confounded at the plan,
My thoughts recoil "*Lord what is man !*"
Who can the mystery unfold,
That God in love shou'd him behold ?
- 3 When angels fall before his face,
Not worthy there to have a place ;
Lord, what is sinful man ! that he
Should ever hope thy face to see ?
- 4 Had not thy causeless love began,
To draw the scheme of mercy's plan ;
Not one of all the fallen race,
Had e'er with pleasure seen thy face.
- 5 Lord, when I view that love of thine,
Which doth in men's redemption shine ;
My soul is fill'd with more surprise,
Than when I view'd the starry skies.
- 6 There's naught but myst'ry doth remain,
Too hard for mortals to explain ;
Nor can angelic minds above,
Unfold the myst'ry of thy love.
- 7 May I with humble patience stay,
Till friendly death shall me convey
From hence, to brighter worlds above,
And there I'll trace redeeming love.

HYMN 327. (5, 6, 12.)

Redemption.

1 **H**OW happy are we,
 Whom the Saviour do see,
 And are made by his suff'rings eternally
 free ;
 Our sins are all drown'd,
 And no more can be found,
 And with Jesus at last, we above shall be
 crown'd.

2 With joy we can say,
 All our debts he did pay,
 For our sins on the Saviour, the Father
 did lay :
 He bow'd his dear head,
 When he dy'd in our stead,
 And he rose then triumphant again from
 the dead.

3 All thanks to the Son,
 For the work he has done,
 And the battle the Saviour for ever has
 won :
 He fought for his bride,
 He for her liv'd and dy'd,
 And for ever above, she shall dwell by
 his side.

4 Where

- 4 Where she'll sit and tell;
How he sav'd her from Hell;
And did bring her above, with himself
there to dwell;
Where sorrow will cease,
And her joy will increase,
From the sweet recollection of Jesus's
grace.

HYMN 328. (L.M.)

Christ treading the Wine-Press.

- 1 **W**HO'S this that comes from
Edom's land,
With glorious garments dy'd with
blood;
Majestic pace and mighty hand,
Whose voice is like the voice of God?
2 'Tis I, who save in righteousness,
Thus answer'd he who worlds did make,
Then why so stained in thy dress,
Like one who treadeth Esau's grape?
3 The wine-press of God's wrath I hode,
When in love's jealousy I rose;
The token of victorious blood,
Behold! the sign of vanquish'd foes.

4 When

- 4 When for my dearest spouse I fought,
And heavy vengeance on me lay;
In vain for help of man I sought,
My arm alone did win the day.
- 5 Now in the church his praise I'll sing,
His loving-kindness I'll make known;
On Zion's hill he fits as king,
And there his love to her is shown.
- 6 She knows her Lord because she's known,
And therefore doth his name confess;
He calls her his, and she doth own,
Jesus her Lord and righteousness.

HYMN 329. (L. M.)

Redemption.

- 1 **H**OW grand the plan of sov'reign
grace;
Which is display'd in Jesu's face!
Where the great goodness of our God,
Shines thro' our dear Immanuel's blood.
- 2 How glor'ous is that righteousness,
For Jesu's spouse a wedded dress!
Wrought out by him in toil and grief,
The ground of hope and sure relief.

3 How dreadful was that fiery wrath,
Which flaming burnt in Jesu's death !
When God in justice was made known,
Condemning sin in his own Son !

4 Place here thy confidence my soul,
In life, and when death's billows roll ;
No other passport seek but this,
To gain the port of heav'nly bliss.

HYMN 330. (5, 6, 12.)

God's Love to his People.

WITH joy we approve,
That unspeakable love,
Which brought the Redeemer, with peace
from above :

'Tis bount'ous and free,
And for ever will be,
Or it never could save such a rebel as me :

2 Its streams here below,
From the fountain will flow,
And bring all the redeemed, the Saviour
to know :

That they may rejoice,
At the sound of his voice,
And obey the Redeemer, thenceforward
by choice.

- 3 The objects of love,
By exper'ence shall prove,
The unchangeable nature of Jesus's love:
It ever will last,
And hold them all fast
While below, and will raise them to glory
at last.
- 4 Where they'll sit and sing,
Of that love which did bring
Them thro' every danger to Jesus their
king:
Nor will they remove,
From those mansions above,
But for ever will bask in the ocean of love.

HYMN 331. (6, 6, 8.)

Christ's little Flock encouraged.

- 1 **F**EAR not ye little flock,
Ye stand upon a rock,
Altho' your strength appears but small;
You have no cause to fear,
Since you are placed there,
The Saviour will support you all.
- 2 A sure foundation he,
And that you all shall see;
Altho' you often fear and doubt;

You

You to the end shall stand,
He'll surely you defend,
His love will never cast you out.

3 A kingdom he does give,
And with him you shall live,
When all your work below is done;
Then safely you shall go,
In spite of ev'ry foe,
'Till you below your race have run.

4 Then cast on him your care,
In every trouble here,
He'll give you strength and clear
your way;
And all the *little flock*,
Who stand upon the rock,
Shall rise from Earth to endless day.

HYMN 332. (L. M.)

Hypocrisy discovered by Persecution.

1 **T**HE *hypocrite* when all is well,
In forwardness he doth excel;
But when he thinks there's danger nigh,
Away the *hypocrite* will fly.

2 As caterpillars by the frost
Are nipp'd, they fall, their strength is lost;

So

So hypocrites in danger's hour,
Loose all their boasted strength and pow'r.

3 They turn about like changing wind,
In hopes the strongest side to find;
Error and truth with them are one,
If they can only danger shun.

4 The man whose heart is strong in grace,
Will not be led such foolish chase;
He makes the truth his stated rule,
Tho' all the world may call him fool.

5 Lord give us hearts and lips sincere,
Well-grounded in thy love and fear;
Protect us by thy mighty pow'r,
Then we shall stand the trying hour.

6 Tho' Satan may our peace assail,
Against us, he shall not prevail;
Guarded by thee, we safe shall stand
As in the hollow of thine hand.

HYMN 333. (S. M.)

Reflections on God's Mercy.

I'LL look unto the hill,
Whereon my dearest Lord,
His faithful promise did fulfil,
And shed his love abroad.

2 Which

2 Within this heart of mine,
Which wretched was and cold;
His presence there did on me shine,
I did his love behold.

3 The much remember'd spot,
Where first he shew'd his love;
By me, will never be forgot
While here, nor when above.

HYMN 334. (L. M.)

Praise for Redemption.

1 **P**RAISE your Redeemer, praise his
name,

Ye saints, who live upon his grace;
Praise him whose love remains the same
Thro' ev'ry change of time and place.

2 Praise him who opens mercy's door,
To welcome ev'ry seeking soul;
Who gives salvation to the poor,
And makes the wounded conscience
whole.

3 Praise him who came from Heav'n to
bring
Glad tidings of salvation down;
Praise him, for you have cause to sing,
Who hope for an immortal crown.

I i

4 Praise

- 4 Praise him who lov'd you when you lay
In bondage, under Satan's pow'r ;
Who dy'd, your ransom price to pay,
And spoil'd your foes in that same hour.
- 5 Praise him who lov'd you on the cross,
Praise him who loves you on his throne,
Praise him who turns to gain your loss,
And makes your crosses prove your crown.
- 6 Praise him who lov'd you long before
The wheels of time began to move ;
Whose love, when time shall be no more,
Will still be everlasting love.

HYMN 335. (8, 8, 6.)

Christ's Compassion on the Disciples.

- 1 **A** Multitude with wonder drawn,
Had follow'd Jesus up and down,
And now began to faint ;
The watchful Saviour quickly spies
Their weary limbs and languid eyes,
And gracious pity lent.
- 2 Here note the time that Jesus will
Exert his mercy, love and skill,
To ease a burden'd soul ;

When

When thou art sick and weary quite,
And sinking underneath a weight,
He comes to make thee whole.

3 His pow'r is then divinely shown,
His mercy is completely known,
His love exceeding sweet ;
The ravish'd soul adores the grace,
And sees it shine in Jesu's face,
And sinks beneath his feet.

4 Instruct me, Lord, in all distress,
In weakness, darkness, heaviness,
To cast my soul on thee ;
Or if it fainteth under fear,
May Jesus bring his mercy near,
And set my spirit free.

HYMN 336. (L. M.)

Christ the Believer's All.

I N Christ my treasure's all contain'd ;
By him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
From him I all things do receive,
Through him my soul does daily live,
With him I daily love to walk,
Of him my soul delights to talk ;
On him I cast my ev'ry care ;
Like him one day I shall appear.

- 3 Bless him, my soul, from day to day,
Trust him to bring thee on thy way :
Give him thy poor weak sinful heart ;
With him, O never, never part.
- 4 Take him for strength and righteousness,
Make him thy refuge in distress ;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in every thing employ.
- 5 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs ;
To him who does your Heav'n prepare,
And him you'll praise for ever there.

HYMN 337. (C. M.)

Ephraim repenting.

- 1 **M**Y God, 'till I receiv'd thy stroke,
How like a beast was I !
So unaccustom'd to the yoke,
So backward to comply.
- 2 With grief my just reproach I bear,
Shame fills me at the thought ;
How frequent my rebellions were,
What wickedness I wrought.
- 3 Thy merciful restraint I scorn'd,
And left the pleasant road ;

- Yet turn me, and I shall be turn'd,
Thou art the Lord my God.
- 4 Is Ephr'im banish'd from my thoughts,
Or vile in my esteem?
- No, faith the Lord, with all his faults
I still remember him.
- 5 Is he a dear and pleasant child?
Yes, dear and pleasant still;
Tho' sin his foolish heart beguil'd,
And he withstood my will.
- 6 My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
He seeks my face again;
My pity kindles at his woe,
He shall not seek in vain.

HYMN 338. (C. M.)

God's Presence is Light in Darknest.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's bright morning-star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of Hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 339. (L. M.)

Brazen Serpent.

1 **B**EHOLD the Lord did serpents send,
 When Isr'el did him much offend;
 The people soon began to die,
 But Moses to his God did cry.

2 This intercessor pleads with God,
 To take away his scourging rod;
 A remedy he did provide,
 Or all the camp had surely dy'd.

3 He order'd Moses then to make,
 A brazen serpent and it take;

And

And in the camp erect it high,
And those who look'd were not to die.

- 4 This remedy the Lord did send,
Altho' his people did offend;
And ev'ry bitten Isr'elite
That look'd, was cured of the bite.
- 5 Under the law was Jesus made,
And on the cross he bow'd his head;
He's raised on the gospel-pole,
And those who look, are all made whole.
- 6 As Moses' serpent made of brass,
Was lifted up, it came to pass;
Christ on the cross was lifted high,
That those who look might never die.

HYMN 340. (L. M.)

On the Use of Means.

- 1 **T**HAT man who says he trusts the
Lord,
And slights the means he does afford,
Is like a man who vainly prays,
To run the race meanwhile he lays.
- 2 How can he think to gain his ends,
Unless he'll use the lawful means;
When Jesus open'd the blind eyes,
We find, he did not means despise.

- 3 As well the husbandman might say,
God promis'd me a harvest day;
Since I this gracious promise know,
I'll neither till the ground nor sow.
- 4 Deluded man thy seed go sow,
And trust in God to make it grow,
Thy God to thee did give the means
To use, to bring about his ends.
- 5 Thy vain presumption lay aside,
And use the means God does provide;
Then trust to thy Redeemer's skill,
To bring about his righteous will.
- 6 Tho' God is not confin'd to means,
To bring about his gracious ends;
Yet he does means for us provide
To use, and then in him confide.

HYMN 341. (L. M.)

Opening a New Place of Worship.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God,
On Earth establish his abode?
And will he from his rad'ant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,

Which

Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace,
That no tumult'ous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

4 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 342. (L. M.)

Bread of Life.

1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heav'nly
bread;

They chuse the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

2 Jesus,

- 2 Jesus, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed;
In thee alone thy children find,
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 3 Without this bread, I starve and' die;
No other can my need supply;
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in ev'ry place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;
This living food descends from Heav'n,
As manna to the Jews was giv'n.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives,
What strength, what nourishment it gives,
O let me evermore be fed,
With this divine celestial bread!

HYMN 343. (6, 6, 8.)

Mary's Choice.

- 1 **M**ARY with anxious heart,
Did chuse the better part,
To sit at the Redeemer's feet;
To hear what he should say,
Nor would she go away,
She found the words of Jesus sweet.

2 Mary

- 2 Mary this choice did make,
But Jesus first did speak,
And touch'd her heart by sov'reign
grace,
Or Mary's stony heart,
Would ne'er have chose this part,
Nor ever fought the Saviour's face.
- 3 Christ first to her did move,
And then she fought his love,
And long'd to hear his gracious voice,
Without the Saviours grace,
She ne'er had found this place,
Nor ever made this happy choice.
- 4 May Jesus on me shine,
And Mary's choice be mine,
To sit at the Redeemer's feet;
To hear his precious voice,
And in his love rejoice,
Till I with him in glory meet.

HYMN 344. (C. M.)

Christ all, in all.

1 **H**EAR, gracious God, a sinner cry,
And in thy mercy grant,
Salvation-blessings from on high,
For *Christ is all I want.*

2 Lord

- 2 Lord—like the prodigal I'm poor,
And destitute and faint,
Yet asking mercy at thy door,
For Christ is all I want.
- 3 Tho' words can never tell my case,
Nor all my sorrows paint,
This I can say before thy face,
That Christ is all I want.
- 4 Tho' Earth and Hell my way oppose,
Still after him I pant,
And say amidst my raging foes,
That Christ is all I want.
- 5 Here at thy throne of grace, O Lord,
I leave my soul's complaint;
Remember and fulfil thy word,
For Christ is all I want.

HYMN 345. (L. M.)

Praise to Christ for conquering Death.

- 1 **D**EATH has no sting to pierce the
soul,
That now by faith to Jesus flies;
He can the pow'rs of Hell control,
And bid the sleeping dead arise.
- 2 His own almighty arm can shake
Those gloomy vaults and mansions
down,

At

At which the sons of Adam quake,
And raise their tenants to a crown.

3 Then fear not death, but fear the Lord,
And look to him for victory;
For those who tremble at his word
Shall his immortal glory see.

4 His promise is for ever sure,
And he hath said that death shall die;
His word for ever must endure;
His word, that fills eternity.

5 Rejoice, ye saints that fear his name,
Rejoice in his eternal might!
For he has put your foes to shame,
To shame and everlasting flight.

6 Rejoice in him, for he will come,
In all the beauty of his love,
And take his church, from conflict, home
To everlasting joys above.

HYMN 346. (C. M.)

For the Ordination of a Minister.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

K k

2 Tis

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The Pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly blifs forego ;
For souls, which must for ever live
In happiness or woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 347. (L. M.)

Nativity of Christ.

- 1 **A**S Shepherds watch'd their fleecy care
An heav'nly angel did appear ;
Shepherds attend, to you I bring,
Glad tidings of a new-born king.

CHORUS.

- Loud hofannas send on high,
Raise your voices to the sky ;
Hymns of praise for ever sing,
To this new-born heav'nly king.
- 2 In Bethl'em town this blessed morn,
The Saviour of mankind is born ;

- Born of a spotless virgin pure,
Free from all sin, from guilt secure.
- 3 Arise, your tender care forsake,
With hasty steps your journey take;
To David's city, there you'll find,
The great Redeemer of mankind.
- 4 In swaddling clothes the babe behold,
No costly garb his limbs infold;
Laid in a manger there you'll see,
The pattern of humility.
- 5 To save us from eternal death,
The great Messiah came on Earth;
Then let us with united voice
In hallelujahs all rejoice.

HYMN 348. (L. M.)

A Prayer for Enemies.

- 1 **L**ORD I have trusted in thy name,
O let me not be put to shame;
Let not the wicked have to say,
His God is from him fled away.
- 2 But let them know, thy gracious hand
Is lifted up, me to defend;
And may they all be brought to see,
'Tis well with him who trusts in thee.

R R 2

3 May

- 3 May those who scorn a Saviour's name,
 Reflect upon their ways with shame ;
 And flee to thee before that day,
 When death shall hurry them away.

HYMN 349. (6, 6, 8.)

New Year.

- 1 **A**NOTHER year is past,
 With thousands 'tis their last,
 They've done with all things here be-
 low ;
 Another year is come,
 'Twill be the last with some,
 With whom the Lord alone doth know.
- 2 He's blest'd and only he,
 Who did salvation see,
 Before he clos'd his mortal eyes ;
 Without this blessed sight,
 He clos'd his eyes in night,
 In darkness he for ever lies.
- 3 Lord may this year abound,
 With joyful gospel-sound,
 May thousands hear thy voice and
 live ;
 Let the glad tidings fly,
 And bring the distant nigh,
 That they the praise to thee may give.
- 4 May

- 4 May we in love abound,
And in thy ways be found,
There waiting till our Lord shall come,
May we indulge the thought,
That time with us is short,
That quickly we shall reach our home.

HYMN 350. (C. M. D.)

Praise to the Trinity.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ye favor'd saints,
For you have cause to sing;
Forget your sorrows and complaints,
And here your tribute bring.
'Tis he that rais'd your souls above,
Your wretched fallen state;
The fruit of his unchanging love,
Which bears eternal date.
- 2 Praise him whose arm has been reveal'd;
To bring you back to God;
Nor let his mercies be conceal'd,
Who bought you with his blood.
Praise him each saint in highest strains,
Who hung upon the tree,
For tho' he now in glory reigns,
He still remembers thee.

K k 3 Let

- 3 Let praise as daily incense rise,
 And from your hearts ascend,
 To him who reigns above the skies,
 And loves you to the end;
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The love of each we see;
 Nor can we tell which loves the most;
 They all in *one* agree.

HYMN 351. (S. M.)

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
 And left the fold of God;
 Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
 But all the downward road:
 2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wand'rings laid,
 And did at once his vengeance pour
 Upon the shepherd's head!
 3 How glor'ous was the grace,
 When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
 His life and blood the shepherd pays
 A ransom for the flock.
 4 His honor and his breath
 Were taken both away;

Join'd

- Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompense his pain.
- 6 I'll give him, faith the Lord,
A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long.

HYMN 352. (L. M.)

God's People in the Furnace.

- 1 **G**OD will avenge his own elect,
Who do their pray'rs to him direct,
From them he'll never turn away,
Who cry unto him night and day.
- 2 With pray'r they to their Father go,
And tell him all their grief and woe;
He acts the tender Father's part,
And heals the painful broken heart.
- 3 He sheds abroad his love therein,
And heals the wounds there made by sin.
He lends an ear to the complaints,
Of all his broken-hearted saints.

4 When

- 4 When troubles come and griefs oppress,
They to their Father have access,
They thro' the furnace all must come,
It stands within their passage home.
- 5 But the refiner fits thereby,
The precious gold to purify;
And see that it sustains no loss,
Except its worthless tin and dross.
- 6 While they within the furnace lay,
They cry unto him night and day;
But when he brings them thro' the flame,
They'll praise their great Refiner's name.

HYMN 353. (C. M.)

Praise to Christ.

- 1 **L**ET us the sheep by Jesus nam'd,
Our shepherd's mercy bless;
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.
- 2 Not unto us, but thee alone
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But perfected in Heav'n.
- 3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing;

To

To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

- 4 Had we our tongues like their's inspir'd
Our songs like their's should rise;
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love that sacrifice.
- 5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

HYMN 354. (C. M.)

On Christ's Love.

- 1 **T**HE name of Jesus sounds most sweet
To those who know his voice;
The pleasing theme they oft repeat,
Which makes their hearts rejoice.
- 2 They think with pleasure on that love,
Which they are brought to know
It brought the Saviour from above,
And caus'd his blood to flow.
- 3 That love which bound the Saviour's
heart,
To yield for them his breath;

And

And caus'd him for their sins to smart,
To save their souls from death.

4. That love, that nail'd him to the tree,
And caus'd him there to bleed;
That they might his salvation see,
And from their sins be freed.

- 5 This love shall be our joyful song,
While here below we stay;
And it shall dwell upon each tongue,
To everlasting day.

HYMN 355. (6. 6. 8.)

The Church a Garden.

- 1 **T**HE church a garden is,
Which Jesus claims for his,
He purchas'd it, his thence his right;
And now he ofds found,
Within his garden round,
To visit there, he takes delight.
- 2 He marks it for his own,
To it his care is shewn,
In watching it both night and day;
He does inclose the ground,
And fence it all around,
To keep out savage beasts of prey.
- 3 The

- 3 The plants he fixes there,
He makes his special care,
That they may grow and take deep root,
He waters all the plants,
And ev'ry good he grants,
That to his praise they may bear fruit,
- 4 In it he often feeds,
And gathers out the weeds,
He feasts upon each spicy bed;
He does his kindness show,
Which makes the spices flow,
And all the chosen lilies glad.
- 5 Here he does often come,
And takes his lilies home,
By death he moves them from the rest,
When they are fully blown,
He comes and takes his own,
And bids them welcome to his breast.

HYMN 356. (L. M.)

Praise to Christ.

1. **J**ESUS to thee all praise belongs,
Accept the tribute of our songs;
Thine hand alone our souls did save,
Therefore our praises thou shalt have.

2 We'll

- 2 We'll spend for thee our fleeting breath,
Who rais'd our souls from nature's death,
And gave us wills thyself to serve,
The praise of all thou dost deserve.

HYMN 357. (L. M.)

Man's Inability.

- 1 **D**RY bones and dead we all remain,
Till Jesus bids us live again;
Nor can we rise till that glad hour,
When Jesus speaks with sov'reign pow'r.
- 2 Till he cries "Lazarus come forth,"
And gives the will and power both;
And breathes the life of grace within,
Which raises from the death of sin.
- 3 How can the man within the grave,
Put forth his hand himself to save?
He cannot raise from earth his head,
Because his body there is dead.
- 4 Not more unable he to raise
Himself, then men to love the ways
Of Christ, the only way to Heav'n,
Till grace from him to them be giv'n.
- 5 Jesus to thee belongs the praise,
Who did us from our darkness raise;

By

By thy almighty, quick'ning grace,
And chang'd our wills to seek thy face.

- 6 Since none but Jesus could us save,
There's none but him the praise shall have,
We scorn to wear the Saviour's crown,
Low at his feet we'll cast it down.

HYMN 358. (8, 7, 11.)

For the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **O**'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul be still and gaze,
See the glor'ous gospel flying,
To proclaim the Saviour's grace;
Blessed jub'lee, &c.
Let the glor'ous morning dawn.

- 2 Let the indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see,
That divine and glor'ous conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel &c.
Word resound from pole to pole.

- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glor'ous light,
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption, &c.
By the Saviour win the day.

- 4 May the glor'ous day approaching,
From egyptian darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel,
Chase the gloom before the morn;
Thro' the borders, &c.
Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
May thy sceptre, &c.
Sway th' enlighten'd world around.

HYMN 359. (L. M.)

The Scape-Goat.

- 1 **T**HE types and shadows fled away,
At the approach of gospel day;
No farther use when Jesus dy'd,
From thence they all were laid aside.
- 2 They pointed to the Lamb of God,
Who was to come and shed his blood;
And bear his people's sins away,
The Father did upon him lay.
- 3 Two goats we read did Aaron take,
A sacrifice for sin to make;

These

These goats, the living, and the dead,
Present to us the church's head.

4 That which was number'd with the dead,
Shews Christ a sacrifice was made;
That which was never heard of more,
Points out to us the cancel'd score.

5 He all his people's sins did take,
And did atonement for them make;
The sins that did upon him lay,
Will ne'er be found thro' endless day.

HYMN 360. (L. M.)

The Comforter and Advocate.

1 **W**HEN some sweet promise warms
our heart,
And cheers us under heavy care,
It is the spirit's gracious part
To take that word and fix it there.

2 'Twas he that turn'd our hearts away
From love of sin and hateful strife;
His all-creating beams display
The dawn of everlasting life.

3 'Tis he that brings us comfort down
When we complain and mourn for sin,

L 1 2

And

And, while he shews our heav'nly crown
Assures us sin no more shall reign.

4 Our great High Priest before the throne
Presents the virtue of his blood;
For our acceptance pleads his own,
And proves our cause completely
good.

5 When pray'r, or praise attempt to rise,
And fain would reach Jehovah's ear
His all prevailing sacrifice
Perfumes and makes it welcome there

HYMN 361. (L. M. D.)

The Heavens declare God's Glory.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ether'al sky,
And spangl'd Heav'ns (a shining frame)
Their great original proclaim;
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

While

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrest'ral ball?
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amid their rad'ant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glor'ous voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that form'd us is divine.

HYMN 362. (L. M.)

The Saint's desire to depart.

WHEN shall my longing soul ascend,
To Christ my everlasting friend?
When shall I quit this house of clay,
And triumph in immortal day?

In darkness here I often mourn,
As one forsaken and forlorn;
When shall I see those blissful plains,
Where perfect light for ever reigns?

A thousand snares beset my way,
To draw my wav'ring soul astray;

But there the saints from danger free,
Abide in perfect purity.

- 4 A stranger in this world I roam,
Far from my everlasting home ;
I long to reach the blest abode,
Of my Redeemer and my God..
- 5 Here wond'rous things attract mine eye,
Both in the Earth and arched sky ;
But brighter beauties shine above,
Where all is harmony and love.
- 6 Some glimpses of my Saviour's face,
I see within his courts of grace ;
I bless his name, yet fain would be
Above where saints his glories see.

HYMN 363. (S. M.)

God, his People's Refuge.

- 1 **T**HE Lord a refuge is,
To all who in him trust ;
He knows right well those who are his,
Nor shall their hope be lost.
- 2 He is engag'd to save,
The weakest of his saints ;
Them he will never, never leave,
Nor turn from their complaints.

3 Ther

- 3 Then cast on him your care,
In ev'ry time of need ;
And you will find him always near;
A loving friend indeed.

HYMN 364. (6, 8.)

Joseph and his Brethren...

- 1 **G**OD's purposes must stand,
In spite of sinful man,
He will his cause defend,
And bring about his plan,
See Jacob's sons in jealous frames,
Despise young *Joseph* and his dreams.
- 2 His dreams he did relate,
But they did him despise,
They fear'd it was his fate,
Above themselves to rise ;
The means they us'd it to prevent,
Did bring about the Lord's intent.
- 3 Their brother they did sell,
Into a foreign land,
But God did with him dwell,
And kept him in his hand ;
Above them all he there did rise,
Which afterwards did them surprise.
- 4 Thus.

- 4 Thus God can counteract,
 The evil deeds of man,
 To serve his own elect,
 And bring about his plan ;
Joseph from home, their malice drives,
 But God thereby preserves their lives.
- 5 Thus the rebellious Jews,
 Their rage to gratify,
 The Saviour did abuse,
 And him did crucify ;
 But brought about God's gracious plan,
 To save rebellious wretched man.

HYMN 365. (5, 6, 11.)

The Joy of Faith.

- 1 **H**OW happy are we,
 Our election who see,
 And can venture our souls on thy graci-
 ous decree !
 In Jesus approv'd ;
 From eternity lov'd ;
 And held in his hand, whence we can-
 not be mov'd.
- 2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On the bosom divine,
 And exper'nce the comforts pecul'ar to
 thine ;

While

While born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
We with singing and triumph to Zion
remove.

3 Our seeking thy face
Was the fruit of thy grace;
Thy goodness deserves, and shall have all
the praise;
No sinner can be
Beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty and
free.

4 Effect'ally drawn,
We came to thy Son;
And thou'lt perfect the work, for the
work was thy own;
Thy breath from above,
The spark shall improve;
No floods can extinguish our dawning
of love.

HYMN 366. (L. M.)

God's Care of his People.

1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong,
He shows himself both wise and
strong;

To

The Lord my son, the father cry'd,
Will for himself a ram provide,
Then he an altar rear'd.

- 4 Down on the same, was Isaac laid,
We find he no resistance made,
But like the antitype;
Suffer'd himself for to be bound,
Sure this wou'd Abram's heart confound,
But lo! he takes the knife.

- 5 God cries aloud, Abram forbear,
Now, now, I know thy love's sincere,
Look round a ram thou'lt spy;
Ah! who wou'd not serve Abram's God,
Who tho' he often shows the rod,
Yet waves the trial by.

HYMN 368. (S. M.)

Redemption.

- 1 **Z**ION with joy repeat,
The wonders of your God;
His precious love to you relate,
Who bought you with his blood,
2 He paid your mighty debt,
His love to you was shown,
He has your souls at freedom set,
And claim'd you for his own.

3 Then

- 3 Then give to him his right,
And let him have you ALL;
Who did your dreadful battle fight,
And save you from your thrall.

HYMN 369. (L. M.)

The waiting Saint.

- 1 **M**Y God, on thee my soul would
wait,
For mercy's alms at mercy's gate;
Grant mercy, Lord, to sinful me,
Whose *expectation is from thee.*
- 2 Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
Only on thee I wait, O Lord;
On me bestow thy mercy free,
Whose *expectation is from thee.*
- 3 Tho' needy, and perplex'd I am,
My trust is only in thy name,
And while that name I make my plea,
My *expectation is from thee.*
- 4 On thee I wait, in thee I hope,
Thy promise bears my spirit up,
Nor shall my hope ashamed be,
My *expectation is from thee.*

- 5 One look, one smile, of love impart,
To comfort and revive my heart
For I have no where else to flee,
My expectation is from thee.
- 6 Nor shall I wait on thee in vain,
Thou to my soul wilt turn again,
And I shall thy salvation see,
Whose expectation is from thee.
- 7 Thus will I wait till life shall end,
On thee, my God, my father, friend,
Till promis'd glory shall appear,
And crown my expectation there.

HYMN. 370. (C. M.)

Man's Helplessness.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thine hand;
My choicest comforts came from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet let me not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were intirely thine.
- 3 What is the world or all things here?
'Tis but a bitter sweet.

M m

When

When I attempt a rose to pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

- 4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixt with gall;
Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be thou my *all in all*.

HYMN 371. (C. M.)

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought
surveys,
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy rad'ant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In Earth, and sea, and air;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms
Almighty pow'r declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;

And

And, O! let man thy praise record;
Man, thy distinguish'd care,

- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy pow'r maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 On us that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
O, may our *lips* and *lives* make known,
Thy goodness and thy praise!

HYMN 372. (L. M.)

Innocence punished.

- 1 **P**ILATE in Christ could find no fault;
No sinful action, word nor thought;
But yet to please the stubborn Jews,
He wish'd the scourging rod to use.
- 2 What should they scourge the Saviour
for,
When in him they could find no flaw?
They scourg'd him without reason why,
Their prejudice to gratify.
- 3 If they did this, in the green tree,
We need not wonder then to see;

- That they their rage and malice show,
To those who follow him below.
- 4 Those govern'd by a carnal heart,
Will always act on Satan's part;
And strive against the Lord to fight,
Altho' they know it is not right.
- 5 The Saviour was by men abus'd,
His children they the same have us'd;
The carnal mind will always be,
With *Christ* and *them* at enmity.

HYMN 373. (L. M.)

Barabbas preferred to Christ.

1. **B**EHOLD! Barabbas is releas'd,
Instead of Jesus, at the feast;
An happy circumstance for me,
That Jesus was not here set free.
- 2 If they had Christ at freedom set,
He had not paid my dreadful debt;
Barabbas Lord, was surely me,
Who was releas'd instead of thee.
- 3 Unless the Saviour had been bound,
Justice on me had ever frown'd;
If they had freed him at the feast,
I never could have been releas'd.

4 Dear

- 4 Dear Lord all praise is due to thee,
 Who did not seek to be set free;
 But chose thy people's shameful place,
 And bore their sin and black disgrace.

HYMN 374. (C. M.)

Bitter Waters.

- 1 **B**ITTER, indeed, the waters are
 Which in this desert flow;
 Though to the eye they promise fair,
 They taste of sin and woe.
- 2 Of pleasing draughts I once could dream,
 But now, awake, I find,
 That sin has poison'd ev'ry stream,
 And left a curse behind.
- 3 But there's a wonder-working wood,
 I've heard believers say;
 Which makes these *bitter* waters good,
 And takes the curse away.
- 4 The virtues of this healing tree
 Are known and priz'd by few;
 Reveal this secret, Lord, to me,
 That I may prize it too.
- 5 The Saviour on the cross who dy'd,
 And conquer'd for his saints;

Is the bless'd tree by faith apply'd,
Which sweetens all complaints.

6. Thousands have found the good effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot;
While on his sorrows they reflect,
Their own are all forgot.

7 When they, by faith, behold the cross,
Tho' many griefs they meet;
They draw a gain from ev'ry loss,
And find the bitter sweet.

HYMN 375. (L. M.)

Praise for national Peace.

1 GREAT ruler of the Earth and Skies,
A word of thy almighty breath,
Can sink the world, or bid it rise,
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage and noise and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain.

3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds
their pow'r:
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decree fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore.

HYMN 376. (L. M.)

Pardon.

1 **T**HOSE who in Jesus do believe;
Shall pardon of their sins receive;
Tho' it was seal'd above in Heav'n
Before, to them it was not giv'n.

2 By sacred writ 'tis plainly shown,
That God hath pardon'd all his own;
But in it they cannot rejoice,
Until they hear the Saviour's voice.

3 The Saviour gave his precious blood,
A sacrifice for sin to God;

There

There can no sin on those remain,
For whom the Son of God was slain.

4 If on the son my sins were laid,
The debt is then for ever paid;
When Christ propos'd his precious blood,
My pardon *then* was seal'd with God.

5 The Saviour's word the Father took,
And did from thence to Jesus look;
Who on his own appointed day
Did come, my mighty debt to pay.

6 The Father never will demand
The debt of him, and at my hand;
Therefore his people must go free
In time and thro' eternity.

HYMN 377. (S. M.)

Sovereign Grace displayed.

1 **L**ET those who know the Lord,
Rejoice in Christ their king;
With thankful hearts his love record,
Who them from death did bring.

2 Who plac'd their roving feet,
Within the narrow way,
And brought them with his saints to meet
To sing, and praise, and pray.

3 Had

- 3 Had he not fought us first,
 We ne'er had fought his face,
 But still we had remain'd the worst,
 Nor tasted of his grace.
- 4 When dead in sin we lay,
 His love to us was shown ;
 He turn'd our darkness into day,
 And claim'd us for his own.
- 5 It was a time of love,
 When Jesus passed by ;
 His bowels over us did move,
 He would not let us die.
- 6 We come dear Lord to praise
 Thee, for this bount'ous love ;
 We wish to serve thee all our days,
 And dwell with thee above.

HYMN 378. (S. M.)

A Prayer to be kept.

- 1 JESUS accept the praise,
 We now to thee would give,
 And keep us all our future days,
 That we to thee may live.
- 2 Lord, may we by thee stand,
 And never leave thy ways ;

But

But love and serve thee to the end,
Of our remaining days.

- 3 O may we watch and pray,
Till thou shalt for us send;
And take us from this house of clay,
To praise thee without end.

HYMN 379. (6, 6, 8.)

Christ returns to his Church.

- 1 **T**HE winter now is past,
And summer's come at last,
The birds for joy begin to sing;
The sun of righteousness,
Is come his saints to bless,
'Tis he alone creates their spring.
- 2 The wint'ry state is cold,
When Christ they can't behold,
But when he shews his smiling face;
They then begin to sing,
Like birds in smiling spring,
And praise him for his bount'ous grace.
- 3 As turtledoves they mourn,
When Christ their Lord is gone,
Nor will they seek another mate;

But

But when he comes again,
 They soon forget their pain,
 Their tongues with joy his love relate.

- 4 Sometimes he hides his face,
 But ne'er withdraws his grace,
 His love to them remains the same;
 They're printed on his heart,
 With them he cannot part,
 His book contains their ev'ry name.
- 5 While they remain below,
 They grief sometimes will know,
 But when they up to him remove;
 They'll have the constant fight,
 Of Christ their heart's delight,
 And evermore enjoy his love.

HYMN 380. (L. M.)

Peter's Vision.

- 1 **S**EE the first gentile convert prays,
 He fears and serves his God always;
 The Lord in mercy did attend,
 And for his help did *Peter* send.
- 2 The Lord did *Peter's* mind prepare
 To go, before he sent him there;
 He in a vision did make known,
 He had to gentiles mercy shown.

3 By

- 3 By Peter was a vessel seen,
Of creatures full, and some unclean;
There some were found of ev'ry sort,
A lesson this to Peter taught.
- 4 That Gentiles too had mercy seen,
Tho' they by Jews were call'd unclean;
Moreover God in love wou'd send
His gospel now, to ev'ry land.
- 5 That he amongst the human kind,
His children from the rest might find,
The vision to him taught thus much,
That some of all shou'd make his church.
- 6 Gentiles with Jews shall now rejoice,
At the sweet sound of Jesu's voice;
The wall between falls to the ground,
For they with Jews have mercy found.

HYMN 381. (L. M.)

A Church praying for a Pastor.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Isr'el bend thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wand'ring paths, our trackless ways,
Send

Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

3 With longing eyes, behold we wait,
In suppliant crouds at mercy's gate ;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Shall Isr'el seek thy face in vain ?

4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls and dear to thee.

5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to thy praise ;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And they the cheerful notes prolong.

HYMN 382. (L. M.)

Christ the Sinner's Friend.

1 **M**AY everlasting praise ascend,
To Christ our everlasting friend ;
Whose love on our salvation ran,
Before the world, or time began.

2 Who left with joy his native skies,
And gave himself a sacrifice ;
Who spent his life and gave his breath,
To save his *chosen* ones from death.

N n

HYMN

HYMN 383. (L. M.)

Law and Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE law is good if rightly us'd,
But by vain man is oft abus'd ;
It never was to mortals giv'n,
To qualify their souls for Heav'n.
- 2 Who ever does it disobey,
Can never bear its curse away ;
Since he cannot discharge his debt,
How can he be at freedom set ?
- 3 If in his life there is a flaw,
He's a transgressor of the law ;
And this will be its awful cry,
The man that sins shall surely die.
- 4 It worketh wrath within the soul,
But cannot make the conscience whole ;
It shews the state the man is in,
But gives no remedy for sin.
- 5 The law does no repentance know,
Nor can it any mercy show ;
It leaves him in his sinful state,
And dooms him to his awful fate.
- 6 But there's no fault within the law,
'Tis sinful man that has the flaw ;

The

The man who does not disobey,
The law can nothing to him say.

7 The law does the transgressor kill,
But Jesus did the law fulfil;
He dy'd to bear the curse away,
For those whose sins did on him lay.

HYMN 384. (C. M.)

On parting with a Minister.

BEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go:
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O may we ever live to him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.

Closer, and closer let us cleave
To his lov'd embrace:
Out of his fulness still receive,
And plentiful grace for grace.

The

N n 2

5 But

- 5 But let us look unto the day
Which shall our flesh restore :
When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more.

HYMN 385. (5, 6, 11.)

The Christian's Frames fluctuating.

- 1 **T**HE state of the soul,
By experience we find,
Cannot be determin'd by frames of the
mind;
For while we are here,
We are subject to fear,
And changes of mind till above we ap-
pear.
- 2 We oft while below,
Are molested with grief,
And sometimes distress'd without pre-
sent relief;
In this sinful state,
We oft, do what we hate,
Which causes more trouble than we can
relate.
- 3 However disturb'd,
And distressed in frame;
The state of the christian is ever the same;
From

From Jesus's love,
Nothing can him remove,
While on Earth, as he by exper'ence shall
prove.

4. Whoever by faith,
To the Saviour doth flee,
To the peace-speaking blood, he shed
on the tree;
For ever abide,
In a state justified,
Whatever distress by the way may betide.

5. The blood of the Lamb,
Has secured his peace,
And Jesus above has prepar'd him a place;
However while here,
He is subject to fear,
He shall surely with Christ in glory ap-
pear.

HYMN 386. (6, 6, 8.)

The Church clothed and defended by Christ.

1. **W**HO's this that looks like morn,
When first the sun-beams dawn?
Fair as the moon she does appear,
'Tis Jesu's purchas'd bride,
Whom sinful men deride,
Her love to Jesus is sincere.

N n 3

2. She

2 She shineth as the sun,
 For Christ and she are one,
 The spotless robe she wears is his;
 And tho' she shines so bright,
 'Tis all by borrow'd light,
 For nothing of herself she has.

3 Since Jesus with her go,
 She'll conquer ev'ry foe,
 He is her banner lifted high;
 She's like an army bold,
 With fear her foes behold,
 Before her banner they must fly.

4 The Saviour will provide,
 For ever for his bride,
 He ev'ry good to her does give;
 He paid her heavy debt,
 And her at freedom set,
 And she with him shall ever live.

HYMN 387. (L. M.)

Safety of those who trust in God.

1 **T**HAT man who makes the Lord his
 boast,
 He needs not fear the strongest host;
 His God for him will surely fight,
 And put his enemies to flight.

- 2 O happy man beyond degree,
Thy foes shall all submit to thee;
The evils they for thee did lay,
The Lord will to themselves repay.
- 3 The tongue that dares against thee rise,
In judgment, God will it despise,
He'll clothe thy enemies with shame,
Then trust for ever in his name.
- 4 None ever trusted yet in vain,
He always did their cause maintain;
In flames, or dens, he will not leave,
His hand is stretched out to save.
- 5 He always will appear for those,
Who in himself their trust repose;
They never shall confounded stand,
Their God will ever them defend.

HYMN 388. (6, 8.)

The Pilgrim.

- 1 JESU, at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to Heav'n with thee and thine.

2 What

- 2 What though the *seas* are broad,
 What though the *waves* are strong,
 What though tempestuous *winds*
 Distress me all along;
 Yet what are seas or stormy wind,
 Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend?
- 3 Christ is my *pilot* wife,
 My *compass* is his word:
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord;
 I trust his faithfulness and pow'r
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 Though *rocks* and *quicksands* deep
 Through all my passage lie;
 Yet Christ shall safely keep
 And guide me with his eye;
 How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up?
- 5 By faith I see the land,
 The hav'n of endless rest;
 My soul, thy wings expand,
 And fly to Jesu's breast!
 When shall I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where *winds* and *seas* distress no more?
- 6 Where'er *becalm'd* I lie,
 And all my storms subside;
 Then to my succour fly,

And

And keep me near thy side;
For more the treach'rous *calm* I dread,
Than *tempests* bursting o'er my head.

- 7 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow,
A prosp'rous *gale* of grace,
To waft from all below
To Heav'n my destin'd place:
Then in full *sail* my *port* I'll find,
And leave the *world* and *sin* behind.

HYMN 389. (6, 8.)

A Call to Backsliders.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING souls that sleep,
Awake and leave the dead,
No friendship with them keep,
But seek for living bread;
Arise! and from them take your flight,
And Christ the Lord will give you light.
- 2 You once enjoy'd the light
Of your Redeemer's face,
But now have lost the sight,
And left your resting place;
No longer from your Saviour stray,
But now return without delay.

3 He'll

- 3 He'll manifest his love,
 And your backslidings heal,
 You shall his mercy prove,
 And consolation feel;
 No longer lay amongst the dead,
 But flee to Christ your living head.
- 4 Ye sleepy virgins rise,
 Before the bridegroom come,
 How would it you surprise,
 To hear him call you home?
 Awake and rise your lamps to trim,
 And light them up and watch for him.
- 5 Escape from drowsy sleep,
 Your Lord may now be near,
 Your watchful station keep,
 Till Jesus shall appear;
 And ready stand to meet your Lord,
 When he by death shall give the word.

HYMN 390. (L.M.)

Free Grace.

- 1 **F**REE grace above shall be my song,
 While endless ages pass along;
 Free grace alone my soul did save,
 Free grace alone the praise shall have.

2 Free

- 2 Free grace my soul from death did bring
 Free grace has taught my heart to sing;
 Free grace to me all good hath giv'n,
 Free grace will bring my soul to Heav'n.

HYMN 391. (L. M.)

Christ the heavenly Bridegroom.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the heav'nly lover, gave
 His life my wretched soul to save;
 Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
 He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 **R**ebellious, I against him strove
 'Till melted and constrain'd by love;
 With sin and self I freely part,
 The heav'nly bridegroom wins my heart.
- 3 **M**y guilt, my wretchedness he knows,
 And takes and owns me for his spouse;
 My debts he pays, and sets me free,
 And makes his riches o'er to me.
- My filthy rags are laid aside,
 He clothes me as becomes his bride;
 Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
 The robe of perfect righteousness.
- Lost in astonishment! I see,
 Jesus, thy boundless love to me;
 With

With angels I thy grace adore,
And long to love and praise thee more.

- 6 Since thou hast took me for thy bride,
O keep me, Saviour, near thy side;
I fain would give thee all my heart,
Nor ever from my Lord depart.

HYMN 392. (6. 8.)

The three Children in the Furnace.

- 1 **T**HREE heroes in the flame,
Did there their God confess,
They trusted in his name,
He sav'd them in distress;
The burning flames could not devour,
For God display'd his sov'reign pow'r.
- 2 The flames were raging hot,
They to their God did cry,
Who never them forgot,
For he was always nigh;
He in the furnace did appear,
His hand preserv'd his servants there.
- 3 With flames his saints oft meet,
Within their rugged ways,
To flesh they are not sweet,
But God his love displays;

His

His hand can quench the hottest flame,
Or save his children in the same.

- 4 Tho' they the furnace prove,
They shall sustain no loss,
He'll exercise his love,
And purge them from their dross ;
Whoever trust in Jesu's name,
They need not fear the hottest flame.

HYMN 393. (6, 8.)

Final Perseverance.

- 1 **T**HE saints do often fail,
In troubl'd waters deep,
But faith shall never fail ;
For Jesus cannot sleep ;
Like *Paul* they may be wrack'd and toss'd
But yet they never can be lost.

- 2 Tho' clouds o'erspread the sky,
They cannot see their way,
And tho' the seas are high,
They must the Lord obey ;
For he can stormy seas control,
And make a calm within the soul.

- 3 The Lord sits at the helm,
His will cannot be cross'd,

O o

Altho'

Altho' the ship o'erwhelm,
 The crew shall not be lost;
 The ship for good is tofs'd and heav'd,
 But yet the crew must all be fav'd.

- 4 Altho' the ship is broke,
 On boards they sail to land,
 He cannot one o'erlook,
 They all are in his hand;
 They safe shall land upon that shore,
 Where stormy seas shall be no more.

HYMN 394. (10, 11.)

Unchangeable Love.

- 1 IF Jesus be ours,
 We have a true friend,
 Whose goodness endures
 The same to the end:
 Our comforts may vary,
 Our frames may decline;
 We cannot miscarry,
 Our aid is divine.

- 2 Tho' God may delay
 To shew us his light,
 And heaviness may
 Endure for a night;

Yet

Yet joy, in the morning
 Shall surely abound;
 No shadow of turning
 In Jesus is found.

3 The hills may depart,
 And mountains remove;
 But faithful thou art,
 O fountain of love!
 The Father hath graven
 Our names on thy hands;
 Our building in Heav'n
 Eternally stands.

4 A moment he hid
 The light of his face;
 Yet firmly decreed
 To save us by grace;
 And tho' he reprov'd us,
 And still may reprove,
 For ever he lov'd us,
 And ever will love.

5 Then tune ev'ry string
 To Jesus's name!
 With angels we'll sing
 The song of the Lamb:
 Thee ev'ry believer
 Shall joyfully praise,
 Thou bountiful giver
 Of glory and grace.

HYMN 395. (L. M.)

Christ's Works commended.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll
raise ;
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But oh ! his love what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How sov'reign, wonderful, and free,
Has been this love to *sinful* me ;
It pluck'd me from the jaws of Hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 I many times have broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save me tho' I did rebel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies hath he made me prove ;
Mercies which do all praise excel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 Tho' oft a fiery, flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart ;

With

With this I all his rage repel ;
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath ;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

8 And when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies ;
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

HYMN 396. (L. M.)

Daniel in the Lion's Den.

1 **S**EE Daniel threaten'd by his foes,
 Because he to his God did pray ;
 He heeded not their heavy woes,
 But cry'd unto him night and day.

2 He knew his God had pow'r to save
 Him, from the hottest wrath of men ;
 He trusted he would not him leave,
 But save him in the lion's den.

3 The savage beasts could not devour
 This saint, tho' found within their den ;
 His God restrain'd their rage and pow'r,
 They shew him more respect than men.

O o 3

4 Ye

- 4 Ye saints your God can lions tame,
 Or save you from their haughty pow'r;
 He loves his children still the same,
 Then trust him in the trying hour.
- 5 When enemies beset your way,
 And strive to hurt you all they can;
 When they to lions you betray,
 Your God will save you in the den.

HYMN 397. (S. M.)

Wrestling Jacob.

- 1 JACOB in greatest need,
 Unto his God did pray;
 He wrestled till he did succeed,
 Until the break of day.
- 2 His faith was strong and bold,
 His courage did not fail,
 The Lord did Jacob's hands uphold,
 Therefore he did prevail.
- 3 All ye that feel your need,
 Unto your God apply,
 You shall from all your wants be freed,
 For he is always nigh.
- 4 Ye who to Jesus pray,
 Will find his love the same;

Prevailing

Prevailing Isr'el he will say,
From hence shall be thy name.

- 5 The day with you shall break,
And darkness from you flee,
You shall of Jesu's love partake,
And from your fears be free.

HYMN 398. (L. M.)

New Year.

- 1 **T**HY mercies Lord demand our praise,
Thou hast preserv'd us all our days,
In dangers seen and those unknown,
Thy care towards us hath been shown.
- 2 'Tis owing to thy gracious care,
That we behold another year,
May we in life express the same,
And glorify our Father's name.
- 3 Thy saints thou hast with grace supply'd,
And all that's needful here beside;
May we this year more thankful be,
And spend our strength and time for thee.
- 4 But should our race be finish'd here,
Before we end the *present* year;
May we thy great salvation see,
And leave this world to dwell with thee.

HYMN

HYMN 399. (C. M.)

The Widow's Oil and Meal.

- 1 **B**Y the poor widow's *oil and meal*,
Elijah was sustain'd ;
Tho' small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.
 - 2 It seem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die ;
But still, tho' in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.
 - 3 Thus to his poor, he still will give
Just for the present hour ;
But for to-morrow, they must live
Upon his word and pow'r.
 - 4 No barn, or storehouse they possess
On which they can depend ;
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.
 - 5 Then let not doubts your mind assail,
Remember God has said,
The *cruise and barrel* shall not fail,
My people shall be fed.
 - 6 And thus tho' faint, it often seems
He keeps their grace alive ;
- Supply'd

Supply'd by his refreshing streams,
Their drooping hopes revive.

- 7 Tho' in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but *ask* and *have*.

HYMN 400. (L. M.)

On laying the Foundation Stone of a Chapel.

- 1 **W**ITH humble faith and fervent
zeal,
We would address thy throne, O God,
O may our breathings reach thine hill,
The city of thy blest abode.
- 2 Oft hast thou, Lord, been pleas'd to bow
Thine ear, and listen to our cry;
Encourag'd thus we now presume,
O let us feel thy presence nigh.
- 3 We come not Lord, to plead our works,
Or boast of strength we call our own,
But we would plead thy promis'd aid,
Flowing thro' Christ, thy blessed Son.
- 4 We ask not, Lord, this world's vain
wealth,
We ask not riches, honor, fame;
But

But this we ask, (deny it not)
To build an *house* to thy great name.

5 We trust thy power, and not our own,
The superstructure for to raise;
May love divine our efforts crown,
And thy blest name have all the praise.

6 And while we're privileg'd to rear
A place in which t^e approach thy
throne,

O may we know our souls are built
On Christ, the true *foundation stone*.

HYMN 401. (L. M.)

God's over-ruling Power.

1 **T**HERE is a God who rules on high,
And he doth nothing without why,
He rules the sea and solid land,
And all therein with his own hand.

2 He makes the wicked serve his turn,
Tho' they with rage and malice burn;
He over-rules their wicked ways,
To terminate in his own praise.

3 He oft their evil deeds direct,
To the welfare of his *elect*;

Tho'

Tho' they are on their *ruin* bent,
The Lord the *evil* doth prevent.

4 Your cares upon *Jehovah* lay
Ye faints, nor fear the evil day;
He will the *evil* far remove,
Or, for your good it all shall prove.

5 Sufficient strength unto your days,
You all shall have, *Jehovah* says;
Then lay your anxious cares aside,
And in his faithfulness confide.

HYMN 402. (L. M.)

Praise for national Peace.

1 **W**E give thee thanks great God of
peace,
Who dost dread *war* and *tumult* chase;
They fly at thy commanding voice,
And *peace* with all her train rejoice.

2 The *olive branch* is lifted high,
With sounds of triumph to the sky;
May *peace* at home, and *peace* abroad,
Unite in praises to our God.

3 May nation against nation rise
No more, while day adorns the skies;
But

But all agree with one accord,
To cease from *war* and serve the Lord.

- 4 O send thy *gospel* far and near,
That they the Saviour's voice may hear,
And we with joy be brought to see,
All nations join to worship thee.

HYMN 403. (L. M.)

On opening a new Place of worship.

- 1 **O**UR God we come this day to meet,
To fall and worship at thy feet ;
We beg thy presence to record,
Thy name within this house O Lord.
- 2 We set it Lord apart for thee ;
O let us now thy glory see ;
Whene'er we meet in thy great name,
May we with joy behold the same.
- 3 May Isr'el's God the hands uphold,
Of all who here his truths unfold ;
May they dismiss all fear and shame,
And preach the truth in Jesu's name.
- 4 Spirit of truth perform thy part,
And send it to each sinner's heart,
May they the truth in love receive,
And to thy praise and glory live.

5 May

- 5 May it appear in the great morn,
That thousands in this place were born,
That here their joyful souls were fed
With Christ, the soul-supporting bread.
- 6 May peace within these walls be found,
May God in mercy us surround;
Till we shall to our house remove,
Which Jesus has prepar'd above.

HYMN 404. (6, 8.)

Unchangeable Love.

1 **O** MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will
Whatever be my frame;
His loving heart is still,
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,

The work thou hast begun,
 In me a sinful worm :
 Midst all my fear, and sin, and woe,
 Thy spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace,
 At first did freely move ;
 I still shall see thy face,
 And feel that thou art love !
 My soul into thy arms I cast ;
 I trust I shall be sav'd at last.

HYMN 405. (L. M.)

Christ the Christian's Shadow.

1 **C**HRI**S**T in the word compar'd we
 see,
 Unto a fruitful shady tree ;
 Who in this wilderness is found,
 Where barren prickly trees abound.

2 His pleatant shade and fruit are prov'd,
 By those whom he has ever lov'd,
 By faith they to the Saviour run,
 And rest beneath what he has done.

3 Under his shadow with delight
 They sit, protected in his sight ;
 His fruit is sweet unto their taste,
 And here their weary souls find rest.

4 This

- 4 This shadow screens from flaming wrath
By blood of everlasting worth;
His righteousness without a flaw,
Screens them from Moses' broken law.
- 5 It screens them from the curse of sin,
From ev'ry evil found within;
This shadow for their use was giv'n,
To shade them all their way to Heav'n.

HYMN 406. (6, 8.)

Christ the King in his Beauty.

YE saints with joy attend,
To what your God doth say,
He'll keep you to the end;
He hates to put away;
He'll bring you to that wish'd for place,
Where you shall see your Saviour's face.

Where you the King shall see,
In all his beauty bright,
All sorrows thence will flee,
At that enraptur'd sight;
The man who suffer'd grief and pain,
You there shall see in glory reign.

Where high exalted he,
King of his church does sit,

There you shall with him be,
And all your pains forget;
His beauty none below can tell,
It does all nature far excel.

4 He wears a brilliant crown,
His saints the jewels make,
They with him shall sit down,
And of his joys partake;
His beauty shines with lustre bright,
His saints shall all behold the sight.

5 They with him there shall live,
His beauty to behold,
And constant joys receive,
By tongue not to be told;
In glory they shall all appear,
And see the King for ever there.

HYMN 407. (L. M.)

On opening a new Place of worship.

1 **W**E give thee thanks, O God of
love,
That thou hast heard us from above;
And for thy name a temple rais'd,
O may that name in it be prais'd.

2 When we herein together meet,
To fall and worship at thy feet;

May

May we thy presence then enjoy,
And never weary, never cloy.

3 May thousands who are yet unborn,
Say in the resurrection morn,
'Twas there my Lord display'd his grace,
And shew'd me there his smiling face.

4 'Twas there he comforted my soul,
And made my wounded spirit whole;
'Twas there he made my soul to say,
Christ is my *Saviour* and my way.

HYMN 408. (L. M.)

Another.

GREAT God we own thy sov'reign
hand,

In all the mercies we receive;
We sprang to life at thy command,
In thee we move, and act, and live.

Thankful this *house* we set apart,
In it thy mercies, Lord, repeat.
O may thy grace possess each heart,
While sitting humbly at thy feet.

Here may our souls be fed and taught,
By thy good spirit from above;
O may they constantly be fraught,
With holy zeal and heav'nly love.

- 4 May many souls herein be born,
The sweetness of the gospel prove;
Here may we all the church adorn,
Till we arrive at Heav'n above.

HYMN 409. (6, 4.)

Address to the Trinity.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!

Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made—
Our souls on thee be stay'd—
Lord, hear our call!

- 3 Come, thou incarnate word,
Gird on thy mighty sword—
Our pray'r attend!

Com

Come and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence—evermore!
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

HYMN 410. (L.M.)

Mary sending for Jesus.

1 **W**HEN Mary did for Jesus send,
On her sick brother to attend;
The Saviour lov'd him, yet delay'd
Two days, ere he the visit paid.

2 The

- 2 The Lord in this had gracious ends,
Tho' he hereby might grieve his friends;
Tho' Mary's faith no doubt was try'd,
Yet Christ hereby was glorify'd.
- 3 For raising Laz'rus from the dead,
Exalted him the living head;
In this did his disciples see,
A proof of his divinity.
- 4 Ye saints when ye to Jesus pray,
Be not distress'd at his delay;
It springs not from the want of love,
Which you at last will surely prove.
- 5 He's ev'ry circumstance in view,
And knows what is the best for you;
And you shall see another day,
The reason of your Lord's delay.

HYMN 411. (6, 6, 8.)

Another.

1 **W**HEN Mary once did send,
For Christ her gracious friend;
The Saviour did sometime delay;
This Mary's faith did try,
Because she knew not why
Her Lord, so long from her did stay.

2 The

2 The Lord and Saviour knew,
The work he had to do,
Which afterwards he did reveal;
Ye saints that weep and pray,
Altho' your Lord delay,
He will not long his love conceal.

3 Tho' unbelief may say,
He'll no attention pay,
Yet on his gracious word depend;
'Tis not for want of love,
And that you soon shall prove,
He will his kind assistance lend.

4 When troubles you beset,
He will not you forget,
Then on his faithfulness rely,
Since you for Jesus send,
He surely will attend
When most it does him glorify.

HYMN 412. (C.M.D.)

Christ the great Melchisedec.

1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music, like thy lovely name,
Does sound so sweet to me!

O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak!
 And in our *Priest* will we rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec!

- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay:
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favor'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Jesus be our song.

HYMN 413. (L. M.)

Exhortation to Praise.

- 1 PRAISE God ye highly favor'd
 saints,
 He lends an ear to your complaints;
 He ev'ry blessing will bestow,
 That all his children want below.
- 2 Praise him who ev'ry grace has giv'n,
 To make you meet to dwell in heav'n,
 And in his word he does declare,
 That you shall dwell for ever there.

HYMN

HYMN 414. (L. M.)

Praise to the Trinity.

PRAISE God who lov'd ere time
 began,
 And fix'd upon a gracious plan;
 To save from sin his chosen race,
 That they might rest in his embrace.

Praise God the Son who left the sky,
 And deign'd on Earth to live and die;
 To save their souls from endless pain,
 That they with him might ever reign.

Praise God the Spirit who does raise,
 Their souls from death to sing his praise;
 And gives them faith in Christ the Son,
 To rest upon what he has done.

HYMN 415. (6, 8.)

Waiting at the Throne of Grace.

WHEN Hannah, press'd with grief,
 Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r;
 She quickly found relief,
 And left her burden there:

Like

Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the *throne of grace*.

- 2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble, what a resting-place
Have they who know the *throne of grace*!
- 3 Tho' men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r;
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the *throne of grace*.
- 4 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Not one has been deny'd,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the *throne of grace*.
- 5 As fogs obscure the light,
And taint the morning air;
But soon are put to flight,
If the bright sun appear;
Thus Jesus will our troubles chase,
By shining from the *throne of grace*.

HYMN 416. (S. M.)

Christ the Preacher.

I Have declar'd thy name,
 Unto my brethren dear;
 And still I will declare the same,
 That they thy truth may hear.

That they may taste the love,
 Which thou dost bear to me;
 And each his portion in it prove,
 And thy salvation see.

For they the same are lov'd,
 As thou hast loved me;
 And never from it can be mov'd,
 Thro' all eternity.

HYMN 417. (S. M.)

Certainty of the Saint's Glory.

FATHER I will that they,
 Which thou to me hast giv'n;
 Shou'd see my face in endless day,
 And reign with me in Heav'n.

Since 'tis the Saviour's will,
 That they shou'd glory see;

He will his gracious mind fulfil,
They shall in glory be.

- 3 They shall his goodness prove,
And with him ever dwell;
And feast upon that boundless love,
Which sav'd their souls from Hell.

HYMN 418. (L. M.)

Mutual Happiness of Pastors and People.

- 1 **I**N that great day when Jesus comes
To raise his children from their tombs
He'll take them to their seats above,
To dwell with him the God of love.
- 2 These ransom'd ones shall humbly stand
In bright array, at his right hand,
With joy the faithful pastor there,
Shall meet the objects of his care.
- 3 Sweet recollection will begin,
How *grace* has sav'd their souls from sin
How *mercy* led them all the way,
To the blest realms of endless day.
- 4 Then will they to perfection know,
All they have waited for below;
Error and darkness then shall fly,
And Heav'n reveal a cloudless sky.

- 5 Then shall the saints with joy approve,
 The paths of providential love;
 And with united wonder trace,
 The methods of redeeming grace.
- 6 The *stock* will then the *shepherd* own,
 And be his joy and glorious crown;
 While mutual love and friendship reign
 And smile, thro' all the happy train.

HYMN 419. (L. M.)

Recovery from Sickness.

1 **T**HANKS to my ever gracious Lord,
 My with'ring health he has restor'd,
 May I with pleasure for him spend,
 The health and strength that he does lend.

2 Before his hand did on me lay,
 I from my God did go astray;
 But since he does my health restore,
 I hope to leave my God no more.

3 He is the same unchanging God,
 Altho' he us'd the Father's rod;
 He ever loves his own *elect*,
 Altho' he does for sin correct.

4 When they his mild commands forsake,
 He diff'rent methods then does take;

- His rod he often on them lays,
To bring them back into his ways.
- 5 His love will always means provide,
To bring his children to his side ;
Happy the man who keeps his way,
And does not from his Father stray.
- 6 I thank him for his chaf't'ning rod,
Which brought the wand'rer back to
God ;
From henceforth may I keep his ways,
And aim to spread abroad his praise.

HYMN 420. (S. M.)

Christ bidden to the Wedding.

- 1 **I**N Galilee we hear,
There was a marriage feast ;
And Christ was called to be there,
To make a wedding guest.
- 2 And the disciples, they
With Jesus did attend ;
And past that memorable day,
With him their constant friend.
- 3 Good company indeed,
Furnish'd this marriage feast ;

Bless'd

Bless'd privilege with Christ to feed,
And be with him a guest.

Where Christ vouchsafes to go,
And by his presence shine;
No want that company shall know,
For he'll increase their wine.

Their comforts shall abound,
Who banquet on his love;
And in his company are found,
And of his ways approve.

Unto the marriage rite,
The Lord did sanction give;
Which proves 'tis pleasing in his sight,
In union here to live.

May Jesus on us shine,
And give us hearts sincere;
That we in hand and heart may join,
To love and serve him here.

HYMN 421. (C. M.)

Pardon.

MY sins are many like the stars,
Or sands upon the shore;
But yet the mercies of my God,
Are infinitely more.

Q 9 3

2 Manasseh,

- 2 *Manasseh, Paul and Magdalene,*
Were pardon'd all by thee;
I read it, and believe it Lord,
For thou hast pardon'd me.
- 3 Tho' I'm a sinner vile and lost
In Adam, sunk in shame,
Thy mercy has on me bestow'd
Free grace, thro' Jesu's name.
- 4 While I a pilgrim dwell below,
O may I live to thee;
And when I'm call'd to leave this world
May I with Jesus be.

HYMN 422. (L. M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **W**ERE I possess'd of Gabr'el's
tongue,
The Saviour should be all my song;
I'd raise my notes with him and sing,
I'd strike them to the highest string.
- 2 I'd vie with all the hosts above,
In songs of everlasting love;
My song shou'd rise in heav'nly strains
And echo through the blissful plains.

- 3 But while I wear a *mortal's* tongue,
It cannot to his harp be strung ;
Yet will I sing while here I dwell,
That Jesus sav'd my soul from Hell.
- 4 And when I from this Earth remove,
With Gabr'el I shall praise and love ;
I'll sing as loud if not excel,
For he was ne'er redeem'd from Hell.
- 5 The saints have greater cause to sing,
Than those who never left the king ;
They in their bliss were fix'd above,
But do not taste redeeming love.
- 6 Then raise your notes ye saints and sing,
Till Jesus you to glory bring ;
Where he alone will be your song,
While endless ages roll along.

HYMN 423. (L. M.)

The Lord's Supper.

- 1 **T**HIS outward sign to us is giv'n,
To raise our earthly minds to
Heav'n,
To bring to mind that precious love,
Which brought the Saviour from above.
- 2 May we remember Christ the Son,
And praise him for the work he's done,

He

- He shed his precious, precious blood,
To bring us wand'ers back to God.
- 3 He has his grace and spirit giv'n,
To make us meet to dwell in Heav'n;
While we are of his church below,
May we his praises daily show.
- 4 May we no more forget his love,
Who still remembers us above;
His saints will always be his care,
And they in glory shall appear.
- 5 Where they with joy will sing above,
The praises of redeeming love;
To him who once was crucify'd,
And in his children's place has dy'd.

HYMN 424. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **W**E thank thee, bleeding Lamb of
God,
Who lov'd thy church and gave thy blood
May we by faith thy mercy see,
That we may all remember thee.
- 2 May all our actions speak thy love,
And shew our hearts are fix'd above;
May dying love our souls constrain,
To love the bleeding Lamb again.

HYMN

HYMN 425.

(6, 4.)

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high,
Let Heav'n and Earth reply,
Praise ye his name!

Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore,

Worthy the Lamb!

- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We, by faith in his blood,
Which seal'd our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad;

Worthy the Lamb!

- 3 Join all ye ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise;
And shout with heart and voice,

Worthy the Lamb!

- 4 Tho' we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name;

To

To him we'll tribute bring;
Hail him our gracious king;
And, without ceasing, sing
Worthy the Lamb!

HYMN 426. (8, 7, 11.)

Cast down, yet hoping in God

- 1 **O** My soul what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations
Vex and teaze thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee
From without, and from within;
Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from Hell and sin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho'

4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

HYMN 427. (C. M.)

Faith tried.

1 **T**RUE faith the Lord will always try,
Wherever it be found;
That it may on himself rely;
And to his praise abound.

2 Faith reasons not with flesh and blood,
But to the promise fly,
And rests upon a faithful God
Alone, who cannot lie.

3 Thus Abra'm at his God's command,
March'd up Moriah's hill;

And

- And rested on his faithful hand,
His promise to fulfil.
- 4 He promis'd him a num'rous seed,
As stars within the sky;
Yet call'd his only Son to bleed,
In his old age to die.
- 5 He rested on the promise still,
Tho' he no way could see;
He knew his God wou'd it fulfil,
Since it was his decree.
- 6 Abra'm, his only son did give,
Altho' he was not slain,
The Lord the off'ring did receive,
And gave him back again.

HYMN 428. (6, 8.)

Zaccheus climbing the Tree.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown:
But how surpris'd was he
When Jesus call'd him down!
The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;

Does

Does he my name pronounce,
 And does he know my case?
 Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
 Lord, I, with all I have, are thine.

3 Thus where the gospel's preach'd,
 And sinners come to hear,
 The hearts of some are reach'd
 Before they are aware:
 The word directly speaks to them,
 And seems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curiosity
 Oft brings them in the way,
 Only the man to see,
 And hear what he can say;
 But how the sinner starts to find
 The preacher knows his inmost mind.

5 His long-forgotten faults
 Are brought again in view,
 And all his secret thoughts
 Reveal'd in public too:
 Tho' compass'd with a crowd about,
 The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain
 And sorrow fill his heart,
 He hears a voice again,
 That bids his fears depart;
 Then like Zaccheus he is blest,
 And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

R r

HYMN

HYMN 429. (8, 8, 6.)

Salvation to the Lost.

1 **W**HEN our first head and nat'ral
root

Had tasted of forbidden fruit,
In that same day he dy'd;
Of love to God he stood bereft,
And found his only portion left
Was wretchedness and pride.

2 And surely such a tainted spring,
Polluted streams can only bring,
And so we find they are;
No love to God the children have,
No intercourse with him they crave,
Nor once about it care.

3 By nature and by trespass dead,
His own sad ruin none can read,
For death seals up his eyes;
No soul appears a sinner lost,
Till quicken'd by the Holy Ghost,
And then to Christ he flies.

4 All ye that weary are of sin,
And feel your nature all unclean,
And labour under guilt;
Who find within no dawn of hope,
To Christ your weary eyes lift up,
His blood for you was spilt.

- 5 Go, sinner, go, by sin distressed,
 And Jesus Christ will give you rest,
 And act the Saviour's part;
 He came to save the lost and poor,
 And such are welcome to his door,
 They'r grav'n on his heart.

HYMN 430. (8, 8, 6.)

Christ's Atonement.

- O** Thou, who didst thy glory leave,
 Apostate sinners to retrieve
 From nature's deadly fall,
 If thou hast bought me with a price,
 My sins against me ne'er shall rise,
 For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 And wast thou punish'd in my stead?
 Didst thou without the city bleed,
 To expiate my stains?
 On Earth my God vouchsaf'd to dwell,
 And made of infinite avail,
 The suff'rings of the man.
- 3 And wast thou for transgressors giv'n?
 And did th' incarnate king of Heav'n
 For us his foes expire?

Amaz'd, O Earth! the tidings hear!
 He bore, that we might never bear
 His Father's righteous ire.

- 4 Ye saints, the man of sorrow bless,
 The God, for your unrighteousness
 Deputed to atone:
 Praise, till with all the ransom'd throng,
 Ye sing the never-ending song,
 And see him on his throne.

HYMN 431. (L. M.)

The wandering Soul returning to Christ.

- 1 **R**ETURN my soul unto thy rest,
 The Lord has granted thy request;
 His bount'ous love he has made known,
 And prov'd to me, I am his own.
- 2 My soul! no more forsake thy rest,
 Nor wander from thy Saviour's breast;
 Nor e'er forget his bount'ous love,
 Which heal'd thy wounds when thou
 didst rove.
- 3 The Lord has set me on a rock,
 Amongst his own redeemed flock;
 And fill'd my mouth with songs of praise,
 With which I hope to spend my days.

4 My

- 4 My praises to my God I'll sing,
Because he did deliv'rance bring;
No hand but his could me relieve,
When sin and Satan did me grieve.
- 5 He sav'd me in the trying hour,
And set me free from Satan's pow'r;
Therefore I'll sing, and tell his praise,
And love, and serve him all my days.

HYMN 432. (L. M.)

On good Works.

- 1 **G**OOD works are useful in their place,
But never can procure us grace;
For no good works a man can do,
Till God his spirit does renew.
- 2 His works are good when grace is giv'n,
And glorify his Lord in Heav'n;
The principle from which they spring,
Makes them well pleasing to the king.
- 3 Morality with man has use,
But often suffers great abuse;
When put within the Saviour's place,
And trusted to, instead of grace.
- 4 'Tis useful to our fellow-men,
To do them all the good we can;

But if those actions spring from pride,
They never can the test abide.

5 Were we possess'd of golden store,
And gave it all to feed the poor ;
If we remain'd unchang'd by grace,
In Heav'n we ne'er could have a place.

6 We must the song of Zion know,
While we are tenants here below ;
Or we can never sing above,
The praise of the Redeemer's love.

HYMN 433. (8^s.)

Mourning Saints encouraged.

1 **Y**E mourning saints no more complain,

The Saviour hearkens to your voice ;
He will reveal himself again,

And you shall in his love rejoice ;
He far away the clouds will chase,
And you shall see his smiling face.

2 Tho' heaviness remains the night,

You soon shall see the smiling morn ;
Your gloomy fears will take their flight,

Soon as the Saviour's presence dawn ;
The darkness shall before him fly,
As light'ning darting from the sky.

3 Tho'

- 3 Tho' he withdraws his smiling face,
Remember thou art still his own,
He never will withdraw his grace,
From those to whom his love is shown.
The Saviour resteth in his love,
And they shall dwell with him above.

HYMN 434. (3, 8, 6.)

Christ the best Friend.

- 1 **T**HERE is a friend that sticketh fast,
And keeps his love from first to last,
And *Jesus* is his name;
An earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
But *Jesus* is the same.
- 2 He loves his people, great and small,
And grasping hard embraceth all,
Nor with a soul will part;
No tribulations which they feel,
No foes on Earth, or fiends of Hell,
Shall tear them from his heart.
- 3 His love before all time began,
And thro' all time it will remain,
And evermore endure;

Tho'

Tho' rods and frowns are sometimes
brought,
And man may change, he changeth not,
His love abideth sure.

4 The law demanded blood for blood,
And out he lets his vital flood
To pay the dreadful debt !
He toils thro' life and pants thro' death,
And cries with his expiring breath,
'Tis finish'd, and complete.

5 Let all the ransom'd of the Lord,
Exalt his love with one accord,
And hallelujah sing ;
Adore the dying friend of man,
And bless him highly as they can,
He is their God and king.

HYMN 435. (8^{3.})

Precious Gospel.

1 **T**HE gospel, O what joyful sound,
To sinners in themselves undone,
A med'cine for their ev'ry wound,
A precious balm from Christ the Son,
It heals the wounded painful heart,
And peace and joy, it doth impart.

2 That

- 2 That precious blood the Saviour spilt,
 When hanging on the fatal tree,
 Purges the conscience from all guilt,
 When they by faith that blood can see;
 It takes the fear of death away,
 And swells their hopes for endless day.
- 3 That precious spotless righteousness,
 Wrought out by Christ while here on
 Earth,
 Will be their justifying dress,
 While here below, and after death;
 Cloth'd in this robe they clear will stand,
 From ev'ry charge at God's right hand.

HYMN 436. (8, 7, 11.)

Election comfortable to Believers.

- 1 SONS we are, thro' God's election,
 Who in Jesus Christ believe:
 By eternal destination,
 Sov'reign grace we here receive:
 Lord, thy mercy
 Does both grace and glory give.
- 2 Ev'ry fallen soul by sinning,
 Merits everlasting pain;
 But thy love without beginning,
 Has restor'd thy sons again:

Countless

- Countless millions
Shall in life, through Jesus reign.
- 3 Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder !
Ask, O why such love to *me* ?
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family :
Hallelujah !
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee !
- 4 Since that love had no beginning,
And shall never, never cease ;
Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning !
Guide me in the way of peace !
Make me walk in
All the paths of holiness.
- 5 When I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee ;
Let the pow'r of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me :
Thro' thy spirit,
Give the final victory !
- 6 When the angel sounds the trumpet,
When my soul and body join ;
When my Saviour comes to judgment,
Bright in Majesty divine ;
Let me triumph
In thy righteousness as mine.

7 When

- 7 When in that blest habitation,
Which my God has foreordain'd;
When in glory's full possession,
I with saints and angels stand;
Free grace only
Shall resound thro' Canaan's land.

HYMN 437. (L. M.)

Necessity of Christ's Righteousness.

- 1 NO righteousness in man we find,
That can suffice a quicken'd mind;
His soul will never peace possess,
Till he enjoys a better dress.
- 2 While he expects to find within,
His fallen nature free from sin;
His mind remains with fears distress'd,
In search of something unpossess'd.
- 3 He'll always fear a broken law,
While his perfection has a flaw;
Without a spotless righteousness,
There's nothing can complete his bliss.
- 4 That man is bless'd, and only he,
Who is from condemnation free;
Cloth'd in the Saviour's righteousness,
The law is satisfy'd in this.

5 The

- 5 The soul by faith in this may boast,
And bid stern justice claim its most;
For that receiv'd its full demand,
At the Almighty surety's hand.
- 6 From law and justice he is free
In time, and evermore will be;
No other plea he wants but this,
Jesus the Lord, his *righteousness*.

HYMN 438. (S. M.)

Christian Assurance.

- 1 **Y**OUR life with Christ is hid,
And when he shall appear;
Of ev'ry foe you shall be rid,
For you'll be with him there.
- 2 You shall in glory sit,
And count your mercies o'er;
Your troubles you shall all forget,
And think of them no more.
- 3 In that blest world above,
You'll find a sweet employ;
To feast upon that precious love,
Which yieldeth constant joy.

HYMN

HYMN 439. (C. M. D.)

God praised by Universal Nature.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y'immortal
choir,

That fill the realms above :

Praise him who form'd you of his fire,

And feeds you with his love ;

Shine to his praise ye chrystal skies,

The floor of his abode,

Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,

Before your brighter God.

2 Thou restless globe of golden light,

Whose beams create our days,

Join with the silver queen of night,

To own your borrow'd rays :

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,

Thro' all th' ether'al blue ;

For when his char'ot is a cloud,

He makes his wheels of your.

3 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,

In your eternal roar :

Let wave to wave resound his praise,

And shore reply to shore :

Thunder, and hail, and fire, and storms,

The troops of his command,

S f

Appear

Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow:
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On ev'ry thankful bough:
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

HYMN 440. (C. M.)

Christ, all Things to his People.

- 1 **A**LL needful blessings Christ is made
Of God, unto his church;
He is her animating head,
And she esteems him such.
- 2 By imputation he is made,
Her spotless righteousness,
He liv'd and dy'd within her stead,
She stands complete in this.
- 3 From him her full redemption flows,
Who paid her dreadful debt;
Her full discharge stern justice shows,
She is at freedom set.

4 All

- 4 All grace to him for her was giv'n,
From him she does receive
That grace, to make her meet for Heav'n,
That she with him may live.
- 5 Wise to salvation she is made,
When grace does in her shine;
She follows Christ and leaves the dead,
And owns his pow'r divine.
- 6 He's wisdom, righteousness and strength,
And all things to her made;
And all the members shall at length,
Ascend with Christ their head.

HYMN 441. (C. M.)

Praise for the Fountain.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with
blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see,
That fountain flow for sin;
And I by grace, (tho' vile as he)
Am brought to trust therein.

3 Dear dying Lamb thy precious blood,
Cannot be shed in vain;
But all the ransom'd church of God,
Shall ever with thee reign.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy bleeding wounds supply;
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisp'ing stammering
tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 442. (L. M.)

A Prayer for the King, &c.

1 **M**AY Britain's God protect our isle,
And on our sov'reign reign to smile,
May ev'ry foe become a friend,
And war and bloodshed have an end.

2 On all his house thy grace bestow,
That they may thy salvation know,
And may thy church with pleasure see,
Princes dispos'd to nurse for thee.

3 May those who govern in the state,
Justice pursue and error hate;

Do

Do thou by them, all things direct,
To the welfare of thine *elect*.

- 4 So shall thy *church* with joy behold,
Thy *guardian* hand protect thy fold,
And join in heart in thankful lays,
With *Princes* here to sing thy praise.

HYMN 443. (S.)

Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:

S f 3

Thy

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 444. (8th)

A Prayer to be kept.

- 1 **W**HILE in this wilderness we stay,
Lord keep us in the narrow way;
Tho' crooked paths herein are found,
And snares and dangers spread the
ground;
Thy watchful eye will ever keep,
And screen from harm, thy helpless sheep.
- 2 Tho' wolves and lions seek for prey,
And thirst thy little flock to slay;
When thy almighty hand appear,
Their boasted strength is lost in fear;
They fly before thy matchless pow'r,
And leave the flock they wou'd devour.
- 3 Lord in thy name we'll make our boast,
Nor will we fear the strongest host;
Thy

Thy faithfulness and love engage,
 To save thy saints in ev'ry age;
 We'll trust to thine almighty care,
 And bid farewell to slavish fear.

HYMN 445. (6, 6, 8.)

On the Word of God.

- 1 **T**HE word of God is good and true,
 It tells the sinner what to do,
 But cannot give him grace;
 Tho' he may read, and of it talk,
 It gives no will thereby to walk,
 Nor eyes to see his case.
- 2 While he remaineth blind and dead,
 The word is only in his head,
 It does not reach his heart;
 Altho' his state is there reveal'd,
 His eyes remain in darkness seal'd.
 He cannot see his part.
- 3 Till God the spirit plows the ground,
 The word therein will not be found,
 It will not take deep root;
 It only falls by the way-side,
 It does not in the heart abide,
 Nor will it bring forth fruit.

4 But

- 4 But when the spirit works within,
And raises from the death of sin,
The word then comes with pow'r;
The man has eyes to see the light,
Which shineth in the word so bright,
Conceal'd until that hour.

HYMN 446. (6, 6, 8.)

God fighting for his People.

- 1 **P**HARAOH with stubborn heart,
Wou'd not with Isr'el part,
Till God his mighty arm reveal'd;
The Lord was Isr'el's friend,
And for him did contend,
His love for him was not conceal'd.
- 2 This foe to God and man,
Pursu'd his stubborn plan,
Until it prov'd his overthrow;
Till he, and all his host,
Lay dead upon the coast,
God's vengeance here did on them
flow.
- 3 It is an awful sign,
When wicked men combine
Against the saints of God's delight;
Their

Their meditated blow,
Oft proves their overthrow,
Since he for them will surely fight.

- 4 They venture on the shore,
But shall return no more,
Tho' Isr'el shall go safely thro',
He shall salvation know,
The Lord his care will show,
While vengeance does his foes pursue.
- 5 Ye saints by faith stand still,
Your God will work his will,
And you shall his salvation prove;
He will your foes subdue,
And bring you safely thro',
And you shall glory in his love.

HYMN 447. (6, 8.)

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;

Ye

Ye weary spirits rest ;
Ye mourning souls be glad :
The year of, &c.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood,
Through all the world proclaim :
The year of, &c.

4 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face !
The year of jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home.

HYMN 448. (L. M.)

On Baptism.

1 **W**ITH Jews, their *circumcision* was,
To them their *dispensation* rite ;
But *baptism* now the christian has,
Under the clearer gospel light.

2 This outward *dispensation* mark,
Distinguish'd *christians* from the *Jews*,
Who still remained in the dark,
And the *Messiah* did refuse.

3 Those

- 3 Those who embrac'd the *gospel* way,
Gladly submitted to the same;
They were *baptiz'd*, both theirs and they
Directly, in the Saviour's name.
- 4 Thus were their *households* set apart,
And taught to walk the Saviour's
ways;
Tho' naught but *grace* could change the
heart,—
And teach the tongue to sing his praise.

HYMN 449. (L. M.)

Another.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus from the dead did
rise,
He sent his servants forth to preach;
And gave them orders to *baptize*,
All nations, whom his word shou'd
reach.
- 2 Those who in Jesus Christ believ'd,
Whether the Gentiles, or the Jews;
They and their house, this mark receiv'd,
Thus the *first christians* did it use.
- 3 So *Lydia* set her house apart,
When she in Christ the Lord believ'd;
The *Tailer* too (with thankful heart)
And all his *house*, this sign receiv'd.

4 Which

- 4 Which shews the need of cleansing blood,
That Jesus on the cross has spilt;
It points unto that precious flood,
To purge the conscience from its guilt.
- 5 It shadows forth the spirit's grace,
To raise the soul from death and sin;
That we may see our Saviour's face
At length, without a veil between.

HYMN 450. (C. M.)

Death's near Approach.

- 1 THE end of all below the sky,
With us is surely near;
We all must very shortly die,
And give up all things here.
- 2 May I indulge the solemn thought,
And always watchful stand;
Till Jesus all his will has wrought,
And for my spirit send.
- 3 Then bid farewell to all below,
To friend and ev'ry foe;
When death his friendly message show,
And gladly with him go.
- 4 Whoever is to Christ a friend,
He needs not fear that day;

When

When all below with him shall end,
And he be call'd away.

- 5 He'll go his mansion to possess,
Which Jesus did prepare ;
To drink full draughts of endless bliss
For ever with him there.

HYMN 451. (C. M.)

Final Perseverance.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour ever lives to pray,
For all his *special* race ;
That they may live in endless day,
There to behold his face.
- 2 His sov'reign will cannot be cross'd,
Nor can he pray in vain,
Therefore his *saints* cannot be lost,
They must in *glory* reign.
- 3 As *jewels* in the Saviour's crown,
They must above appear ;
With Jesus they must all sit down,
Nor one be wanted there.
- 4 No empty mansions will be left,
In that bless'd world above ;
Nor yet the Saviour be bereft,
Of one whom he does love.

T t

5 Those

- 3 Those seats the father did prepare,
Before the world was made;
And they must dwell for ever there,
With Christ their living head.

HYMN 452. (C. M.)

Review of God's Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts on me Lord,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And

And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

6 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The pleasing theme renew.

7 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

8 Thro' all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 453. (C. M.)

Necessity of Sanctification.

1 **T**HE carnal man could not enjoy,
The bleis'd repast in Heav'n,
His earthly mind would flag and cloy,
If it to him were giv'n.

2 He has no taste for joys above,
His mind his fix'd below,
Such company he does not love,
Nor does he Jesus know.

- 3 Ye must therefore be born again,
 We hear the Saviour say;
 Or you can never with me reign
 Above, in endless day.

HYMN 454. (6, 6, 8.)

Christ the best Friend.

- 1 EXALT the Saviour's name
 Whose love remains the same,
 No variation does it know;
 His saints with joy shall prove,
 His constant care and love,
 While they are trav'ling here below.
- 2 Tho' sin and Satan strive,
 And snares and traps contrive
 Against them, they shall not prevail;
 The Saviour standeth by,
 And keeps a watchful eye,
 His care for them will never fail.
- 3 Then raise your praises high,
 And on his love rely,
 Who is your only constant friend;
 Tho' earthly friends grow cold,
 He will not quit his hold,
 But save and keep you to the end.

HYMN

HYMN 455. (C. M.)

Certainty of the Saints future Glory.

1 **T**HE saints to *jewels* are compar'd;
 With them is Jesus crown'd;
 Each for his place shall be prepar'd,
 And in that place be found.

2 They all with *glory* shall be blest'd,
 And with him there sit down;
 There ne'er shall be one *jewel* miss'd,
 From Jesus's brilliant crown.

3 Complete his *diadem* shall be,
 When all the blood-bought race,
 Without a veil their Saviour see,
 In Heav'n their destin'd place.

HYMN 456. (L. M.)

Christ's Love to his People.

1 **W**HEN Jesus undertook my cause,
 Altho' he knew that I should
 stray,
 And break, and wander from his laws,
 It did not turn his love away.

2 He lov'd my wretched soul so well,
 To set it free he gave his own;

That I with him might ever dwell,
Such love, by none but him is shown.

- 3 May all my days for him be spent,
May I delight to sound his praise ;
Who was on my salvation bent,
And taught my feet to run his ways.

HYMN 457. (6, 6, 8.)

A Declaration of God's Goodness.

- 1 COME ye that fear the Lord,
And join in sweet accord,
I'll tell you what he's done for me;
He has reveal'd his love,
And drawn my heart above,
And now his smiling face I see.

- 2 He's pluck'd me from the clay,
And plac'd me in his way,
And set my feet upon a rock ;
He's taught me the new song,
Of all the blood-bought throng,
And now I sing among his flock.

- 3 I wish to sing his praise,
And run within his ways,
Till call'd to reign with him above,
There to behold his face,
Who sav'd me by his grace,
The fruit of everlasting love.

HYMN

HYMN 458. (6, 6, 8.)

Praise to God.

1 **T**HANKS to the Father's love,
 Who manfions fix'd above,
 For all his children kept in Heav'n;
 He chofe them in the vine,
 That they by grace might shine,
 For grace in Chrift to them was giv'n.

2 He fix'd upon this plan,
 Before the world began,
 The fruit of his *eternal* love;
 He chofe them in their head,
 To raife them from the dead,
 That they might fing his praise above.

3 Their fins on Jesus met,
 And he discharg'd the debt,
 We worship and adore the Son;
 As he hath paid the fame,
 They all are free from blame,
 Redemption's work's for ever done.

4 We praise the fpirit too,
 Who form'd our hearts anew,
 And rais'd our souls to life divine;
 That we might tafte and prove,
 Our Father's ancient love
 Below, and then in glory shine.

An

AN ANTHEM.

Taken from *Hab. iii.* 17, 18.

ALTHOUGH the Fig-tree, although the Fig-tree, shall not blossom, neither shall Fruit be in the Vines; the labour of the Olive shall fail, and the Fields shall yield no meat; the Flocks shall be cut off from the Fold, and there shall be no Herd in the Stalls :

CHORUS.

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, yet I will rejoice, will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation, I will joy, I will joy, I will joy in the God of my Salvation—of my Salvation.

DOXOLOGY.

YE saints in Jesus make your boast,
Redeeming love adore,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Henceforth for evermore.

THE END.



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ERRATA.

Hymn 4, ver. 5. line 2, for *fiery* read *fiery*.

132, ver. 2, line 2, for *shine* read *shines*.

185, ver. 3, line 1, for *Pharoah* read *Pharaoh*.

— ver. 4, line 2, for *Pharoah* read *Pharaoh*.

281, ver. 2, line 2, for *thou art*, read *we are*.

291, ver. 4, line 2, for *lead* read *led*.

297, ver. 2, line 3, for *does* read *do*.

299, ver. 1, line 1, for *Ye* read *Thou*.

305, ver. 2, line 2, for *Cloath* read *Clothe*.

329, ver. 2, line 2, for *wedded* read *wedding*.

355, ver. 1, line 5, for *round* read *ground*.

368, ver. 3, line 2, for *you* read *your*.

445, for Metre 6, 6, 8, read 8, 8, 6.

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